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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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Putting the Poorhouse Out of Business

By ROBSON BLACK



"Use thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee and not sigh and grieve at the occasion thereof. Use it as the springtime which soon departeth and wherein thou ought'st to plant and sow all provision for a long and happy life."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

IN the office of the Superintendent of Annuities, an Ottawa merchant poised himself excitedly on the chair-edge and laid down this manifesto:

"Kindly blanket every clerk in my employ against old age. Not to-morrow nor next week, but within thirty minutes. I saw something this morning that clinched me—you'd scarcely believe—"

The ordinary calmness of S. T. Bastedo cannot be upset. But "copy" is "copy," and here comes a story that looks like a feature. So the superintendent spun his chair two points north and—

"Just two hours ago," ran the merchant, "I met an old acquaintance, spotted him as quick as I would my own father. When I was a junior clerk I'd hurry to the curb, open his carriage door and stand bowing to his imperious majesty. 'Fetch me your assortment of steel grey cravats,' the old seigneur would say, and away I hurried to do his bidding. I recall my delight when he bestowed on the firm a handsome order, how I smiled after his coach as it rolled down Sparks street. Well," the merchant blinked his eyes, "this same old seigneur lolled into my store this morning, shrunken in figure, dilapidated, miserable. His coat had been patched and pressed with pitiful care. When he came opposite my desk he gave me a spiritless nod and said 'Lend me a quarter. If you don't I'll have no dinner.'"

The Superintendent of Government Annuities was not thunderstruck. This, he knew, was the common "brass tacks" of life.

"And so," continued the merchant, rummaging in his pockets, "I brought in the names of all my clerks; I want them entered for annuities. If *that* man, with all his wealth, all his strong family connections, if *he* is on his uppers at sixty-five, what-in-heaven chance have the rest of us?"

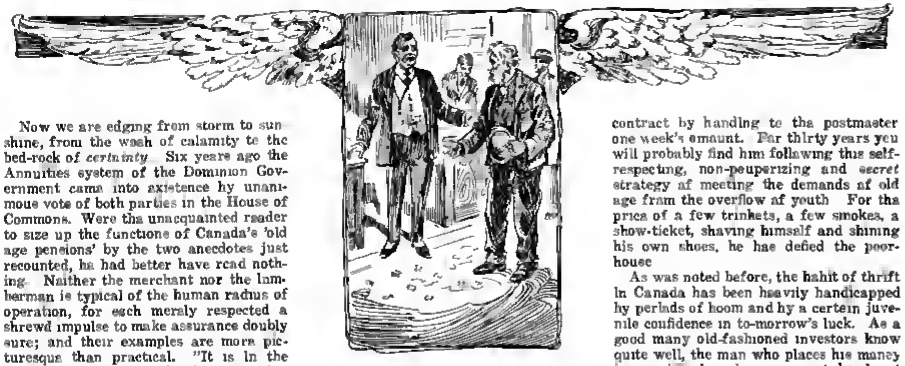
Probably in 1910 or 1911 when Canada was dancing through the three-ring-circus stage of prosperity, when so many "good things" were going on at the same time one's brain grew dizzy, that merchant would never have mustered the sober wisdom that drove him to his unselfish errand. Probably, too, his clerks would have scoffed the notion of investing in anybody's promise that mentioned less than eighteen per cent. per annum, plus a bonus of common stock. Maybe you have noticed that 1915 is "the morning after" a few other mornings. In the place of gilt-edge bindless bonds, some of us sit contentedly by a bowl of seidlitz. The prospectus sulks in the corner of the furnace-room; Thomas à Kempis is back to the lamplight.

Since August last year, the dividends *foregone* by Canadian incorporated companies reached the total of more than $10,000,000. The *reduction* in other Canadian dividends reached over $2,225,000. These figures published here for, I believe, the first time, were compiled by a financial expert of unquestioned standing.

The companies identified with this enormous curtailment of dividends are not the fly-by-night cotarie of the mining and oil camps nor the swarm of other ventures insecurely organized, but in most instances firms of national reputation, honorable record and good direction. "Owing to the War and other causes beyond our control" about thirteen millions of dollars *did not* reach the tens-of-thousands of expectant stockholders who frequently relied for their income upon no other source.

One does not argue, of course, that because many industrial and other securities failed their owners in 1913-1915, these forms of investment have been in any way disparaged. The purpose in entering the figures at all is to force home the truth that 'certainty' of income is almost always a relative term, that the convictions of 'certainty' so generally held in the hallelujah days of 1909 and 1910, for instance, have often looked pale and sickly enough in this later year of truth-facing and truth-telling.

Only a month ago, a Canadian lumberman, rated in the agencies at $1,500,000, laid his cheque-book on the counter of the Annuities Branch at Ottawa and wrote off a sum sufficient to buy himself, his wife and daughters a yearly income of $1,000 each after the age of 60. That man owns the leases to timber limits that stretch for hundreds of miles and yield enormous revenues. He holds the title to a group of lumber mills and pays wages to hundreds of men. In the savings bank at this moment is a cash account of perhaps $200,000 and the directorates of many companies boast his signature. But, upon his own confession, he did not feel *absolutely certain* of possessing $1,000 a year through his old age until that hour when he took a receipt for a Canadian Government Annuity.



Now we are edging from storm to sunshine, from the wash of calamity to the bed-rock of *certainty*. Six years ago the Annuities system of the Dominion Government came into existence by unanimous vote of both parties in the House of Commons. Were the unacquainted reader to size up the functions of Canada's 'old age pensions' by the two anecdotes just recounted, he had better have read nothing. Neither the merchant nor the lumberman is typical of the human radius of operation, for each merely respected a shrewd impulse to make assurance doubly sure; and their examples are more picturesque than practical. "It is in the public interest," says the Annuities Act in its own golden-text, "that habits of thrift be promoted and that the people of Canada be encouraged and aided thereto so that provision may be made for old age." This object is impressed upon the actuarial tables and expressed in the regulations so admirably as to win strong approval from home and foreign authorities. The National Civic Federation, a United States body of high repute, accepted Canada's Act, after long investigation, as the surest insurance measure in existence anywhere and immeasurably better than the Old Age Pension laws of Great Britain.

IF the progress made in winning the attention of Canadians to this made-at-home bonanza has not been rapid, who should wonder? Self-denial and thrift are virtues which the prodigal years pretty thoroughly drove to cover. The bell-boy and the hostler, the teacher and the artisan, put off premonition with pamphlets on Porcupine, Blue Bonnets, and other studies in animal biology. The number of people who staked old age comfort on the selling price of some nice gopher-warren, eight miles close to Maple Creek would cram a city directory. Only now, when we travel through the Valley of the Shadow, the wreckage of financial *'certainties'* compels tens of thousands to look for fresh and unassailable grounds for faith. About 3,700 people now possess a title to a Canadian Government Annuity and the funds collected from them exceed $2,000,000. This is not a staggering total, but with adequate publicity, 1915-16 and the succeeding year or two should multiply the purchasers ten fold.

I have been digging up the sense of 'John Shrewdman' of Brighton, Ont., harness-maker, by trade. John is No.—— of that 3,700 and typical enough, too, for his 3,688 mates are chiefly wage earners—artisans, teachers, clerks, nurses, etc.—with an occasional millionaire thrown in to leaven the democracy. John has found his earnings sufficient to meet his debts and leave five or six dollars a month. Last year he was thirty, which is the year of the beginning of wisdom, and upon a soft Sunday morning he brought himself to a few primitive decisions. 'Old age comes to every man who remains alive.' 'Earning power isn't an evergreen and remorse does not fill the pantry.' The man who waits to save keeps on waiting and never saves.' John knew also that there is about one chance in ten of guarding and investing a harness-maker's savings as to *absolutely assure* a competence through a protracted old age. With these considerations in mind, John posted a stampless letter to the Postmaster-General, Annuities Branch, Ottawa, asking the Government for 'the best you can do.' This is what the Government told him:

"You are thirty years of age, (last birthday). If you will deposit with us $17.40 per year in monthly instalments, until you are sixty years old, we will undertake to pay you thereafter $100 a year for as long as you live; $500 a year, or other amounts, may be purchased at proportionate rates.

"Or, you may pay us $27.36 a year in monthly instalments, and we will commence your $100 annuity five years earlier, at 55. The cost to the purchaser greatly decreases as the date of maturity is postponed."

There were pamphlets and papers with full and patient information for all inquirers and John fixed upon 'age 60' as the period for his annuity to commence. He found that by ramitting to Ottawa or to his local postmaster $82.20 each year he can make certain of an income of $300 a year from age 60 until the day of his death.

THE more he read the contract—for it is a *contract*, binding and permanent—the more he applauded his own foresight. Of the integrity of the 'Man-who-says-so' he never harbored a doubt, for the 'Man-who-says-so' is the Dominion of Canada and the assets behind each contract are the total resources of this considerable chunk of continent. He knew that the foundations of income and indebtedness were balanced by the best actuarial skill. He knew that the Dominion Government paid the total cost of administration. The Government turned back every penny received to raise the annuities to the highest possible level.

So, John Shrewdman purchased his contract by handing to the postmaster one week's amount. For thirty years you will probably find him following this self-respecting, non-pauperizing and *secret* strategy of meeting the demands of old age from the overflow of youth. For the price of a few trinkets, a few smokes, a show-ticket, shaving himself and shining his own shoes, he has defied the poor-house.

As was noted before, the habit of thrift in Canada has been heavily handicapped by periods of boom and by a certain juvenile confidence in to-morrow's luck. As a good many old-fashioned investors know quite well, the man who places his money in municipal and government bonds at 5½ per cent. per annum will, nine times in ten, wax considerably richer than even the *luckiest* stock speculator, gauging their respective performances by a period of twenty or thirty years. But the wage earner seldom buys bonds and less seldom follows the ticker. His thrift may, and does at times, heap up millions in the savings banks, but in an appalling number of cases, the ultimate investment is disastrous and the precious proceeds are swept beyond his reach. Thrift unallied to sagacity is of no practical good. How very few of the thrifty know how to place their capital is one of the pitiful and always amazing chapters of Canadian experience. On the authority of one of the greatest American insurance companies, it is stated that three-fifths of the insurance money paid to women is frittered away in foolish or rascally ventures. *In five years, scheming rogues have taken three-hundred-and-fifty-one million dollars from the American public, by means of the mails alone.* These are United States facts, but who will doubt that they are proportionately true of this side of the border as well?

HERE is another of those unhappy but stimulating truths which play upon the point we have in mind. Not one man in a thousand will say frankly that he anticipates an old age of humiliation and penury. *Yet, 95 per cent. of men at 60 have not a surplus dollar to their name beyond their daily earnings.* That fact must be bracketed with another: 80 per cent of men at 45 are receiving incomes in excess of their expenditures; in other words, they are saving something each year. Reading the two facts together, you will realize that the fifteen years between 45 and 60 are dotted with financial casualties on a wholesale scale. Little fortunes at that period of life seem to tumble over like nine-pins. Why? The reasons are legion, but human fallibility is the simple and sufficient cause back of it all. A buys land. B signs his neighbor's note. C goes in for speculation. It is all very 'dead sure'; "the skies are blue and canary birds are warbling in the branches." Along comes a War or a Bad Year or My-Own-Fault—whichever gent you want to hitch to. There is no use poking about for the Why, because the family purse is just as empty after you have found it.

There is precisely *half a chance in every ten* that sixty years of age will not find you and me—irrespective of present possessions—up against it for an extra five-dollar bill. Half a chance in ten is pretty gloomy odds which even an intelligent *gambler* would offset by a stake in some other direction. For an illustration:

IN an Eastern Ontario city the glory of 'the richest citizen' fell upon a gentleman fifty years of age. He held bundles of stock in gas plant, electric plant, steamboat lines, and about all things else that sold public conveniences. But his values took wings. Adversity with its corps of mimics suddenly appeared at every doorway. The banks closed down. Within two months the 'richest man in town' was out of his mansion and into lodgings. Another month and he would have been out of lodgings, had not a former office clerk, since grown rich, stepped forward with a pension of $500 for life.

A very noted Canadian merchant left his widow $50,000. Accustomed to spend lavishly from her husband's revenue, she saw no reason for abating the pace and in the first six months following the funeral she donated $5 000 to a local hospital. More thousands dribbled away in charitable and personal vanities until the original fifty-thousand had pinched down to less than fifteen-hundred. At this stage the good lady awoke to her absurd conduct. Protests, explanations—they went for nothing. She knew what her devoted husband strove to defend her from—a nomination for the House of Refuge.

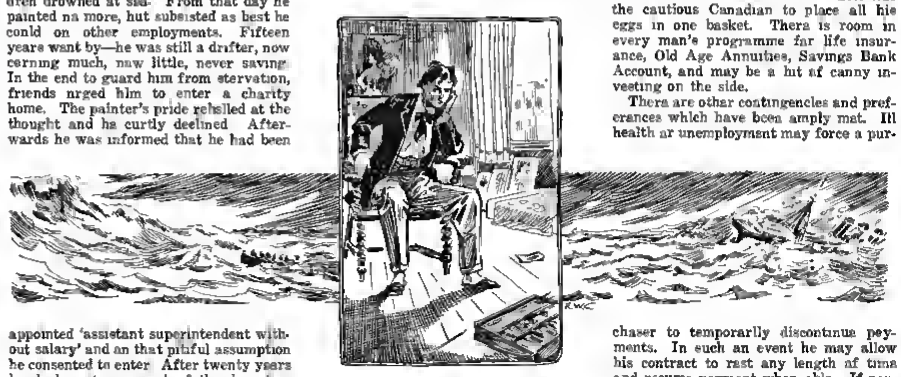
Look down the register of the Home for Aged Men in L——, here is the name of William—— once a portrait painter of much note. When a young man at the height of his success, he was found one day by his friends seated in his studio, dazed and helpless. In his hand lay a crumpled cable-message—wife and children drowned at sea. From that day he painted no more, but subsisted as best he could on other employments. Fifteen years went by—he was still a drifter, now earning much, now little, never saving. In the end to guard him from starvation, friends urged him to enter a charity home. The painter's pride rebelled at the thought and he curtly declined. Afterwards he was informed that he had been appointed 'assistant superintendent without salary' and on that pitiful assumption he consented to enter. After twenty years he died, quite innocent of the deception and happy in the belief that he had ended his days "a gentleman."

These filmy glimpses of life as it flows day by day by our own doorways make one conscious of the frailty of what nearly all of us call 'the Sure Thing.' Riches have wings, but the rarest virtue of this bird is the homing instinct. Or if he has the homing instinct, his latch-key is always in his other trousers.

If thrift is the 'wandering child' in so many Canadian households, and if even the best of thrift is often nullified by the pitfalls of investment, where may a distracted body turn for 100 per cent. *Certainty?* The answer to this is folded in an Annuities contract, issued by the People of Canada through their Postmaster-General. (These are all good names, endorsed by press and clergy, and much respected by the neighbors).

AN Annuities Contract, or agreement, is an undertaking by the Government to receive such sums as you may be able to deposit for as long a period as you choose, and to return you in every year after 55 (or whatever advanced age you select) a certain specified annuity until the day of your death. This is not the only form of contract, but I confine myself to the common annuity. The reader will perhaps be struck by the elasticity of this contract, but elasticity is perhaps its first *virtue*. It leads into no traps and is reasonable and generous all along the line.

The lowest annuity which may be purchased is $50 and the highest $1,000. The earliest age at which the annuity may begin is 55. The longer the savings are left with the Government, the higher will be the annuity when it is called for. Thus, the man or woman who postpones the commencement of the annuity until 60 or 70 will, obviously, secure a larger annual yield from a given amount than the purchaser who demands the annuity at 55. The same helping, considerate hand goes out to the child of 5 or the veteran at 85. A father may deposit eight or ten dollars a year for his baby boy or girl, allowing the child to continue the payments when at the earning age,



thereby making certain of a comfortable living far those who may some day face the common foe of poverty. Or, consider the arrangement for the man of 85! At either extreme of life, child or patriarch, the purchase price is low, and for the very good reason that the child is a long time paying the Government while the Government is a short time paying the patriarch.

How are these payments and returns reckoned? On a similarly exact calculation as decides the premiums of an insurance company—the expectancy tables, the evidence that in every ten thousand men aged 60 the average existence will cover a little less than 15 years. At the age 55, your living probabilities would cover considerably more than 15 years while at 80 this average drops to about three or four years. These things are not guessed at but are measured off on the counter like one-and-three-eighths of calico. The Government does not gamble with you, it only stamps 'Untouchable' on your savings until the day of necessity and then pays back all you put in, plus three per cent.—and then some.

If the purchaser dies before he reaches the period of his annuity the Government returns to the estate all moneys paid in, with Savings Bank interest. To make certain of this, he must enlist under what is called 'Plan A,' a trifle higher than Plan B, by which no return of money is made in the event of death before the maturity starts.

ONE may emphasize at this point that these annuities are not substitutes for life insurance, but wholly to supply a competence in the advanced years when it is imperative. Life insurance seeks this goal, too, but life insurance also *carries the risk* on the insured, and that very important obligation for most men, is not assumed by the Annuities. To die before maturity of an insurance policy gives the policyholder's estate the face amount, even though he had paid in but a single premium. To die before an Annuity falls due—age 55, 60, etc.—means that the total of premiums only, plus interest (under Plan A) shall be returned to the estate. Not even the warmest advocate of these Government contracts bids the cautious Canadian to place all his eggs in one basket. There is room in every man's programme for life insurance, Old Age Annuities, Savings Bank Account, and may be a bit of canny investing on the side.

There are other contingencies and preferances which have been amply met. Ill health or unemployment may force a purchaser to temporarily discontinue payments. In such an event he may allow his contract to rest any length of time and resume payment when able. If permanently prevented from contributing further, he will receive an allowance immediately for the balance of life, providing the total paid in justifies it. Other-

wise he gets back his premiums. The writer has constantly referred to annuitant purchasers in the masculine gender, although it must be emphasized that the system applies equally to women as to men.

And then, another bulwark against Chance! No annuity can be alienated, nor can all the powers of Darkness take it from you with law courts or bailiffs, unless it can be shown that fraudulent intent was a factor. Then, too, no medical examination is required. The Government does not care how soon you die, although the people who take out Annuities, like Army pensioners, usually insist upon living to the last drop of profit.

Under the terms of an ordinary annuity, the Government assumes to pay the yearly sum agreed upon at age of, let us say, 60. But if the annuitant dies at 61, the Government fund absorbs the difference between the total of the premiums and that solitary year's annuity. This is sensible and fair, of course, for the Government would have been quite as willing to pay the same man two or three times as much as he paid in, had longevity carried him to eighty-five or ninety. But there are many people with dependents, whose death under such circumstances would deprive the widow and others of all income. The necessities of such a case are met by the *Guaranteed* Annuities. For a slightly higher premium month by month, one may secure a contract undertaking to pay not only the full annuity for the life of the assured, but from 5 to 20 payments to the estate should the annuity-holder die shortly after the the contract matures. The 'guarantee' of payments is greatly in favor with Canadian purchasers, and for obvious reasons.

For yet another class is provided in the 'Joint Survivor' annuities by which the income may be drawn as long as either of two people lives, and the Immediate Annuities. The latter form meets the desires of thousands of men and women, already at the age of 55 or more, and possessing sums of money which must support them to the end of life. To such people the annuities present a solution as surprising as it is honest. By investing $3,570 at 55 years of age, a man may immediately draw a yearly amount of $300 and continue doing so, though he lived as old as Mathusaleh. Interest at 6 per cent. would net him just $214. A man at 65, with a lump sumof $2,661 can immediately and for the balance of life draw $300 a year. Placed on mortgage at 6 per cent, the same lump sum would get him about $159. Better yet for the man at 85; $1,092 will give him $300 a year until death. The amounts quoted are merely illustrative of the cost of benefits and may be reduced to the level of $50 or raised to one of $1,000. More than that, an additional payment will extend these immediate annuities into a guaranteed income, covering 5 to 20 years and payable to the estate should the annuitant die.

The first and over-topping object of these annuities, however, is not so much to form an investment channel for the aged who already possess some slight means, but to give the youth of the country an irresistible incentive to 'make hay while the sun shines.' The simplicity and completeness of the schema is winning.

ONE of the most noted political lieutenants under the last Liberal regime told his colleagues in the Cabinet one day of a 'plan in the back of his head' to buy an annuity for himself and wife to commence three years later. He was roundly laughed at for his cheerless forebodings but held fast to the 'notion' and next day paid in sufficient to secure $600 a year for life. The Party soon after went from power. Among the headaches that graced that September morn of 1911, the politician and his pension were little thought of. But a month or two later when he stood on the streets of Ottawa, stripped of his official salary and relieved of most of his friends, he gave himself a hearty handshake, for that $600 annuity proved to be all he owned in the world.

Last week, a mechanic whose weekly wage overlaps his expenses very little, pledged himself to pay in $1 a week, purchasing annuities for his two boys, aged 5 and 7, the annuities to become payable at 60. In that year and for every year they live the Government will pay back to them an income of $547 and $497.

Mark the magic of small savings! The total income to be paid those two boys, if they reach 90, will be over $1,000 a year, which equals the earning power of a fortune of $20,000, safely invested at 5 per cent. How many mechanics could ever hope to lay aside such a nest egg as $20,000 to carry his boys safely through their advanced years? And yet, nearly every mechanic and nearly every wage-earner, can duplicate the same miracle for son, or daughter, or self, by one little slice off his waste and a good hard punch to his superfluities.

The Story of an Escape from Germany

MacLean's Magazine has purchased for the August issue the story of Mr. G. Lissant Beardmore's escape from Germany. He was singing in grand opera at Berlin when the war broke out and remained there in the belief that he would not be molested. Consequently he had an opportunity to observe conditions in the land of the Kaiser during the early days of the war at first hand. His subsequent escape by a roundabout route through Austria is a thrilling story that will be graphically told.

The August issue of MacLean's will contain a number of other extremely interesting features. When you have read Robert E. Pinkerton's story in this issue, "The Lost Year," you will look forward to the next story by this promising young author, "Heads and Heels," which appears in the August issue.

L. M. Montgomery's next story is the best she has done for MacLean's—a love story that is big in every sense of the word. The regular fiction features will be continued with better matter than has ever before been presented in these columns.

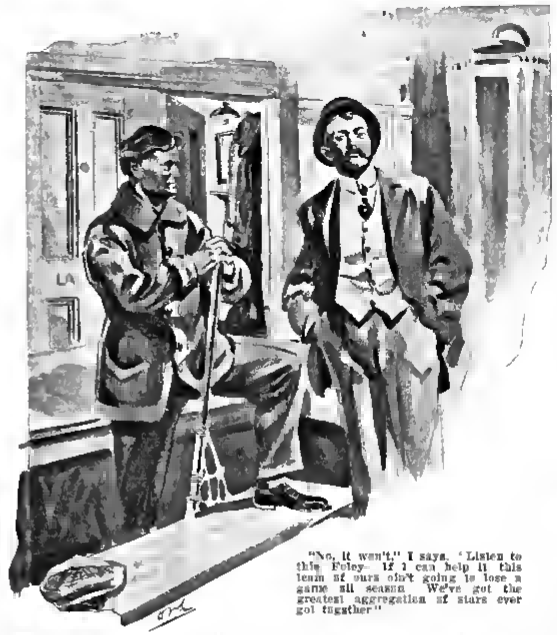
If you are interested in business articles—and who is not?—there will be several features in the August issue which you cannot afford to overlook, notably an article on the methods which men in various lines of business in Canada have adopted to improve the efficiency of their organization and to increase the measure of their success.

Tain't Enough:

By BERT THOMAS
Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

THERE'S crookedness in every sport and sometimes you find it in lacrosse. But let me tell you this: I played the game myself for twelve years and for ten more I've been managing and training teams and though I've found things put over that wasn't strictly on the level, it hasn't occurred often. It will happen when a crook breaks into the game—and, of course, crooks break into everything. Still the really crooked men that've got into lacrosse I can count on the fingers of my two hands, and I lost two fingers on a hunting trip a few years ago.

Frank Foley was one of them—crooks, I mean. Frank had been an athlete in his day, a crack hundred-yard man and a good lacrosse player, but he was crooked from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. The people of Blankford, who knew Frank Foley pretty well, wouldn't even trust him to carry the collection plate at church, they knew he'd study up sleight-of-hand tricks. He ran a shoe store in town and had quite a bit of money laid by one way and another. When Blankford went lacrosse crazy and started to buy up all the best players in the country and brought me in as manager and trainer, they made one mistake. They thought they needed experience on the executive committee and elected Frank Foley for the job.



"No, it won't," I says. 'Listen to this, Foley. If I can help it this team of ours ain't going to lose a game all season. We've got the greatest aggregation of stars ever got together."

Well, of course, Frank began right off to hunt for leaks in the club treasury. His chances to pry a few chunks loose from the funds was none too good, for the rest of the committee had things fixed so none of the money went through his hands. They were wise to that extent. Besides, what with paying out salaries that put lacrosse players into the Cornelius Rockafeller class, the club funds was none too prosperous. Blankford wasn't any metropolis in size and the gates was never big. Every now and then some of the big guns in town who had got behind the club had to work the fountain pen in order to head off a smash.

You can't graft off a deficit and Frank Foley soon decided he'd have to get his little bit by other means than honest, legitimate milking of the funds. He thought, of course, of shaking down something in the betting way. But here again he found himself up against a stone wall of circumstances, as you might say.

"Jack Sprout," he says to me one day. "This team of ours is too blamed good. We're trimming everything so hard that a fellow can't get a nickel up unless he wants to give about twenty to one or take a chance on tripling the score or something."

"It's a bad season for betting," I says, kind of short, never having cottoned much to Foley.

I could see him looking at me out of the corners of his eyes as though he was sizing me up.

"It's had for everything," he says, finally. "It's had for sport. People will loose interest in lacrosse when we trim everything we run up against by about eight goals."

"Bad, you say!" I retorts. "Not on your life, Foley. You can't score enough goals to suit this crowd. If we run in twenty, they holler for ten more. You know the slogan of this town—'Tain't enough." They think they've got the greatest team that ever trod the dandelion patches and they want that fact demonstrated."

"Still," says Foley, "you and me think different than that, Jack. Now look here, what's the use of spending fifteen thousand iron men in a season and nobody getting nothing out of it but the players? Where do men like you and me come in?"

"You," I says emphatic. "Leave me out of the question. I come in every two weeks when J. W. Dunn hands me over a cheque. I'll tell you where you come in, Foley. You come in with the common stockholders in a Mexican diamond mine. In other words, you don't come in."

Foley didn't like that way of talking but I could see he thought I was stalling him off. So he thinks for a minute and then comes back at me.

"Look at things this way, Jack. We haven't played the Stanbury team yet and so far they haven't lost a game. They've just managed to win out by a hair's breadth where our team cantered home in a walk. Of course we can beat 'em with nine men and a cigar store Indian in goal and they sort of have a hunch to that same effect down there themselves. The Stanbury sports are adverse to taking chances with the fruit of their toil, Jack. Now we've got to find some way to make 'em loosen up."

I pretended to be interested because I wanted to find out just what scheme he was cooking up. So I don't say anything and just let him wander on.

"We have an open date on civic holiday," he says, looking at me hard. "Now what would be wrong with arranging an exhibition game with them and tipping it off to the boys to let them nose us out by about one goal!" Here he winks at me. Reading something in my face that suggested trouble, he adds in haste: "Of course, there'll be something in it for you and the boys. Then, you see, when we go to Stanshury to play the first league game, we'll need police protection against the local gamblers who'll be after our money. Every greenback in Stanbury will be out to say they can beat us. It'll be the killing of a life-time!"

"No, it won't," I says. "Listen to this, Foley. If I can help it, this team of ours ain't going to lose a game all season. We've got the greatest aggregation of stars ever got together and they ain't going to toss no games to make money for no tin-horn sports like Frank Foley!" And with that I gently but firmly pressed his Christy down over his eyes and left him.

There was no exhibition game arranged for Civic Holiday with Stanbury. Instead we booked the team for a game

that day in Toronto with the Rosedale organization who was playing in the Eastern League. I could see a kind of desperate look in the eyes of Frank Foley, and though he didn't so much as look at me again, I knew he'd be up to some mischief. I know that breed.

And then suddenly things started to go wrong. It began when Andy Lathers, who played third home—and a nifty fielder he was, as spry on his pins as a grasshopper—sprained his ankle and was counted out for the season. We had to get a new man quick and as luck would have it we got a line on little Joe Bernaux, who'd been a star for five or six years with the Montreal Nationals. He'd been up in the Cobalt country and hadn't got back in time for the opening of the season. As he hadn't signed up with any team, we got after him and hustled him right over to Blankford.

Joe was a chunky little rat with the kidding habit bad and he just hated himself. The first afternoon out he started in to tell the rest of the team just where they was falling down. Dick Darrell and Tack McGraw, who had played against Bernaux for years, just laughed at him but I could see that big Harvey Murray, who played second home wasn't exactly tickled to death with the new man. Harvey came from a small Ontario town and hadn't played with a big team before. He was a whale of a home man just the same. Joe sized him up as an inexperienced rube, a diamond in the rough so to speak, and started in to kid him.

"You've got to liven up some," he says to Murray. "If I'm to show at my best I've got to have a real man playing up here next to me. Pick the thistles out of your shoes and hump yourself."

To cap it, this here Bernaux was the toughest little artist that ever handled a stick. Even in practice he had to roughhouse it and the promiscuous way he walloped around had me nervous. I needed all my men for the next game.

After regular practice the boys generally picked sides and had a warm fifteen minutes of rag play to end up on. The first day Murray and Bernaux got on opposite sides and the little Frenchman clipped Harve over the head. It looked almost deliberate. Anyway, Harve thought it was.

"You little shrimp!" he bawls out, shaking his fist at Bernaux. "I've got a good notion to trim you for this. If you wasn't so small—"

"Well, well," says Joe, quite unconcerned. "So the big rube can't stand the hickory. I knew he had a streak of yellow up his back a yard wide as soon as I laid eyes on him."

Just about then I butted in and took Murray off to the dressing room. From that time on there was bad blood between the pair. Bernaux wasn't vindictive but he simply had to kid somebody and Murray was the finest kind of a butt for him. He went to poor Harve like burrs to woolen socks. You couldn't keep him away from the big fellow though I warned him several times to lay off on the kidding. Harve got sullen and never tried to answer Bernaux back—just glared like a bull over a barb-wire fence and handed out a good wallop every time they came near each other.

The first game that they played together was at Saint Lawrence and we won by a single measly goal when we ought to have doubled the score on them at least. The next game we just got through on what the reporters called a death-bed-repentance finish, scoring the winning goal in extra time. Tack McGraw had to go through the whole blooming defence by himself to get that one. And by rights we ought to have gotten that game with a lead of a dozen goals.

Something was wrong. The home, that famous rapid-scoring home, had gone completely on the blink. The defence was as solid as ever—a stonewall wouldn't have been no better protection. At first I kind of layed it down to Frank Foley. He'd been up to some devilment I knew and he might have put it up to the home to kind of lay off on the scoring. But after some investigating I came to the conclusion that the slump had nothing whatever to do with the machinations of Foley.

It was one day at practice shortly after the second game that I stumbled on the root of the trouble. Both Murray and Bernaux had been playing their hardest—if for no other reason than to outshine the other. But, playing right side by side as they were, neither one of them would pass the ball to the other. Murray might be playing a short engagement in "All Alone in London" up in front of the nets but Bernaux wouldn't pass the ball up to him. And if Bernaux was uncovered and Murray had the ball, he wouldn't pass it over, not on your life! Sometimes, of course, they'd make wide passes to each other. Once at practice Joe shot the ball over to Harve so fast it blackened his eye. If three of us hadn't got between them, that would've been the finish of Joe Bernaux. There wouldn't have been a grease spot left after Harve had finished with him.

The consequence was that the whole machinery of the home was put out of gear. In every play that either Murray or Bernaux figured in, it was like working with four men instead of five. And the worst of it was that I couldn't get the goods on either of them. They was both working like beavers and getting big notices in the papers. They had the committee and the public buffaloed into thinking they was earning their money honest. Dick Darrell had the situation sized up, but I could see he didn't want to get mixed up in the deal.

And that's how things stood when the time came around for the first game in Stanbury. The narrow squeaks we'd had in our last two games had put new ginger into the Stanbury crowd. They had it all figured out they was going to trim us to a peak—on paper. But they hadn't got worked up to the point where they'd let their bunk rolls talk for them. I was getting kind of nervous about the game myself, for I knew just how bad that home of ours was going. I had several heart to heart talks with both Murray and Bernaux, but it didn't do no good. They both gave me the laugh when I charged them with laying down.

And, to make matters worse, Frank Foley was starting to mix in promiscuous again. I think he'd found out the reason for our slump and was egging Murray and Bernaux on. Anyway, he hung around at practices a lot and his presence didn't help none. He went to Joe with things that Harve had said about him, and then peddled back to Harve the hot come-backs that Joe sprung. Things got so that those two numskulls wouldn't speak to each other.

The night before the big game at Stanbury, Foley took Jimmy Campbell, our crack goal-tender, out on a spree and got him hoary-eyed drunk. Next morning Jimmy was so sick he couldn't even lift his head off the pillow without giving a pretty fair imitation of an overfed person that's seasick. It was up to me to fill the gap, and I decided to put big Red Rogers, the cover-point, back in goal and fill in on the defence with Burgess, our utility man. But Foley lobbied the committee and got them talked into thinking that Rogers couldn't be spared off the defence, and that it would be better to leave him on the job at cover-point, and put Bill Minters, a local man, in goal. I argued till I could hardly speak for hoarseness, because I suspected that Foley was up to some shenanigan—but it didn't do no good. They wanted to give the local man a try. Well, they had their way of it—but don't never think that Jack Sprout forgot to tell them afterward, how much in the wrong they'd been.

Blankford was plumb lacrosse crazy that season. Every time we went away for a game they ran a special train with about a thousand red-hot supporters along. We always took a band, a troop of darky singers, cheer-leaders and all the rest of it. And may be they wasn't all there for the Stanbury game. As I watched the crowds flocking up to the station, loaded with ribbons and horns and buzzers, I thought the whole town was migrating.

When we reached Stanbury, the home crowd was out in full force. There was a little money in sight and such as there was our crowd took up as fast as it showed itself. They still thought that some of ours could score a dozen goals in as many minutes any time it wanted to cut loose.

I wasn't feeling any too confident myself, and when I seen the grounds my courage just oozed down out of my boots. It was a small, stubbly bit of ground, as rough as a plowed field, with a dilapidated board fence around it and a couple of little pepper shakers on each side that they called grandstands. On that bit of cow pasture a bunch of misfits would shape up as well as an all-star team. You wouldn't expect Wilbe Hoppe, for instance, to shoot a good game of billiards on a barn floor. I knew we was in for it, especially as the Stanbury team had a reputation for dirty play.

Just before the referee lined them up, Dick Darrell walks over to the bench, and motions me to one side.

"Jack," he whispers, "we're up against it. There's been heavy batting. Stanbury money got pretty scarce and then our gang started to offer odds of two to one. At that there was lots of money come out and we could get all we wanted. It's my opinion, just between you and me, that something has been framed up to make us lose."

You all know, of course, that Dick Darrell was acknowledged to be the greatest home man that ever played the game. This season—his first with Blankford—he was beginning to slip a little, and Tack McGraw, his side partner, who played outside home, was first favorite with the crowd. Still, Dick knew every trick and turn of the game and when he said a thing I believed it.

"It's that crook, Foley, then," I says. "Do you think it's Foley's money that's out against us?"

"Don't know about *that*," says Dick, with a meaning wink, "but I do know it's Foley's money that's making a bulge in the pocket of this here Minters that's going to play goal."

With that he went back to his place in the field and I called an emergency meeting of the committee at one end of the Blankford bench.

"This here precious local man that you've stuck in goal," I says, "is going to sell us out."

They just laughed at me. "Minters is all right," says J. W. Dunn, the secretary of the club. "What kind of a pipe-dream are you giving us, Sprout?"

Before I had time to argue any sense into them, the referee tooted his whistle and the game was on. In about five minutes the Stanbury crowd had run in three goals on us—shots that oughtn't really to have got by a blind man with a ping-pong racket.

"Minters' nervous," says Dunn, kind of uneasy.

"Nervous, hell!" I says. "He's got fifty dollars tucked away somewhere that accounts for the nervousness. But wait until the game's over, and when I get through with that bow-legged crook he'll have a real dose of jumping St. Vitus dance!"

I didn't want to argue no more, but took things into my own hands. I shot Minters out of goal and up to cover-point and put Rogers back in goal. Minters wasn't as much use up there as a post—the ball will hit a post sometimes—but a man that's sold you out can do more harm in goal than anywhere else. It weakened our defence but after that the Stanbury home didn't run in any more goals. Rogers proved a regular stone wall in front of the nets.

Our home couldn't seem to get started at all. Murray and Bernaux were going along at their regular gait, losing the ball rather than pass it to the other. The Stanbury defence certainly did live up to their reputation as the champion roughhouse artists of the world. They cross-checked and slashed right and left. Every time Tacky McGraw started one of his rushes in from the side, he got cracked on the head. Twice he went down with nasty cuts, but he was too game to quit and kept coming back for more. At the end of the second quarter Dick Darrell's arms and back were a mass of bruises, Cal Currie had lost three teeth and every other member of the team had been carved up more or less.

Play lagged a little in the third quarter. Toward the end of the quarter, however, McGraw and Darrell cut loose and shot in a couple of goals. This tied the score and put new heart into our supporters who had been pretty glum up to this time. They stood up and yelled a little. The cheer-leaders began again and the band struck up a lively tune.

But at the same time it put extra viciousness into the Stanbury defence men. As soon as the ball was faced off, one of them—a six-footer and as broad as the side of a barn—slammed Harve Murray one over the head, though he wasn't within twenty feet of the ball. Harve dropped his stick and went at the big fellow with his fists. This occurred some distance from the bench so none of us could get there in time to be of any use. A couple of the other Stanbury players started in to take a hand and it looked for a minute as though poor Harve had got in bad. And then suddenly Joe, Bernaux hopped into the fray, just a vicious bundle of fists and feet, jabbing, gouging, kicking and biting all at the same time. He looked about as big as a minute beside those big Stanbury defence men, but just the same he soon had two of them on their backs. They wasn't accustomed to Joe's way of fighting.

By this time all the players was on the spot and a few others like myself who generally make it a point to get around when anything's stirring. We got the belligerents pried apart and then I took our men back to their end of the field.

"No use trying to finish the game," says Foley, coming out from the side. He looked a little white about the gills. "The home crowd's out for blood and they'll kill us if we get ahead. Better quit now."

"Not on your life," said Harve Murray, whose fighting blood was up. "We're going back and beat these stiffs to a finish. I'll keep on playing if I'm the only man that stays!"

"I'll stay with you, Harve," puts in Joe Bernaux. And the two of them shakes hands right there and then. A regular reconciliation it was, and it certainly done me good to see it. I quit worrying then about the game, I knew we'd win it sure.

"Come on, boys," I says. "They've certainly given us a raw deal. Let's show them up!"

We did. The fireworks started in the fourth quarter when Murray and Bernaux took the ball right from the draw and went through to the Stanbury goal with the prettiest running passes you ever see, Bernaux putting in the goal. The cheers had hardly quit when Tack McGraw got the ball out at the side and went through the defence like a cannon ball through cobwebs, and bulged the nets again. Then, Dick Darrell took a high pass in front of the nets with a mighty jump and bulged them once again. In three minutes we'd put in as many goals and doubled the score.

No amount of rough play could stop that home when once it got going right. And, believe me, it was going right! Harve Murray and Joe Bernaux brought the ball in like a couple of engines on the rampage and the way Tack and Dick and little Freddy McNish handled it around the goal made the Stanbury fellows dizzy in the head. Before the quarter was half gone we made the score eight to three. J. W. Dunn pulled off his necktie and waved it around like a flag. Bob Hummell, the president of the club, threw his brand new christy hat up into

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"You little shrimp!" he bawls out, shaking his fist at Bernaux. "I've got a good notion to trim you for this."

Bargain Day in the Building Mart

By W. A. CRAICK

THE managing director threw down the paper he had been reading and, reaching under the desk, pressed a button that brought his secretary quickly into the room.

"What's the state of the plans for that addition to Warehouse D?" he demanded.

"They were held up last August, sir, Frankland & Heath, the architects, were instructed by Mr Bellamy to hold them over for further instructions," replied the secretary.

"Ah, yes, I remember Just tell Mr. Bellamy to step this way."

A moment later, Mr. Bellamy, superintendent of buildings and equipment, appeared on the threshold and being invited in and motioned to a seat, took a chair beside the manager's desk.

"With regard to that proposed extension to Warehouse D, we had under consideration a year ago, Mr. Bellamy," said the director. "I think we'd better put it in hand right off."

"But we don't need it now, Mr Stanton," was the reply. "There's plenty of space Do you think it advisable to sink money in more buildings when business is so slack?"

"Never mind that, Mr. Bellamy. Business is slack, I grant you, but the turn's coming If I'm not figuring wild, there's an opportunity for us to build to-day at a price we won't likely meet again in our lifetime Just get in touch immediately with Franklin & Heath, have them rush through those plans and call for tenders. You have the rough estimate we figured out last July on the job. Compare it with what you can get it done for now If there hasn't been a big drop in costs, I'll eat my hat."

"Certainly, there's been a drop, Mr. Stanton Everybody knows that. But, has the bottom been reached? Won't it pay us to wait?"

"Not a minute Suppose everybody decides to wait What's the result? Why, they'll all start in together some day and up will go costs again like a kite. No, no Building's an the bargain table just now and a man must act sharp if he wants to pick up a snap."

A week later Mr. Bellamy walked into the managing director's office again with a bundle of papers under his arm.

"That extension to Warehouse D," said he. "It can be done at a saving of at least 20 per cent. on our estimate of last July"

"Good," exclaimed the managing director. "I though it would work out to something like that. Put the job in hand at once, before the rush begins"



An opportunity to build cheaply! Many have been taking advantage of the opportunity The accompanying illustrations are of business buildings erected this year.

"Would you consider going ahead with any other building this season?"

"I think I would I can't help feeling that just now, we have an opportunity to build cheap that will not come round again for a long time"

AN opportunity to build cheap!

The managing director expressed the situation in five words. View it from what standpoint one may, there is no escaping the fact that building can be accomplished at a considerably lower figure than prevailed last year or any year within the past decade This is bargain day in the building mart and the man or firm which can take advantage of the opportunity stands to gain in the long run, if not at once

Here are a few considerations, tending to prove the truth of these statements. A prominent Canadian architect, who has been giving much thought to the present situation in the building trades, recently looked up figures on jobs he had undertaken during the past eight years. From 1907 to 1913, he found that costs had advanced steadily to the extent of thirty per cent Between 1913 and 1914 there had been a slight decline, approximating five per rent. and between 1914 and 1915, a much more substantial decline of from ten to fifteen per cent. That is to say, from the high level of 1913, when building costs reached their zenith, to the present time, there has been a drop of at least twenty per cent.

The School Board of Toronto, which has been carrying on considerable construction, even since the outbreak of the war, is said to be getting its building done this year at one fifth less than the same jobs would have cost them a year ago. On one of their latest contracts, the saving was nearer one-fourth than one-fifth.

Again, a report is current that the architects of Toronto's new Union Station figure that as between the fall of 1914 and the spring of 1915, the Terminal Company could effect a saving of $300,000, principally in materials. This surprising decline was advanced as a reason why the work of construction should be proceeded with at once.

It requires little argument to demonstrate why there should be a reduction in the cost of building. In 1912-13, construction may be said to have reached its maximum proportions in Canada. Since then it has fallen off, first on account of the financial stringency and latterly because of the uncertain and depressing effects of the war. With a diminished demand for labor and materials, there has been a corresponding increase in the supply of these commodities, creating a surplus which has of necessity been offered at a reduced figure Canada has virtually an equipment capable of carrying on a building programme equal to that of 1912 or 1913. There are the architects to design the buildings, the contractors to undertake their construction, the manufacturers of material to supply the brick, stone and lumber and the artisans to put them together If, as is the case, there is not enough work to keep all these people fully occupied, the inexorable law of supply and demand is going to force a certain reduction in the prices at which they will sell their products or their labor.

This year's drop in building operations exhibited by building permit totals followed a less spectacular but none the less serious decline, which was in evidence even before the outbreak of the war. As between 1914 and 1915 there was a falling-off in eighty-six municipalities, reporting to the Department of Labor at Ottawa, of between thirty-six and thirty-seven million dollars or twenty-five per cent. of the total value of the 1913 permits. Part of this was certainly caused by the war but no small portion was due to other agencies, which had been affecting the situation before the war began.

The significant feature about the building permit figures is that they are now so low that there can not conceivably be any further appreciable recession. It is incredible that there should be a complete stoppage of all construction There must be a certain amount of work to be done even in the smallest cities and towns. Yet so low have the figures sunk that this irreducible minimum is surely reached now.

In this connection the building figures pertaining to Toronto are well worth studying True, Toronto is a big building centre and what is true of it is not necessarily true of some smaller "country" cities. For the first five months of 1915 building permits taken out for building in the Queen City amounted to $2,377,350. For the corresponding first five months of last year they totaled $10,541,083. That indicates a decrease of approximately seventy-five per cent. Compared with the first five months of 1913 the aggregate building permits of January-May, 1915, would show a still further declension. Moreover, the immediate is apparently the worst time, for the building permits taken out in Toronto for May of this year were $207,789 as compared with $2,827,513 for May, 1914. This shows a decrease of roughly seventy-one per cent. These facts would point to the statement that the bottom has been reached, for it would be hard to conjecture a lower level.

Every day from now on, causes will arise which will tend gradually to increase the amount of building. Necessary works cannot be put off for ever and the unusual cheapness at which building can be done will by degrees induce more and more people to take advantage of the present favorable conditions.

Building permits alone may not prove altogether convincing that construction is at a low ebb. What does Labor say of the situation? In the last available number of the *Labor Gazette*, which reports conditions for the month of March, a table showing the state of labor in the building trades of fifty-nine Canadian cities and towns from Atlantic to Pacific, indicates that at only four points were conditions "active,"—Charlottetown, Newcastle, St. John and Belleville. Eight places,—Halifax, Fredericton, Sherbrooke, Chatham, Kingston, London, Stratford and Woodstock,—reported them to be "fair." In the remaining forty-seven towns and cities, they were either "quiet" or "very quiet," the latter expression being employed to denote almost complete stagnation

UNION LABOR FIRM

In spite of lack of work, however, union labor is standing firmly by its scales of wages and generally speaking there has been no reduction in this item. Here and there, it is true, one learns of a city where the scales have been lowered and non-union labor is certainly to be had more cheaply than heretofore, but the men look at it this way. They claim, and with justice, that the days on which they are idle are virtually equivalent to a cut in wages, since each idle day reduces the wage of a working day by fifty per cent. For this reason, no generous-minded employer of labor likes to penalize the workingman still further by lowering his wages, when he does have a chance to work.

The main items of saving are to be found in the cost of materials and in the reduced profits which contractors are willing to take in order to land a job In the former case manufacturers are dropping their quotations to a level quite considerably below that of last year This is a statement that some may not care to admit but it can be proved from actual experience. If a manufacturer does not openly do it, he may quite likely be brought to do it privately. Brick which was selling at from $12 to $13 in Toronto a year ago, is now readily obtainable at half these figures, and so with other materials.

The contractor's part of it works out like this. A year ago, the contractor, who had his hands pretty full as a rule, not only employed more help than he does now, but paid himself a salary and then clapped on a neat profit. Now, so anxious is he to get work, that he dispenses with most if not all of the profit, does his own clerical work and manages to get along on his salary This naturally effects a considerable saving which goes into the pocket of the man who builds.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE.

If then, the contractor is dispensing with his profit, if the manufacturer of building materials is selling his products at or near cost and if the workman is holding out grimly for his union wage, where is there a likelihood for a further decline in building costs? Quite evidently there is very little prospect of such a recession. One does not look to see any general reduction in wages. Labor in the building trades has been sufficiently mulcted by lack of employment and the cost of living is not being diminished. However one views it, the conclusion is apparently that the man who is waiting for even more attractive bargains is likely to be disappointed

Further, it will not pay to wait. It must be obvious that the lumberman, the manufacturer of brick and the producer of other materials is not making building supplies at anything like his former rate Production has been reduced to the smallest possible proportions. Gradually, reserves are being lowered. The moment building improves and more work is started, these reserves will be quickly cleared out and, the supply being unequal to the demand, a rise in price will ensue. That there is a good deal of work ready to be released the moment conditions show improvement, is well-known. When war broke out orders were very generally sent to architects, who had plans in preparation for buildings, to hold them over until times were more settled. The letting loose of these works, on a market which has become decidedly narrow, will assuredly lead to a rise in prices.

MONEY IS AVAILABLE

The financial aspect of the case has undoubtedly been a deterrent factor in some quarters and the difficulty of obtaining money has prevented a good many people from starting building operations However, there is no question but that plenty of funds are now available. Loan and mortgage companies, insurance companies and all institutions empow-

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Many private residences, as well as business buildings, are being erected this year by those with foresight. The accompanying illustrations show a private residence (top) and the new home of the Methodist Book Room, Toronto, the latter still in course of erection



To a Canadian Lost at Langemarck

Verse and decoration by
Egbert C. Reed

Bend o'er his martyred dust, toll of
the war-lord's lust
Shrouded and sleeping.
Vanished youth's golden dream,
Lost in life's crimson stream,
Darkened the tapers gleam,
Left in His keeping.

Here in life's silent mill, shattered,
the looms lie still.
Fruitless the weeping
All that he would have been,
All that he could have been,
These now lie dead within,
Gleaned in the reaping.

In grave of honor laid, ne'er can his
glory fade.
By such are Empires made

Their Girl Josie: By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

WHEN Paul Morgan, a rising young lawyer with justifiable political aspirations, married Elinor Ashton, leading woman at the Green Square Theatre, his old schoolmates and neighbors back in Spring Valley held up their hands in horror, and his father and mother, up in the weather-grey Morgan homestead, were crushed in the depths of humiliation. They had been too proud of Paul—their only son, and such a clever fellow—and this was their punishment. He had married an actress. To Cyrus and Deborah Morgan, brought up and nourished all their lives on the strictest and straightest of old-fashioned beliefs, both as regards this world and that which is to come, this was tragedy.

They could not be brought to see it in any other light. As their neighbors said: "Cy Morgan never lift up his head again after Paul married the play-acting woman." But perhaps it was less his humiliation than his sorrow which bowed down his erect form and sprinkled grey in the thick black hair that fifty years had hitherto spared. For Paul, forgetting the sacrifices that his father and mother had made for him, had bitterly resented the letter of protest his father had written concerning his marriage. He wrote one angry, unfilial letter back, and then came silence. Between grief and shame Cyrus and Deborah Morgan grew old rapidly in the year that followed.

At the end of that time, Elinor Morgan, the mother of an hour, died; three months later, Paul Morgan was killed in a railroad collision. After the funeral Cyrus Morgan and his wife brought home their son's little daughter, Joscelyn Morgan.

Her aunt, Annice Ashton, had wanted the baby. Cyrus Morgan had been almost rude in his refusal. His son's daughter should never be brought up by an actress; it was bad enough that her mother had been one and had doubtless transmitted the taint to her child. But in Spring Valley, if anywhere, it might be eradicated.

At first neither Cyrus nor Deborah cared much for Joscelyn. They resented her parentage, her strange un-Morganlike name, and the pronounced resemblance she bore to the dark-haired, dark-eyed mother they had never seen. All the Morgans had been fair. If Joscelyn had had Paul's blue eyes and golden curls her grandfather and grandmother would have loved her soonest.

But the love came—it had to. No living mortal could have resisted Joscelyn. She was the most winsome and lovable little mite of babyhood that ever toddled. Her big dark eyes overflowed with laughter before she could speak, her puckered red mouth broke constantly into dimples and cooing sounds. She had ways that no orthodox Spring Valley baby ever thought of having. Every smile was a caress, every gurgle of attempted speech a song. Her grandparents came to worship her, and were stricter with her by reason of



The girl became quieter and more brooding, falling at times into strange, idle reveries, with her hands clasped over her knees and her great eyes fixed unseemingly on space

their love. Because she was so dear to them she must be saved from her mother's blood.

Joscelyn shot up through a roly-poly childhood into slim, bewitching girlhood in a chill, repressive atmosphere. Cyrus and Deborah were nothing if not thorough. The name of Joscelyn's mother was never mentioned to her; she was never called anything but "Josie," which sounded more "Christian-like" than Joscelyn; and all the flowering out of her alien beauty was repressed as far as might be in the plainest and dullest of dresses, and the primmest arrangement possible to riotous, ripe-brown curls.

The girl was never allowed to visit her Aunt Annice, although frequently invited. Miss Ashton, however, wrote occasionally, and every Christmas sent her a box of presents which even Cyrus and Deborah could not forbid her to accept, although they looked with disapproving eyes and ominously-set lips at the dainty, frivolous trifles the actress woman sent. They would have liked to cast those painted fans and lace frills and embroidered lingerie into the fire as if they had been infected rags from a pest house.

The path thus set for Joscelyn's dancing feet to walk in was indeed straight and narrow. She was seldom allowed to mingle with the young people of even quiet, harmless Spring Valley, she was never allowed to attend local concerts, much less take part in them; she was forbidden to read novels, and Cyrus Morgan burned an old copy of Shakespeare which Paul had given him years ago and which he himself read and treasured, lest its perusal should awaken unlawful instincts in Joscelyn's heart. The girl's passion for reading was so marked, that her grandparents felt that it was their duty to repress it as far as lay in their power.

But Joscelyn's vitality was such that all her bonds and hands served but little to check or retard the growth of her rich nature. Do what they might they could not make a Morgan of her. Her every step was a dance, her every word a gesture full of grace and virility that filled the old folks with uneasy wonder. She seemed to them charged with dangerous tendencies all the more potent from repression. She was sweet-tempered and loyal, truthful and modest, but she was as little like the prim, simple Spring Valley girls as a crimson rose is like a field daisy, and her unlikeness bore heavily on her grandparents.

Yet they loved her and were proud of her. "Our girl Josie," as they called her, was more to them than they would have admitted even to themselves, and in the main they were satisfied with her, although the grandmother grumbled because Josie did not take kindly to patchwork and rug-making, and the grandfather would fain have toned down that exuberance of beauty and vivacity into the meeker pattern of maidenhood he had been accustomed to.

When Joscelyn was seventeen Deborah Morgan noticed a change in her. The girl became quieter and more brooding, falling at times into strange, idle reveries, with her hands clasped over her knees and her great eyes fixed unseemingly on space, or she would creep away for solitary rambles in the beech-wood, going away droopingly, and returning with glowing cheeks, and a nameless radiance, as of some newly-discovered power, shining through every muscle and motion. Mrs. Morgan thought the child needed a tonic and gave her sulphur and molasses.

One day the revelation came. Cyrus and Deborah had driven across the valley to visit their married daughter. Not finding her at home they returned. Mrs. Morgan went into the house while her husband went into the stable. Joscelyn was not in the kitchen, but the grandmother heard the sound of voices and laughter in the sitting-room across the hall.

"What company had Josie got?" she wondered, as she opened the hall door and paused for a moment on the threshold to listen. As she listened, her old face grew grey and pinched; she turned noiselessly and met her husband in the kitchen as one distracted.

"Cyrus, Josie is play-acting in the room—laughing and reciting and going on. I heard her. Oh, I've always feared it would

break out in her—and it has. Come and listen to her."

The old couple crept through the kitchen and across the hall to the open room door as if they were stalking a thief. Joscelyn's laugh rang out as they did so—a mocking triumphant peal. Cyrus and Deborah shivered as if they had heard sacrilege.

Joscelyn had put on a trailing, clinging black skirt which her aunt had sent her a year ago, but which she had never been permitted to wear. It transformed her into a woman. She had cast aside her waist of dark, plum-colored homespun and wrapped a silken shawl about herself until only her beautiful arms and shoulders were left bare. Her hair, glossy and brown, with burnished red lights where the rays of the dull autumn sun struck on it through the window, was heaped high on her head and held in place by a fillet of pearl beads. Her cheeks were crimson, her whole body from head to foot instinct and alive with a beauty that, to Cyrus and Deborah as they stood, mute with horror in the open doorway, seemed akin to some devilish enchantment.

Joscelyn, rapt away from her surroundings, did not perceive her grandparents. Her face was turned from them, and she was addressing an unseen auditor in passionate denunciation. She spoke, moved, posed, gesticulated, with an inborn genius shining through every motion and tone, like an illuminating lamp.

"Josie, what are you doing?"

It was Cyrus who spoke, advancing into the room like a harsh impersonation of judgment. Joscelyn's outstretched arm fell to her side, and she turned sharply around; fear came into her face and the light went out of it. A moment before she had been a woman, splendid, unafraid; now she was again the school-girl, too confused and ashamed to speak.

"What are you doing, Josie?" asked her grandfather again, "dressed up in that indecent manner, and talking and twisting to yourself?"

Joscelyn's face that had grown pale flamed scarlet again. She lifted her head proudly.

"I was trying Aunt Annice's part in her new play," she answered. "I have not been doing anything wrong, grandfather."

"Wrong! It's your mother's blood coming out in you, girl, in spite of all our care! Where did you get that play?"

"Aunt Annice sent it to me," answered Joscelyn, casting a quick glance at the book on the table.

Then, when her grandfather picked it up gingerly, as if he feared contamination, she added quickly:

"Oh, give it to me, please grandfather. Don't take it away."

"I am going to burn it," said Cyrus Morgan sternly.

"Oh, don't grandfather," cried Joscelyn, with a sob in her voice. "Don't burn it, *please*. I—I—won't practise out of it any more. I'm sorry I've displeased you. Please give me my book."

"No!" was the stern reply. "Go to your room, girl, and take off that rig. There is to be no more play-acting in my house, remember that!"

He flung the book into the fire that was burning in the grate. For the first time in her life Joscelyn flamed out into passionate defiance.

"You are cruel and unjust, grandfather. I have done no wrong—it is not wrong to develop the one gift I have. It's the only thing I can do—and I am going to do it. My mother was an actress and a good woman. So is Aunt Annice. So I mean to be."

"Oh, Josie, Josie!" said her grandmother in a scared voice. Her grandfather only repeated sternly:

"Go, take off that rig, girl, and let us hear no more of this."

Joscelyn went but she left consternation behind her. Cyrus and Deborah could not have been more shocked if they had discovered the girl robbing her grandfather's desk. They talked the matter over bitterly at the kitchen hearth that night.

"We haven't been strict enough with the girl, mother," said Cyrus angrily. "We'll have to be stricter if we don't want to have her disgracing us. Did you hear how she defied me? 'So I mean to be,' she says. Mother, we'll have trouble with that girl yet."

"Don't be too harsh with her, father—it'll maybe only drive her to worse," sobbed Deborah.

"I ain't going to be harsh. What I do is for her own good — you know that, mother. Josie is as dear to me as she is to you—but we've got to be stricter with her."

They were. From that date Joscelyn was distrusted and watched. She was never permitted to be alone. There were no more solitary walks. She felt herself under the surveillance of cold, unsympathetic eyes every moment, and her very soul writhed. Joscelyn Morgan, the high-spirited daughter of high-spirited parents, could not long submit to such treatment. It might have passed with a child, to a woman, thrilling with life and conscious power to her very finger-tips, it was galling beyond measure. Joscelyn rebelled; but she did nothing secretly—that was not her nature. She wrote to her Aunt Annice and when she received her reply she went fearlessly to her grandparents with it.

"Grandfather, this letter is from my aunt. She wishes me to go and live with her and prepare for the stage. I told her I wished to do so. I am going."

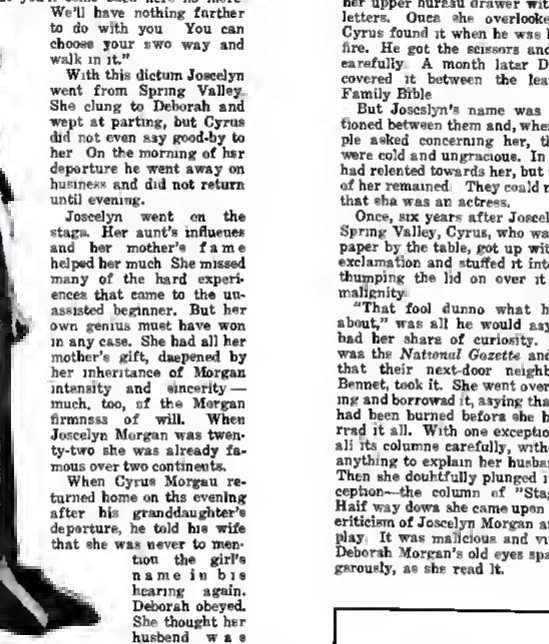
Cyrus and Deborah looked at her in mute dismay.

"I know you despise the profession of an actress," the girl went on, with heightened color. "I am sorry you think so about it, because it is the only one open to me. I must go—I must!"

"Yes, you must. It is in your blood—your bad blood, girl," said Cyrus cruelly.

"My blood isn't bad," cried Joscelyn proudly. "My mother was a sweet, good, true woman. You are unjust, grandfather. But I don't want you to be angry with me. I love you both, and I am very grateful indeed for all your kindness to me. I wish that you could understand what—"

"We understand enough," interrupted Cyrus harshly. "This is all I have to say. Go to your play-acting aunt if you want to. But you'll come back here no more. We'll have nothing farther to do with you. You can choose your own way and walk in it."



Joscelyn had put on a trailing, clinging dress which her aunt had sent a year ago. It transformed her into a woman.

With this dictum Joscelyn went from Spring Valley. She clung to Deborah and wept at parting, but Cyrus did not even say good-by to her. On the morning of her departure he went away on business and did not return until evening.

Joscelyn went on the stage. Her aunt's influence and her mother's fame helped her much. She missed many of the hard experiences that came to the unassisted beginner. But her own genius must have won in any case. She had all her mother's gift, deepened by her inheritance of Morgan intensity and sincerity—much, too, of the Morgan firmness of will. When Joscelyn Morgan was twenty-two she was already famous over two continents.

When Cyrus Morgan returned home on this evening after his granddaughter's departure, he told his wife that she was never to mention the girl's name in his hearing again. Deborah obeyed. She thought her husband was right, albeit she might, in her own heart, deplore the necessity of such a decree. Joscelyn had disgraced them; could that be forgiven?

Nevertheless, both the old people missed her terribly. The house seemed to have lost its soul with that vivid, ripely-tinted young life. They got their married daughter's oldest girl, Pauline, to come and stay with them. Pauline was a quiet, docile maiden, industrious and commonplace—just such a girl as they had vainly striven to make of Joscelyn, to whom Pauline had always been held up as a model. Yet neither Cyrus nor Deborah "took to her," and they let her go unregretfully when they found that she wished to return home.

"She hasn't any of Josie's gimp," was old Cyrus' unspoken thought. Deborah spoke, but all she said was:

"Polly's a good girl, father, only she hasn't any *snap*."

Joscelyn wrote to Deborah occasionally, telling her freely of all her plans and doings. If it hurt the girl that no notice was ever taken of her letters she still wrote them. Deborah read the letters grimly and then left them in Cyrus' way. Cyrus would not read them at first; later on he read them stealthily when Deborah was out of the house.

When Joscelyn began to succeed she sent to the old farmhouse papers and magazines containing her photographs and criticisms of her plays and acting. Deborah cut them out and kept them in her upper bureau drawer with Joscelyn's letters. Once she overlooked one and Cyrus found it when he was kindling the fire. He got the scissors and cut it out carefully. A month later Deborah discovered it between the leaves of the Family Bible.

But Joscelyn's name was never mentioned between them and, when other people asked concerning her, their replies were cold and ungracious. In a way they had relented towards her, but their shame of her remained. They could never forgat that she was an actress.

Once, six years after Joscelyn had left Spring Valley, Cyrus, who was reading a paper by the table, got up with an angry exclamation and stuffed it into the stove, thumping the lid on over it with grim malignity.

"That fool dunno what he's talking about," was all he would say. Deborah had her share of curiosity. The paper was the *National Gazette* and she knew that their next-door neighbor, James Bennet, took it. She went over that evening and borrowed it, saying that their own had been burned before she had time to read it all. With one exception she read all its columns carefully, without finding anything to explain her husband's anger. Then she doubtfully plunged into the exception—the column of "Stage Notes." Half way down she came upon an adverse criticism of Joscelyn Morgan and her new play. It was malicious and vituperative. Deborah Morgan's old eyes sparkled dangerously, as she read it.

"I guess somebody is pretty jealous of Josie," she muttered. "I don't wonder pa was riled up. But I guess she can hold her own. She's a Morgan."

No long time after this Cyrus announced that he had a notion he'd like to take a trip to the city. He'd like to see the Horse Fair and look up Cousin Hiram Morgan's folks.

"Hiram and me used to be great chums, mother. And we're getting kind of mossy, I guess, never stirring out of Spring Valley. Let's go and dissipate for a week—what say?"

Deborah agreed readily, albeit of late years she had been much averse to going far from home, and had never at any time been very fond of Cousin Hiram's wife. Cyrus was as pleased as a child over their trip. On the second day of their sojourn in the city he slipped away when Deborah had gone shopping with Mrs. Hiram and hurried through the streets to the Green Square Theatre with a hang-dog look. He bought a ticket apologetically and sneaked into his seat. It was a matinee performance and Joscelyn Morgan was starring in her famous new play.

Cyrus waited for the curtain to rise, feeling as if everyone of his Spring Valley neighbors must know where he was and revile him for it. If Deborah were ever to find out—but Deborah must never find out! For the first time in their married life the old man deliberately plotted to deceive his old wife. He must see his girl Josie just once; it was a terrible thing that she was an actress; but she was a successful one. Nobody could deny that, except fools who yapped in the *National Gazette*.

The curtain went up and Cyrus rubbed his eyes. He had braced his nerves to behold some mystery of iniquity; instead he saw an old kitchen as like his own at home that it bewildered him; and there, sitting by the cheery wood stove, in homespun gown, with primly braided hair, was Joscelyn—his girl Josie, as he had seen her a thousand times by his own ingleside. The building rang with applause; one old man pulled out a red bandanna and wiped tears of joy and pride from his eyes. She hadn't changed—Josie hadn't changed. Play-acting hadn't spoiled her—couldn't spoil her. Wasn't she Paul's daughter? And all this applause was for her—for Josie!

Joscelyn's new play was a homely, pleasant production, with rollicking comedy and heart-moving pathos skilfully co-mingled. Joscelyn pervaded it all with a convincing simplicity that was really a triumph of art. Cyrus Morgan listened and exulted in her; at every burst of applause his eyes gleamed with pride. He wanted to go on the stage and kick the villain who plotted against her, he wanted to shake hands with the good woman who stood by her, he wanted to pay off the mortgage and make Josie happy. He wiped tears from his eyes in the third act when Josie was turned out of doors; and when the fourth left her, a happy bride, hand-in-hand with her farmer lover, he could have wept again for joy.

Cyrus Morgan went out into the daylight feeling as if he had awakened from a dream. At the outer door he came upon Mrs. Hiram and Deborah. Deborah's face was stained with tears and she caught his hand.

"Oh, pa, wasn't it splendid—wasn't our girl Josie splendid? I'm so proud of her. Oh, I was bound to hear her. I was afraid you'd be mad, as I didn't let on, and when I saw you in the seat down there I couldn't believe my eyes. Oh, I've just been crying the whole time. Wasn't it splendid? Wasn't our girl Josie splendid?"

The crowd around looked at the old pair with amused, indulgent curiosity, but they were quite oblivious to their surroundings, even to Mrs. Hiram's anxiety to decoy them away. Cyrus Morgan cleared his throat and said:

"It was great, mother—great! She took the shine off the other play-actors all right. I knew that *Gazette* man didn't know what he was talking of. Mother, let's go and see Josie right off. She's stopping with her aunt at the King Edward—I saw it in the paper this morning. I'm going to tell her she was right and we were wrong. Josie's beat them all and I'm going to tell her so."

LOCUST BLOSSOMS

Honey-laden locust blossoms,
Drooping under midnight moon,
'Neath thy creamy, bursting petals,
Hang the bees in quiet swoon.

'Naught can be more sweetly fragrant,
June can bring no fairer boon,
Dew-drenched in the early dawning,
Sun-steeped in the rays of noon.

Tossing idly on the breezes,
All thy fringes rise and fall,
Idly swaying to the music
Of the robin redbreast's call.

Rosy lights of morning flushing
Into gold thy creamy white,
Wake to life the busy workers
Dozing through the summer night.



Honey-laden locust blossoms
Drooping under sun of noon,
Linger long to scatter sweetness—
June hath brought her fairest boon.

—*Lillian B. Whiting.*



Saving Lives on Wholesale Plan

How Toronto Has Been Made the Healthiest of Large Cities

By K. M. YORKE

WHY do twenty-one people out of every thousand die each year in Dublin while only eleven per thousand die in Toronto?

Why is the mortality rate getting smaller in some cities and larger in others?

It may be answered that many things enter into consideration—climatic conditions the comparative wealth or poverty of cities, racial differences, the spread of epidemics—but all these reasons do not provide a comprehensive explanation.

The answer is found in the application of scientific principles to the civic regulations of public health. Where proper safeguards are applied, backed up by efficient organization for enforcement, a dwindling mortality rate is the inevitable result. All large cities have more or less well organized health departments. Some are more advanced and thorough than others. Into the improvement of civic health methods has gone the best work of medical men and scientists, and the results have been of deepest interest. As Toronto has achieved the lowest death rate of any city in the world with a population of over 350,000, the methods of the health department of that city may perhaps be accepted as representative of the most advanced thought in the fighting of the rampant evils that afflict densely populated communities.

Toronto's man of figures recently announced that the Queen City's annual death rate for the year 1914 had been 11.02 for every thousand of population. Milwaukee is the next city on the American continent in the race of physical well-being with a mortality rate of 12.01 per thousand of population. Applied to the city of Toronto the Milwaukee rate of mortality would have meant that 450 additional lives would have been lost during the year. That is the significance of Toronto's decimal fraction in advance. Toronto saves those 450 lives.

Away south in Los Angeles, whither fortune's favorites have been wont to wend their way in search of health, the rate is 12.08. That of New York is 13.04, that of Chicago 14.02.

Toronto's health pre-eminence is maintained in comparison with the large cities of Great Britain. The mortality rate of London is 14.04, Leeds, 15.01; Edinburgh, 15.04; Manchester, 17.01, Belfast, 19.02; Liverpool, 19.16, and Dublin, 21.02.

And to show that this leading "place in the sun" of physical well-being is no mere matter of chance in regard to Ontario's capital, nor to be attributed to microbic vagaries which lighten the toll taken one year only to pile up additional retribution the next, it may be stated, first, that Toronto in 1913 also stood at the top of the health roll of honor, and, second, that she has for the past four years shown a steady decrease both in her general and special mortality rate. Toronto has a method. It is no freak of fortune that the rate has been reduced in this persistent manner. There is every assurance that a continued improvement will be shown in the future.

It was not always so. In 1904 Toronto lost lives at the rate of sixteen per thousand and for the next six years the count was somewhat over or under fourteen. The reduction to the rate of 1914 means an annual saving to the city of nearly 2,000 lives.

Evidently there was a turning point in Toronto's health career. Something happened. For some reason the figures faced about and, instead of climbing up, began to climb down. The story of how Toronto did it, is the story of an awakening, a man and several years of varied and strenuous activity.



Testing the milk inspectors are continually on the look out in the Queen City and watch the incoming supply closely.

As to the awakening, that they tell us was in the municipal air all over the continent of North America. New light had broken on the subject of keeping people well by the cityful or townful. New machinery to prevent people from being ill was coming into use from the Pacific to the Atlantic. A new idea of health and health work had taken shape, a more economic and democratic and twentieth century idea.

For one thing, health work was becoming the conserving of the human asset. The loss in actual cash to the country in the dropping out of the ranks through illness or death of hundreds annually who had made little or no return to the community for the outlay on their upbringing and education was beginning to come home to authorities. Great Britain and the United States made some startling calculations. The State of Illinois computed five or six years ago that they forfeited annually, through educating children who died from tuberculosis alone before reaching working age, some $1,200,000. It is estimated that the preventable deaths in the entire United States, from all causes, mean an annual loss to the country of $1,070,000,000.



How impure milk is treated by the health authorities in Toronto.

Toronto was in line for the advance in physical well-being. She was anxious to make her public utilities wholesome and pure; and was open-minded to new methods. Already, when but very few cities were experimenting with chlorine for the destruction of bacteria in the water supply, Toronto was chlorinating. Then she received an impetus. That impetus was the man. In the latter part of 1910 Dr. Charles J. Hastings was appointed as Medical Health Officer of the city.

In the new officer the public health awakening found a man who was already awake. "It seems," he said, chatting in his office at the City Hall, "as if we were now only at the dawn of the health age, when people are waking up to the fact that every nation has been spending millions on the cure and the attempt to cure diseases that should never have occurred with proper administrative and preventive measures."

"With a well organized Department of Public Health,"—so runs the legend on the cover of the little monthly report issued concerning the Toronto Department's activities—"a municipality may have as much health as it is willing to pay for."

Frequently Dr. Hastings takes occasion in this monthly pamphlet for brief discussions of current health topics and in these pithy forewords is to be seen how liberal and far-reaching is his conception of public health. In one of these he defines the function of a department of public health as being "to safeguard the health of the people living in the community over which it has jurisdiction"—a definition significantly broad and elastic as will be seen. He speaks of "the significance of finding that so frequently poverty, crime, ignorance and disease are inseparably linked together, so that the social diagnosis is sometimes even more important than the medical." Again: "Public health work is so intimately linked up with social work as to be practically inseparable, education is the means by which probably nine-tenths of the permanent, efficient public health work is accomplished."

When with the direct method of diagnosis is joined an equally direct method of action, results are to be looked for. And it was not long before there began to be a change in the powerful combination of vexed problems that confronted Toronto in 1910.

There was the drinking water. No mere citizen could have told just why Toronto tap water was "bad," but that did not affect the well-rooted conviction that it was so, which was further strengthened at intervals by an officially inspired shriek from the local press of "Boil the Water!"

The experts tell us that the water supply is the main key to the typhoid situation and it could not be overlooked that, while Toronto "boiled" obediently many citizens still were caught.

In the year 1910 Toronto lost through typhoid fever at the rate of 40.8 per hundred thousand of its population. Compared with the latest count of 7.7 this would mean a loss of 165 more lives during the twelve months from this disease alone.

The milk supply coming into the city of Toronto some years ago was pronounced by the authorities to reach the lowest degree of depravity in the province. With this read the fact that infant mortality mounted steadily every year as the city increased in size.

Population was pouring into the country. Canada was enjoying the high tide of the "boom." Her cities were expanding like mushrooms, aggravating the perennial overcrowding problem and "slum" tendencies. It was a good time for Toronto to wake up.

THE FIGHT FOR PURE WATER.

The City Hall was working on the water problem. In 1915 practically every large city chlorinates its water supply. But in 1910 Toronto was amongst the first to do so. Chlorinating polluted water, however, was not satisfactory to the department. They determined to go farther back and eliminate if possible the sources of pollution.

Why was Toronto water bad? Why, when the city sewage was consigned to the Bay on one side of "The Island" and the intake pipe of the water supply stretched away out 2,000 feet from the shore on the lake side of the Island, did sewage bacteria still make deadly the city water? Whence came that sewage? Was it possible to eliminate it from the waters of Lake Ontario?

In a guarded tower of the City Hall in Toronto, in an atmosphere of test tubes and blue flames, a group of young men with academic letters after their names work day after day testing the purity of what Toronto eats and drinks. These young men set to work to study the lake currents in the vicinity of Toronto. And what they found was that, as far as the sewage bacteria was concerned, the sole guilty party was Toronto herself. The currents refused to incriminate Hamilton or the Niagara River or the lakeshore towns or the steamship traffic. The tale they told was that the west wind drove the sewage polluted Bay waters out into the lake through the Eastern Gap, to be carried by the next east wind current back along the lake side of the Island and directly across the mouth of the intake pipe.

The somewhat mediæval treatment of the sewage problem was the hitch of the water problem.

A radical change has now been made in the disposal of sewage in Toronto. Instead of discharging it untreated at various points along the bay and lake front, it was arranged to collect it and deal with it before it reached the lake. It was decided to chlorinate the body of sewage itself, some fifty million gallons per day. This is now done, and after sedimentation (in Watson tanks) the resulting volume is discharged into the lake.

By this simple expedient of chlorinating its own sewage, the city of Toronto at one sweep rid its water supply of 95 per cent. of the disease-producing bacteria found therein.

Meantime provision was being made as well for filtering the water.

"The general protection of the water supply," remarked Dr. Adams, the acting head of the city laboratories, "is filtration. The attitude of sanitarians to chlorine is that it is an emergency measure. The probable thing in the future will be filtration plus chlorination."

Early in 1912 the city's new "slow sand" filtration plant came into operation. Its capacity, however, is only 32,000,000 gallons per day. That is far below Toronto's requirements, and there is at present under construction a second filter of a new and better type—a "mechanical filter," the technical people at the laboratories call it—which will have an additional capacity of 65,000,000 gallons per day. This will fully provide for the entire city supply, it is expected, both at present and for some years to come. It is hoped the new plant may be ready this fall.

No chances are taken. The entire water



Above—A well baby clinic—a new institution for the raising and keeping up of the city's baby-life.

Many such outdoor homes for people of weak lungs are found in Toronto.



What the inside of a great city water filter looks like. The slow sand filter at Toronto Island just before completion. Thirty-two million gallons of water per day are treated in this plant.

supply both filtered and unfiltered, is chlorinated and a system of continuous inspection is in use. Every four hours of the day samples of the water being supplied at that moment to the citizens are tested in the laboratories. During 1914 the city water was examined 903 times. Signs of dangerous pollution were discovered only once—"the best record the city has ever had."

Observe now the course of the typhoid figures. In 1910 the number of deaths from typhoid fever in Toronto per 100,000 of the population was 40.8. In 1911 after the introduction of chlorination that figure was cut in two, the mortality being 20.0 for the same proportion of the population. In 1912 this was reduced to 12.1, in 1913 to 10.4 and in 1914 to 7.7.

They tell us, those who are producing these remarkable results in life saving, that close study of the circumstances surrounding Toronto typhoid patients reduces still further this already low rate to nearly 4.2. Not all of the 7.7 are Toronto cases. A number of them contracted the disease outside the city and do not really belong to it. Typhoid fever is becoming almost a negligible factor in Toronto.

The figures for diphtheria and scarlet fever are almost as startling, the rate of the former being reduced to less than half, that of the latter to a quarter what it was in 1910.

A GREAT CITY'S MILK SUPPLY

"Water and milk," says Dr. Hastings in one of the monthly reports, "constitute the channels through which disease-producing organisms most frequently gain access to the human body."

Typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, septic sore throat and tuberculosis are a few of the abuses of confidence to which humanity has been treated by the milkman. It is estimated that at least 25 per cent. of the tuberculous children under five years of age have been infected by milk.

In attacking the practically uncontrolled milk supply of the city of Toronto, the Health Department found that by simply putting in operation a competent system of inspection a vast improvement could at once be obtained. The mere knowledge that there was a "chiel' amang them taking notes" set up an astonishing activity amongst the milk dealers. So far as the watering and skimming was concerned, the biggest improvement took place in the first two months that the inspectors were at work.

The Health Department reckons that during the first year of the milk inspection over one-quarter million dollars was saved to the citizens by the elimination of watered milk. In 1915 there is practically no watered milk sold in Toronto.

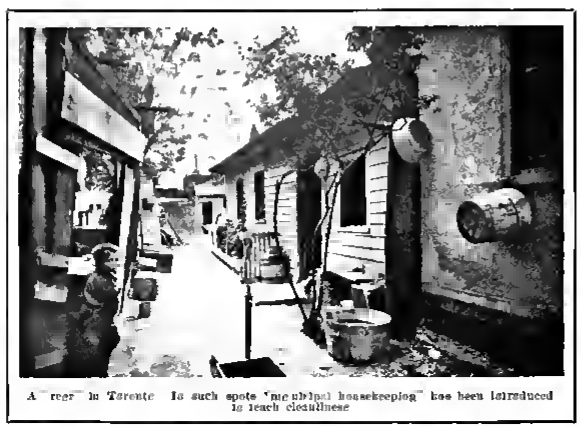
When the inspection started, it was found that 60 per cent. of the milk samples taken were adulterated, but without undue pressure from the inspectors they improved steadily. Preservatives disappeared easily. Since 1912 only one man, a retail dairyman, has been found making use of these.

In June, 1911, after three years' work on the Toronto milk supply, pasteurization of the entire city supply of milk and cream was made compulsory. Pasteurization is, in the opinion of Dr. Hastings, the only means by which milk that does not come from tuberculin-tested cows can be made safe. A very large proportion of dairymen, however, were already voluntarily pasteurizing. All milk that is dirty is condemned far that reason alone. It is not even allowed to be pasteurized.

The milk campaign was one of the very first pieces of work undertaken by the Department of Public Health after the appointment of Dr. Hastings as Medical Health Officer. Arrangements made to supervise the milk at every point. Inspectors were appointed both for the retail business machinery of the city and the machinery of production on the farms. In the early morning as the milk carts go their rounds delivering the day's supplies to the city's families an inspector is already at large taking samples from the carts. A free lance inspector drops at random into pasteurizing plants, milk houses, etc., supervising cleanliness, general fitness of machinery, etc. Four inspectors go through the province regulating dairy herds, stables, etc. The system is developing in detail as new needs and new light appear.

There are still dragons in the path. Transportation tends to frustrate much of the good work done. The milk is not yet adequately iced on the trains. Sometimes it stands on sidings in the sun for an hour or two waiting for trains. The fact that there are no milk trains on Sunday makes fresh milk for one day in the week an impossibility.

Continued on Page 93.



A "rest" in Toronto. In such spots "municipal housekeeping" has been introduced to teach cleanliness.

SYNOPSIS.—Donald Fenton, a young Canadian, was travelling in Europe when the war broke out. He was enjoying the luxury of unlimited means, and the transition, from the position of newspaper reporter and real estate salesman in Montreal to a millionaire touring the Continent was still novel. When the war broke out he was in Austria and had to cross the line into Russia. Returning to enlist, he finds it necessary to travel through the Balkans and in Ironia calls on his old friend, Percival Varden, who has married the Baroness Draschol and settled down in Serajoz the capital. Ironia is bound to be drawn into the war and rival factions are fighting to direct her course. Fenton goes to a royal ball and meets Princess Olga, daughter of Prince Peter, leader of the faction fighting to enlist Ironia with the allies. He happens to overhear the assassination of Prince Peter planned at a meeting of the Society of Crossed Swords, which has been formed in the interests of an Austro-Germanic alliance. His presence is discovered and he narrowly escapes being shot. He meets Miridoff, the leader of the society, in the ballroom and finds that he is a marked man. Fenton cannot find either Peter or Varden and so tells his story to Princess Olga. On the way home from the ball Fenton is fired at but escapes unhurt. He accompanies Varden to a secret meeting of representatives of the Allies where plans are discussed for Ironia's entry into the war. The Russian envoy serves notice that Ironia must act quickly if she desires to win back her two provinces now held by Austria. After the meeting, Fenton is introduced to Anna Petrowa, a famous dancer, who is in Serajoz as a Russian secret service agent. An attempt is made to assassinate Peter as he leaves the meeting. Fenton and Varden succeed in saving Peter's life. Next morning, Miridoff, who has been chosen by King Alexander as the future husband of Princess Olga, calls upon her to communicate the King's wishes and meets with a rebuff. That day General Pau, the French hero, passes through Serajoz on his way to Russia and is given a great reception, stage-managed by Fenton. During the demonstration at night, Fenton goes to the Continental Hotel to which he has been summoned by a mysterious note and meets Mlle Petrowa, who has learned important secrets. Before she has time to communicate the news, they are interrupted by Neviloff, a lieutenant of Miridoff's who is in love with Anna. There is a disagreement and Neviloff challenges the Canadian to a duel.



Princess Olga

The Last Ally:

By HUGH S. EAYRS
Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

CHAPTER IX

A Night of Riots

FENTON had recognized the possibilities of a popular demonstration for General Pau; but if he had known how far public feeling would be aroused, he undoubtedly would have hesitated before suggesting that capital be made out of the timely visit of the French hero. As things turned out the appearance of the grey-haired general on the Lodz set in motion such waves of racial enthusiasm and warlike frenzy that Serajoz experienced one of the wildest days and maddest nights in all its wild and mad history.

The terms of the duel had been settled between the sadly perturbed Varden and a saturnine officer who called on behalf of the aggrieved Neviloff, and the former sat with his principal in a balcony that overlooked the seething, turbulent Lodz. It was after eleven o'clock but the crowds were not thinning out any and the tumult seemed to be increasing in violence all the time. After half an hour's earnest argument Varden had given up hope of persuading the Canadian to depart the capital before he fell a victim to the skill of Neviloff; and now sat eyeing, glumly, the animated scene below. Suddenly, above the noise of the mobe, came the electrifying crackle of musketry. First there were a few sharp explosions then gradually the firing settled down into the sustained din of a steady fusillade.

"That means trouble!" ejaculated Varden. "Don, we've let hell loose in the old town to-night. The guards must be firing on the people down around the Royal Palace, judging from the sound."

Moved by a common impulse the two men rose. Varden brought out heavy caps and cloaks; so that they emerged into the street effectually disguised.

"Lead on, right into the thick of it," admonished Fenton. "I'm afraid we've missed something!"

They had. When they reached the square in front of the royal palace, they found it jammed with excited humanity, except for a significant radius around the entrance. Drawn up across the imposing gates was a double file of soldiers.

"The guards fired on the mob. A couple have been killed!" exclaimed Varden, who had picked up the information from the excited shouts of those around them. "The fat's in the fire Don! If Alexander holds out much longer, they'll burn the palace to the ground."

In the surging mob, the pair were soon separated, Varden being borne off bodily in a panicky rush of the people to avoid a threatened charge by the soldiers. Loth to return home while the excitement ran so high, Fenton drifted along with the crowd. He witnessed a demonstration in the course of which every window in the Austrian embassy was smashed. He saw Turkish shops and Austrian restaurants raided. Street fights became a mere incident. The clamorous cry for war was heard on every hand, coupled with execrations of King Alexander. On one public square the stubborn sovereign of Ironia was burned in effigy.

About one o'clock, Fenton found himself in a small Greek restaurant on one of the narrow mercantile streets that run off the Duntsig. He was hungry enough to overlook the uninviting appearance of the place and the decidedly rough-looking crew who crowded about the tables. He shared one table with a picturesque old foreigner with a battered, time-worn countenance and apparel that bespoke either poverty or utter disregard for appearance. Fenton stared at the grimy menu, printed in Ironian, that a tatterdemalion waiter with truly villainous whiskers presented, and pointed to one of the items haphazard. Luck was not with him, his selection proving to be a sallow omelette of uncertain composition but positive odor. One look at the steaming mess and Fenton's appetite took wings. He pushed the plate to one side.

"Monsieur, has not learned to appreciate native cookery," said the foreigner, glancing up and speaking in excellent French. "Monsieur perhaps speaks French?"

"He does," replied Fenton. "And decidedly he does not appreciate native cooking. If Ironia goes to war, why shouldn't they wage a war of extermination by dropping home-made omelets on the enemy from airships?"

"For ten years I have been an exile from my beloved France!" sighed the old man. "It has been hard, monsieur, very hard. But the hardest part has been to subsist on the reeking, nauseous stuff that these Ironians call food. But time can work any miracle, monsieur. To-day I, François Dubois, with a palate that once was educated to the highest Parisian standard, can eat even the omelet of an Ironian cook and—forgive the blasphemy, monsieur—call it good!"

Fenton twisted his chair around so that he could regard his table companion more closely. The old Frenchman had a careworn face from which a pair of black eyes looked out with a virility strangely at variance with the lifeless grey of the mask in which they were set. His nose was so protuberant that he could have played Cyrano without make-up.

"How do you happen to be living in Serajoz?" Fenton asked curiously.

"It's a long story and would weary monsieur's patience in the telling," replied the old man. "In a word, I came here with a company of strolling players—I was an actor and a musician, monsieur. Ironia was in a bad way ten years ago. A revolution threatened, war with Turkey was feared, the Government was nearly bankrupt. We made so little money that our company disbanded in Serajoz and here has François Dubois remained ever since, picking up a meagre living by teaching music to such pupils as he has been able to find. The thought that some day I would save enough to return to France has kept life in this useless old body, monsieur. But that hope is now almost gone!"

"You know Ironia well then?" suggested Fenton. "Tell me, what is the real sentiment of the people? Is this all froth or do they really want war?"

"The people of Ironia want war!" said the old man, soberly. "Listen to me, monsieur, for I know of what I speak. They are a deep lot these Ironians, deeper than most people think—fiery in love, implacable in hate, consistent in gratitude, eternal in revenge, deep, deep. They hate the Turk and the Austrian. They want to [illegible] and would rather win them back by fighting for them. The smoke of battle is incense in the nostrils of the Ironian."

The old man wagged his forefinger portentously at Fenton.

"If there is one man in Ironia blinder than all others it is King Alexander," he went on. "I, François Dubois, who knows, say so. Monsieur, I feel in the prophetic vein to-night and I am telling you this: That Alexander will not give in to the people. He is a stiff-necked man, this Alexander, and he believes in the divine right of kings. His pledged word as a Hohenzollern is more to him than the welfare of the country over which he rules. He will not budge one inch, monsieur, and I see the day not far distant when, as first step to making the war they have willed, Ironians will take from Alexander his crown. No king can balk the will of a nation to-day—not even a nation in the Balkans!"

"You really think it could happen?" asked Fenton, a little incredulous. "If they did depose Alexander, who would succeed him?"

"The Prince Peter, perhaps," replied the old actor. "Or, more likely still, Ironia would become a republic like my own dear France! Ah, monsieur, it would almost reconcile me to dying in this country if I knew that the freedom of France had at last reached Ironia!"

"A republic!" ejaculated Fenton, bright visions flitting before him, conjured up by the old man's words. A republic meant the breaking down of social barriers, the abolition of royal families—and, therefore, of royal marriages. But then he perceived the absolute futility of the idea. What did it matter to him whether Ironia became a republic or not? That morning he was due to offer himself as a target to Neviloff; and the outcome did not seem at all uncertain. Almost unconsciously, he started to talk to his companion, telling him of the impending duel.

"It is not uncommon for visitors to become embroiled with native officers, monsieur," said the old man. "Many a duel has been fought on grounds that smacked strongly of robbery. The upper-class Ironian, monsieur, is a cut-throat, a thief, with the manners of a gentleman but the instincts of a pirate. But—," and he shrugged his shoulders, "I would not fear the outcome. I know my Ironian well. He is devilish handy with the sword but a poor shot, monsieur, an atrocious bad shot. Have courage, you are more likely to wing him yourself. And in any case, the duel—it has not often the fatal ending. Look at me, monsieur. In my day four duels have I fought—and at sixty-two I live to teach music in the gutter of Europe!"

Considerably comforted by the old man's words, Fenton took down his address on a card and left, promising to look M. Dubois up on the first opportunity.

At dawn the Canadian accompanied Varden to a misty, silent field on the outskirts of the city, there to wait for Neviloff and his friends. They waited long past the appointed hour until Varden, who had come in a mood of almost despairing protest, began to take cheer.

"Something's gone wrong," he said, finally. "Neviloff would not funk it, of course. This sort of thing is all in the day's work to Neviloff. But a hitch has occurred somewhere."

As he finished an officer came across the field toward them. He saluted and spoke in Ironian to Varden.

"Saved, Don!" exclaimed the latter. "Once again, have you managed to evade the consequences of your rash conduct. Neviloff can't keep the appointment. The riots last night became so bad that the troops in the city have been ordered to remain under arms and the gallant lieutenant will be chained to duty until the situation becomes less acute. In the meantime his slighted honor must go without redress. He sends most profuse apologies—for not being able to kill you this morning. Come on, Don, I feel as though I could enjoy a good breakfast now."

CHAPTER X.

Fate & Co.

THE particular department of the well-known firm of Fate & Co., to which had been deputed the difficult task of weaving a train of circumstances that would plunge a nation into war, had been working overtime during the forty or so hours that Donald Fenton had been in Serajoz. The web was being surely and unerringly spun, and already certain skeins, that represented human lives, had been closely interwoven. Three lives, indexed in the ledgers of Fate perhaps, by soul numbers, but distinguished from other mortals on earth by the titles of Donald Fenton, the Grand Duke Miridoff, and Olga of Ironia, were so hopelessly tangled, it was apparent that in the unraveling process one or more might be snapped off. Peering at what was ahead, the grim official saw two men stand face to face with the world-old issue to be settled between them, at the same time that angry mobs stormed palace walls for a cause that a stubborn king had forsworn. And with this objective in view, the minion of Fate first prompted a prudent thought to take possession of the mind of Prince Peter that morning, and then saw to it that a whisper of a restaurant brawl and a duel, impending or already fought, reached the ears of the Princess Olga. Acting on the first, Prince Peter decided that in its upset condition, Serajoz was no place for his daughter, and notified her that he had decided she must go to his county estate at Kail Baleski until such time as the trouble blew over, and acting on the second, Olga hurriedly summoned her carriage, and set out for a house on the Lodz where resided her very great confidante, the Baroness Draschol. Not content with this, the untiring tangler of human skeins prompted a certain little person of exceptional personal charm and international antecedents, to don the garb of a peasant woman, muffling her face in a hood, and to set off on foot by sundry unfrequented streets and alleys for the same residence in the Lodz.

When he had seen that the Princess entered by the front portal at the very moment that the pseudo-peasant knocked at a rear entrance, and had furthermore satisfied himself that Donald Fenton had risen from the breakfast table, and [illegible] to wait for his host who had been called away, the official of Fate was content to sit back and let events take their course, confident that now his human puppets could not deviate from the lines he had laid down for them.

Baroness Draschol received her royal friend in her own sitting-room, which was just across the hall from the library. There they chatted for some time, Olga soon gleaning such information with reference to the postponed duel as the prudent Varden had seen fit to trust to his wife. In the meantime the peasant woman, who had asked at the rear door first for Mr. Varden, and then for Mr. Fenton, and had been admitted only after the transfer of a gold coin, had been escorted to the library where she removed the heavy hood, revealing the altogether pleasing features of Anna Petrowa.

Fenton, who was becoming inured to surprises of all descriptions, accepted this transformation with equanimity.

"Good morning, mademoiselle," he said, ensconcing her in a comfortable chair with a degree of solicitude, "I am delighted to see you, but not surprised. Nothing out of the ordinary had happened for half an hour or so. I felt that the inactivity wouldn't keep up much longer."

"I am so more than glad that monsieur has come to no harm," said the dancer, quite earnestly. "I see it all now. It was a plot to trap you—and I an innocent part playing in it. But monsieur, I see, does not think of me as the double traitor."

She placed a finger on her lips to enjoin silence, and then, tip-toeing over beside him whispered:

"I had not time before we were interrupted to tell the big news that I have learned. And thus have I risked all by coming here so in the broad daylight. It is this. Many of the army officers are with our cunning M'ridoff, and a plot is spreading to force Ironia into war against



She put both hands affectionately into Fenton's and looked up into his face. Neither of them heard the soft swish of skirt in the hall.

Russia by the same means that they used with Turkey. A body of Ironian troops, acting without official orders, will cross the line to Russia and burn a village or so. The Russians, of course, they retaliate; and then war is certain to follow. It is all arranged, monsieur. Where or when I do not know. Word, I beseech, must be taken at once to his Highness."

Fenton sprang up and paced the floor excitedly. "Of course, it is exactly what they would do," he exclaimed. "Last night has shown them that they cannot win by fair means. Vardan is out, mademoiselle, but will be back in a very few minutes. Word shall be taken to Prince Peter as soon as he returns."

In the course of a minute or so, Fenton's thoughts, occupied with the important information that she had brought, turned to the consideration of how so vital a piece of news had been obtained. He stood in front of his intrepid companion and regarded her with a stimulated interest and quite frank admiration.

"I can't understand it at all," he said. "Try as I may, I can't really associate you with plots and counter plots and secret meetings, and associations with all the rag-tag and bob-tail of Balkan intrigue. You simply don't fit into the picture. You are so fair, so young, so—well, so completely feminine, that I can't see how you succeed in work that belongs to the rougher sphere of man!"

"You are mistaken, Mistaire Fenton," she protested, "and your mistake is en thoroughly masculine! It should not be difficult for a woman to do the work I am doing. It is the work a woman can do best; it is subtle, it requires keen observation of the little things that indicate mood and temperament, it means that always the right word must be used, it needs some personal charm, monsieur, and a thorough knowledge of how to exploit it. Women—and women only—can be depended upon for the more delicate missions of secret service. It is man — direct, blundering, out-spoken man, who thinks judgment better than intuition — who does not fit into the picture."

"You put it so well that I am almost convinced," smiled Fenton. "Still, I don't like to think of you having to associate with the likes of Miridoff and his murder crew. There are two spheres in which I like to picture you—on the stage earning the plaudits of the world, and in a cozy chair on the hearth of some lucky man's home."

"You are quite hopeless, *mon ami*," she sighed. "Your viewpoint—it is so masculine—so one sided. Man regards woman in but two ways—he wants to possess her and to show her off. If she feels that she must achieve more than man's fatuous approval, he frowns, objects, bullies, even uses force to stop her. Is it not so?"

"It is clear that you have traveled overmuch in America," said Fenton, with a laugh. "Are such ideas common among the women of your own country?"

"Advanced thought, it is found everywhere," she replied. The conversation was becoming too abstruse for her scanty English, and she abruptly changed to French, where she was more at home. "In your America the positions have been reversed. There it is the woman who has the complete freedom, and the man who is tied. The American—he is too easy. He has but two functions left to him—business and the support of his women folk."

"Mademoiselle is a philosopher, I see, as well as so many other things," said Fenton, not a little puzzled at the change that had come over her. From a dainty little person, full of coquettish wiles and sidelong glances, she had suddenly become a serious woman, full of the holy fire of earnest purpose and determination. Genuinely interested, he asked: "Tell me, mademoiselle, do you really like this life? Can you enjoy it, with all its dangers, its insincerities, its cruelties?"

For a moment she did not answer. Her glance wandered to a window and fixed itself on outer space, while a smile that was both brave and wistful played at the corners of her mouth.

"Yes, I like it, *mon ami*," she said. "It is hard, it robs one of treasured illusions, it takes the silver finish off life and shows the brass beneath. A woman who plays the Great Game misses much that women are supposed to want—and do want. It may be that these things will be missed from my life, but—I will not regret them! This life means that I am standing alone, fighting against things, combating circumstances, and shaping them to my own ends, trying to grasp from an unwilling hand the fruit success!"

"You are right," said Fenton emphatically. "It is the fight for achievement that makes things worth while. It is seldom though that a woman comes to a realization of so virile a philosophy of life. There I go again," he said with a laugh. "My purely masculine judgment of women! But tell me of your experiences. I am sure you must have things to tell which would be of great interest. You have seen much of this sort of thing—this—what our statesmen call diplomacy."

Anne was nothing loth. In her inimitably pretty way she told of her life from the time when she first joined the Russian Imperial ballet, relating incidents in her struggles as a dancer, but more of her life as an agent of the secret service. She told of a certain affair at Monte Carlo when documents had to be abstracted from a personage of royal rank, of the theft and recovery of important naval plans which had been the key to a significant and tense international crisis. Fenton listened to her with an interest that was all engrossing, but all the time there remained at the back of his mind—despite her earlier admonition—a sense of incongruity. There was something irreconcilable with the accepted order of things in this dainty butterfly doing the work which kept nations from each other's throats, or helped to precipitate them into conflict.

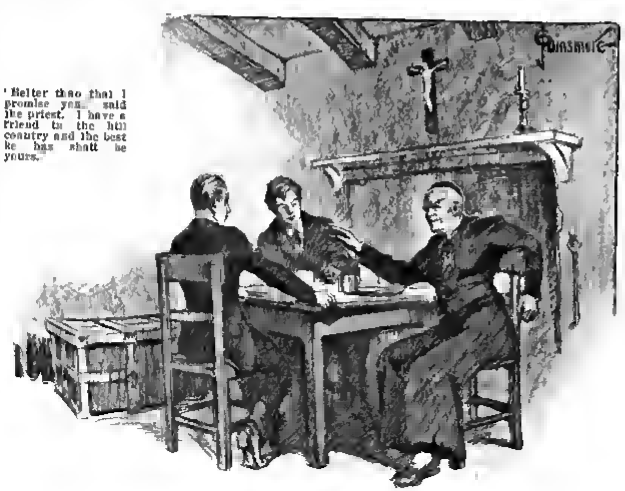
As she talked, the aforementioned Grim Official stirred himself up to complete certain complications that he had planned. He caused the Baroness Draschol to leave the Princess Olga for a moment. He impelled the latter to rise and stray into the hall. He then brought the dancer to her feet with a rather incredulous, "How I have talked!" while she almost unconsciously put both hands into Fenton's and looked up into his face.

Neither of them heard the soft swish of a skirt in the hall. Neither of them knew that the curtains had parted.

"I have been so interested," said Fenton. "You are really most wonderful!"

Then he turned in time to look into the rather startled, rather incredulous, rather angry eyes of Princess Olga. It was but for a moment, then the curtains fell back into place and

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"Better than that I promise you," said the priest. "I have a friend in the hill country and the best he has shall be yours."

Our Mountain Heritage: By C. B. SISSONS



A useful means of progress where the trail falls, namely up the gravel bars of a creek.

The entrance to a valley until recently unknown, within twenty-five miles of the C.P.R.

The 1911 camp of the Alpine Club of Canada in Sherbrooke Lake Valley. The club seeks to teach its members to discover the secrets of the mountains for themselves.

EUROPE will never be the same. Little Switzerland, in spite of her neutrality, will never be quite the same. It is certain that for many a year bookings for the pleasure resorts of the Old World will be secured with some misgivings. The experiences of the month of August in the year 1914 will not soon be effaced from the memories of those who were unfortunate enough to be overtaken by the war on the soil of continental Europe. And just as our universities are preparing to take up the post-graduate work, which an insane Germany has forfeited, just as our factories are proceeding to assume the industry of a nation which thought to reverse the hands of the clock and beat ploughshares into swords, so in the serious business of holidaying we must seek at home what we are denied abroad.

Inevitably the eyes of the tourist will turn to our Canadian Rockies. In place of going down to the sea in ships, in increasing numbers we shall go up to the mountains in Pullmans. And those who have once learned to love the mountains will find it more and more difficult to resist their call when the summer sun begins to beat on city pavements. Recently the daily press informed us that a company of capitalists had been granted a charter to build a funicular railway up Cascade Mountain. Much as those who love nature undefiled may shudder at such desecration of the mountains; much as those who prefer to use "the tandem that nature gave" them may despise such luxurious mountaineering, this announcement must be accepted with resignation and regarded as merely an indication that the Canadian mountains are coming into their own. All that the objector can properly urge is that the authorities of the National Park may be permitted to ensure the preservation of its natural beauties. For it is in every way to our national advantage that all who so desire may be permitted to enjoy as much as each has eyes to see of the glory of our mountain heritage.

There is no fear that the field of the mountaineer, or even that of the explorer, will be exhausted for many years to come. One generation has passed away since the late Lord Strathcona drove the last spike of the first line of steel to span a united Canada; and yet within twenty-five miles of the Canadian Pacific Railway 1912 was the first year when the secrets of the valley, the entrance of which is shown in one of the accompanying views, were disclosed to human eye. Several noble peaks in this vicinity are still unclimbed.

Last summer the veteran climber and explorer, Professor E. W. D. Holway, who has to his credit almost a score of first ascents of peaks in the Selkirks of over ten thousand feet, took a trip into unexplored country, which he describes as follows: "We went up the Beaver and down the Duncan to the big valley running in back of Battle Creek, packed up this nearly to the end, ascended twelve hundred feet on the north side to a magnificent hanging valley, where we found a fine lake as large as Louise, with a glacier coming in at the head and a fine glacier-hung peak above over ten thousand five hundred feet high. We made the ascent of this. It was such a long climb that we sat out all night in returning. The end of the main valley has great glaciers coming in all around. Dr. Longstaff looked into this valley from the Prairie Hills and said it looked like the valleys of India." This is a description of country contiguous to the Canadian Pacific. To be sure in the absence of trails it can be reached only by those who have some knowledge of the mountains and physical endurance equal to the task of carrying heavy packs. If there is still original work to be done in the south within reach of a railway built in 1885, it may readily be surmised how great an amount of exploration yet remains in the region adjacent to the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern, in spite of the valuable pioneer work that has been performed in this district, among others by Professor Coleman, Mrs. Schaeffer, Mr. A. L. Mumm and Mr. A. O. Wheeler.

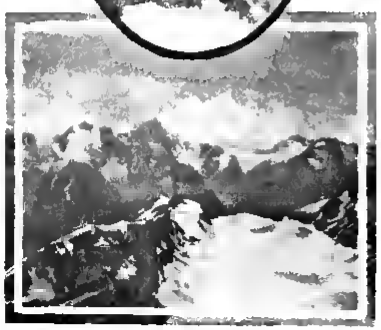
Even when the exploration of hundreds of valleys is completed in the distant future (for the Canadian Rockies are spread as wide as a dozen Alps) there will still remain quite enough in the way of unexplored routes of ascent to satisfy even the greedy mountaineer who weeps like Alexander when there are no new worlds to conquer. Indeed, only in a very few cases have the discovery of new routes of ascent caused the least flutter of excitement in our mountaineering world. It is easy to recall a score of unnoticed adventures which, if they had been performed in the Lake District or the Bernese Oberland would have been heralded as noteworthy achievements. With us the new is so nearly universal that such exploits frequently fail to ob-

tain permanent record, to say nothing of celebration. Perhaps on the fingers of one hand might be counter those Canadian peaks which have been even roughly mapped with a view to showing routes of ascent, while for many years all the main mountains of the Alps have been very well and accurately mapped. All of which goes to show that we are still in the heroic age of mountaineering, and are destined there to remain for many years to come.

BUT one is naturally asked whether, apart from the opportunity of doing what has never been done before, the Canadian Rockies afford scenic and athletic attractions at all comparable to those afforded by the Alps. This leads one to a general comparison of the two regions. In two respects the Playground of Europe may appear to have a distinct advantage over our own mountain area. In the first place the peaks rise higher above sea level. Mont Blanc is some twenty-five hundred feet higher than Mt. Robson, and the average difference in altitude is perhaps fairly well represented by the difference between the giants of the two ranges. It must be remembered, however, that the disparity in height does not mean a corresponding difference in the length of ascent or in the magnificence of the view to be obtained from the summit. On Mont Blanc there is an inn less than six thousand feet below the summit, a hut some forty-five hundred feet above the inn, and an observatory just below the summit. On the other hand the party which successfully ascended Mt. Robson in 1913 left in the afternoon a camp at the altitude of fifty-five hundred feet, and bivouacked on an outcropping of rock at an altitude of about seven thousand feet. The next day they ascended with much step-cutting the six thousand feet to the summit, the height of which is computed at thirteen thousand and sixty-eight feet, descending in the evening to a bivouac on a rocky shelf about two thousand feet below the summit. Thence they reached camp late in the afternoon of the third day. Another party which attempted the peak by the south face bivouacked high up on a rocky ridge, were driven back by a blizzard when near the summit, and descended nearly ten thousand feet to Lake Kinney the same afternoon. Such feats are nowhere necessary in the Alps, where the valleys are loftier and huts are ubiquitous. Only one Canadian mountain, Mt. Rogers, yet boasts of a shelter, and with the exception of Mt Robson all our highest peaks are climbed from the hotel or from camp, the ascent and descent of something like six thousand feet being accomplished in the same day. So that by reason of the facilities for comfort developed in more than a century of mountaineering, climbing in the European Alps is generally decidedly less strenuous than climbing in the Rockies.







Views in the western mountains: (1) a trail in the Selkirks—showing tiniest tropical looking plants and undergrowth. (2) A beautiful waterfall spanned by the trunk of a fallen tree. (3) A summit prospect at sunset from an obscure peak in the Selkirks.

Again, although the grandeur of massive and lofty peaks as viewed from the valley can hardly be exaggerated, the view from very high peaks is usually disappointing. From Mont Blanc on a clear day the prospect extends as far as Lyons, but the general effect is by no means as pleasing as that which is obtained from a lower peak. It is safe to say that the view from the Jungfrau which a man of means, regardless of weight, may now climb in an arm chair, is much less impressive than that from the Faulhorn, some four thousand feet lower across the valley. Similarly in our own mountains few prospects can surpass that from little Mt. Abbott just across the valley from Mt. Sir Donald. The reason lies in the fact that from the summit of a high peak everything is dwarfed and the mountains stretch to the horizon monotonously like the waves of the sea as seen from the hurricane deck of a liner. On the other hand the lower peaks present the pleasing contrast of the white snow, the gray rock, the dark green of the fahaga and the lighter green of the grass and shrubs, while the great peaks soar aloft in imposing grandeur.

It is this contrast presented by our mountains which particularly appeals to travelers who have had experience of other mountain regions. They are unceasing in their praise of our beautiful valleys. And here a distinction must be made between the Rockies proper and the Selkirks—the Selkirks, roughly speaking, being that part of the whole system embraced within the circle of the Columbia River. The valleys of the Rockies are broader than the V-shaped valleys of the Selkirks. Frequently in the Rockies great peaks stand out in splendid isolation, such as Mt. Assiniboine, Mt. Temple and Mt. Hector. In the recesses of these broad valleys, usually as the result of the blocking of the outlet by moraines, lakes of varying hues are everywhere encountered. These lakes form, perhaps, the most distinctive feature of the main range. Take for example the territory adjacent to Laggan. Lake Louise, Moraine Lake, Lake O'Hara and Lake McArthur, four mountain gems, each with its own peculiar color and setting, are encountered within a radius of five miles of a centre taken under Abbott Pass. They are all considerable bodies of water, the smallest of them being almost a mile in length. In addition there are a score of tarns within the circumference of the same circle. One of these is especially worth mentioning. It nestles under Mt. Lefroy in a recess of the great circle of peaks surrounding Lake O'Hara, so near the eternal snows that only for a very short time toward the end of the summer does the ice disappear from its surface. Near this lake the rocks are worn smooth by the ice-action of long ago, in the years before the sun asserted its supremacy and put the glaciers to sluggish rout, that a ball-game could very well be played there, if the shy little chief-hares could be induced to retrieve whenever the ball disappears in the cracks between the great slabs of rock.

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TWELVE PILLARS OF SUCCESS

Masterfulness and Physical Vigor

NUMBER FIVE

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

AT the time of the extensive change from nine to eight hours, most business men were alarmed at the shortening of the day's work. They said it would entail an absolute loss of one-ninth of the product of every employee's labor.

But results show that there has really been practically no loss of this kind, because the employees are fresher, have more physical vigor, and hence work with greater enthusiasm, while the quality of their work is improved. They are in better health, consequently they are more efficient, as they work with more zest, more spontaneity, more courage, and greater hope. They are not so anxious to kill time, and their additional hour of leisure gives them greater reserve force for the next day's work.

There is no greater delusion than that we can accomplish more by working a great many hours each day, straining mind and body to the limit of endurance, than by working fewer hours with less straining, less fatigue, but with greater freshness and intensity. This applies, however, only to some men—men of insatiable energy and ambition, who permit their unflagging energy to drive them to unremitting activity. It is to men of this class that the lesson applies.

I know a very successful young business man who used to work from twelve to seventeen hours a day, who was very much chagrined and disappointed because he could not do the big things which he felt he was perfectly capable of doing. He began to analyze himself in order, if possible, to ascertain the cause of his failure, and came to the conclusion that it is very short-sighted policy to try to force good work out of a jaded brain. He completely changed his program, and does not work half as many hours as he used to. He takes frequent trips in the country. He often gets away entirely from his work, for days at a time, and does not allow himself to think of his office in his absence.

The result is that he has revolutionized his business. He says that by the new method he is accomplishing much more than he did before, because he can concentrate now with great vigor when he does attend to business. He can make out a program for others to carry out in a tenth of the time that he required when he was deceiving himself by thinking that success depends upon hard work for many hours.

Many think that all great achievement depends upon unceasing industry, that, if they keep everlastingly at it, if they are always at work, their accomplishment will be greater than if they work less and play more. There could not be a greater mistake. What we achieve depends largely upon the effectiveness of our work. The brain will not give up its best energy under pressure. Its work must be voluntary. It does its best easily, spontaneously. It cannot be forced to its highest production, and it can work to advantage only when in perfect condition.

I know authors who force their brains with stimulants when they are in no condition to be crowded, and this always results in deteriorated mental product. Clear, strong thinking springs from freshness and enthusiasm, and these qualities are not produced by strenuous, driving methods.

Everywhere we see the results of such forced mentality, in the products of *stale brains*. The libraries and the shelves of bookstores are loaded with them, because they do not sell and are not read. There are multitudes of pictures in artists' studios which are practically worthless because they are the results of depleted inspiration, the forced products of overworked brains.

First-class work is impossible to brains exhausted by lack of recreation and sleep. Even the will of a Napoleon could not make thoroughly efficient a brain fed by poisoned, vitiated blood, for when the blood, the brain cells, and the nerve cells are thus loaded with fatigue poison, the sensibilities are deadened and the perceptions dulled. Mental apathy follows, with lowered ambition and degenerated ideals.

Most men living on this Continent not only use up every day every ounce, every particle of energy their systems generate, but also draw upon their reserve power, and not infrequently the result is mental bankruptcy. They begin their day's work in about the predicament of a man who starts on a journey every morning with a horse which has not been properly fed and has not had time to rest.

Take an ordinary work horse, never groom him, keep him in a close, dark stall, only half feed him and at any time it is convenient for you, and it will be only a little while before that horse's working and selling value will be cut down about half. If you treat yourself relatively in about the same way you cannot expect to fare any better.

When will men learn the tremendous ability-multiplying power of a robust constitution, vigorous health and strong vitality? How these multiply one's efficiency, by putting an edge on one's mental faculties! We hear a great deal about the wonderful miracles that will-power enables people to do, but the foundation of that is physical vitality. And yet, I know men who, by their tremendous will-power, have seriously injured their minds. They have lost their vigorous mental grip by forcing the concentration of their

faculties when in an exhausted, fatigued condition.

When old Dr. Bellamy's students used to consult him about how to succeed in the pulpit, he would invariably say: "Fill up the cask, man, fill up the cask." It is impossible to continue drawing water out of a cask without keeping water running into it. Many people seem to think that they can drain away their life forces, their brain power, without much thought about replenishment of their vitality, by good health habits, plenty of recreation, proper sleep, good nourishing food, and regular living. System in living is infinitely more important than system in business, since health is fundamental to business success.

There is nothing which pays greater dividends than self-investment, in keeping oneself up to standard by buttressing the health in every possible way and using the utmost care and exactitude in regimen, in work habits, and in life habits. It is often the best kind of economy to quit work and spend a lot of time in recreation, in play and rest, in order to get back to a normal standard of health.

Supposing we represent by fifty the work of a man who is run down physically, whose vitality has been lowered by vicious living, overwork, and bad habits, so that with all the will power he can muster, he cannot do any more than he is now doing. Now, if this man, with the same ability, were up to standard physically; if he had robust health and a superb physique; if he were renewed and refreshed by relaxation, recreation, after the day's work and by plenty of sleep every night; even without any great effort, he could easily measure up to one hundred; possibly he could quadruple the efficiency of his former efforts.

In order to be well-balanced, self-poised, and broad-minded, one must have a great variety of experience; and for this play is just as necessary as work. He who is everlastingly working, who never gets time to play, to see his friends, to travel, or to go into the country, because he thinks time is too precious that he must utilize every minute in practical work, is defeating the very purpose which he is trying to attain.

A locomotive will give out if it does not have an opportunity periodically to allow its particles of iron and steel to readjust themselves. If cohesion in the engine tends to lose its grip upon its mental molecules and atoms when in constant use, so that it must stand in the round house occasionally and have an opportunity to readjust itself; if iron and steel cannot stand the strain of perpetual use, is it strange that the human brain must have frequent opportunities to readjust itself after the strain and stress of strenuous activity?

Recreation and the social side of life are merely incidental to most men. If they have any spare time they play after they have done all their work. But how many grind away in their specialties for months and years, with practically no change, vacation, fun or play in their lives.

Nothing else so quickly renews jaded energies and refreshes a worn out physique as untrammeled, irresponsible rest, with freedom from all care and anxiety. Get back to nature again. Bid good by to civilization for a while, and hie thee to the country, or go to the sea and find out what "the water is a-talkin' of." Forget that you ever had a store, a client, a patient, or a pupil. Forget that there was ever such a thing as storekeeping or housekeeping. Shorten up that long face of yours and smooth out the wrinkles which care and fret and worry have written there. Imagine you are a boy or girl again. Romp in the woods and play in the meadows and the pastures with the children and the dogs.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to keep your physical reserves intact, and although it is possible to do two days' work in one for a time without any noticeable effect, you cannot always tell how near you are to the danger point. It is just as tempting to use your stored-up physical and mental reserve force as it is to draw your bank account down below the safety line, to the dangerous point, during hard times or when a panic is imminent, just the time when a business man should keep his reserves up to the point of safety.

Few men ever learn the secret of conserving their energy. It is what you accomplish in a day while leaving yourself a complete man with nerves unshattered, vitality unwasted by the wear and tear of the day's work, that counts. You may have done a big day's work but at a cost which staggered your health and your constitution and unpoised your mentality. You may crowd two days' work into to-day if you wish, but to-morrow you may be a physical bankrupt.

Nature is no sentimentalist. She demands the last penny due her. The man who thinks that he can turn night into day and disobey laws, that he can eat anything and everything at any time, that he can ignore systematic and scientific living, that he can go without sufficient sleep, and that he can be as irregular in his habits as is convenient, will find all these things charged to him, and before he realizes it he will be a physical bankrupt.

There is a mysterious something which audits our account with Nature, whether we will or no. Every draft we make upon our physical and mental bank must be honored, even if it takes our life in payment.

What can be more foolish than to draw on your reserve and use up your store of vitality in overwork, as that every little while you have to give up altogether? I know business men who are constantly under the eyes of their physicians, continually working under the limit of strain they can for the time endure.

Now, this is not really living at all in the true sense. To get the most out of life is to do what you can every day and still keep up your normal supply of reserve force. Many a man by overdoing day after day has drained his vitality to the lowest ebb, thus leaving his life citadel exposed to a multitude of enemies, disease germs, which are waiting to attack him when his reserve power shall be exhausted.

He who lives a perfectly normal life has vast physical reserve power, which would carry him through any ordinary accident, such as a necessary amputation or other needed operation. But when he uses up all his force, all his vitality, as he goes along, of course he has little or nothing to fall back upon in case of a severe accident or other emergency.

In youth, we store up a reserve of vital energy which, if properly used, will enable us to overdraw temporarily in emergencies; but, if we continue to use, from day to day, more nervous or vital force than is generated during each twenty-four hours, it does not require a great mathematician to show that we shall soon be bankrupt.

It makes all the difference in the world to you whether you cut off five, ten, or fifteen years of your life by overworking or depriving yourself of needed rest—by not knowing exactly how much you can stand—or save those precious years by obedience to the laws of health.

There is, perhaps, nothing which pays better or is more beneficial than a vacation. Most of us, sooner or later, learn—unfortunately, most of us learn later—that we cannot get more money out of a bank than we deposit there. Our drafts on Nature's bank cannot exceed our deposits.

We rob ourselves of more than we can ever compute by being niggardly in the matter of a vacation, or of rejuvenating, refreshing recreation. Economize on anything else rather than on those things on which the very well-springs of being depend. Health is the "pearl of great price" for which, if need be, we should be willing to exchange all our possessions. Without it all other things are powerless to make us happy. Many a millionaire who has bartered his health for his millions, sighs for what all his wealth cannot restore.

No matter what your vocation, whether you make money or lose it, succeed or fail in your undertakings, you cannot afford to spoil your life by over-crowding it with work and stinting it in play.

"Without health we can enjoy no fortune, honors, or riches, and all other advantages are useless."—Hippocrates.



"Let's raise prices," whispered Aiken one day. "We've got the market in our mill."

The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

By BRITTON B. COOKE

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

SYNOPSIS.—Sir Horace Lazenby has been acquitted in court on a charge of trust making. He decides to take a holiday to get away incognito for a long-needed rest. This holiday he uses for the writing of an autobiography, telling his life story from the beginning, with the idea of justifying his operations in the realms of high finance. The story he tells starts with his home life in Garafraxa. He and his brothers run away from home and cross Lake Erie by stealing a passage in a grain boat, which results in the death of the two brothers. Young Lazenby makes his way to New York, where he secures a position in the baggage department of a railroad controled by the famous John J. Vandervort. He is promoted to the position of private bodyguard to the millionaire railroader and ultimately becomes his secretary. One night Lazenby attends a party and leaves it somewhat stimulated by wine. He wanders along the waterfront and is seized and taken aboard an outbound vessel. The ship travels around the Horn to the British Columbia Pacific Coast, and on the way Lazenby has a fight, in which he knocks down the first mate who has abused him from the start. The fall kills the mate. Lazenby is acquitted of blame, but, to protect him from the friends of the mate, he is put ashore by the captain at Seattle. Here he becomes foreman in the employ of Johanna Stard, a firm-minded woman successfully operating a ship chandlery business, and meets her daughter, Pamela Stard, "the flower of fifty ports." Lazenby stays for three years in the employ of Mrs. Stard. On her deathbed she has him marry her daughter. After her mother's death, Pamela leaves for Canada and Lazenby follows her to Toronto where he secures employment in the grocery store of John Goss. From a customer he finds where his wife is staying and sets out to find her—with a strap in his pocket.

PART—V.

THERE is a quiet beauty about the Dundas road even to this day when they have paved it for automobiles and turned some of the oldest farms into gentleman's "estates." I walked far beyond what is now a fashionable golf links overlooking the Humber River, and beyond the Etobicoke which in those days was a real river with trout in it. Sunday I spent in Streetsville. Sunday night, having obtained information confirming my conjecture, I engaged a fast livery horse and a buggy, with the top up. It was dusk when I drove out of the town down the main road. It was night when I turned into a cross-road that led down a wicked hill, over the Credit River, and up an equally wicked hill on the other side. The stars came out. The horse drew hard on the bit. He was fresh.

The farm-house had a light in the kitchen window, that kindly sort of light such as only oil lamps on the well-worn kitchen tables of farm houses give. Approaching the gate which let, by a long lane, into the farm-yard and house, I tethered the horse behind a clump of elderberry bushes and dragged the heavy gate on its iron hinges wide open, and left it open behind me—a sin, as you know, if you are farm trained. The gate from the barn-yard into the house enclosure I also left open. When I rapped on the kitchen door two collie dogs bounded out of the darkness and stood snarling at either side, till, after some fumbling and moving of chairs in the kitchen within, the door opened and a woman, Pamela Carzon, her eyes blinded with the darkness, peered suspiciously in my face. Behind her, working over a heap of linen ready for ironing, was Pamela Stard Lazenby. The soft light of the lamp glowing on the tall slender figure, the ivory face and neck and the black of her hair and eyes. She had paused to look toward the door and as I spoke to the Carzon woman, her aunt, I saw the light of recognition touch her face. It might have been a quiver that passed over her countenance. She turned back to her ironing and was silent as I entered the room. Her gaze was down, upon her work. Then she lifted her head.

"You—you found—how did you find I—I was here?" she demanded, but with not quite her old assurance.

"I followed you as well as I could," I said. "It was not you that made it easy."

"No," she admitted, unassily. "I—"

"Who is the stranger, Pamela?" demanded the aunt, suddenly thrusting herself into the circle of lamp light, after chaining up the dogs. As she spoke I discerned two other elderly women of the household sitting on low rockers in the shadow near the wood-box near the stove. They had stopped rocking and now sat forward on the edges of their chairs to see the stranger.

"It's—" Pamela straightened her shoulders and looked me straight in the face and her eyes were full of rebellion. "It's my husband," she said.

"Him!" echoed the women. "From Goss's store!"

"Yes," I said. "This is my wife."

"Him! The good-for-nothing one?" commented the elderly women breathlessly. "The scallawag? Oh, Pammy!" and they began to look from one to the other helplessly.

"I didn't say scallawag," retorted the girl with a quick tap of her foot, "I said—"

"You probably said worse," I interrupted, not without amusement at the dilemma in which the house seemed to have been placed. "But that doesn't matter now. What are your plans Pamela?"

"Plans," she echoed, mockingly. "Do they concern you?"

"I have to approve of them, you know," I said.

Pamela was plainly shocked. She made no reply.

"Shall I call the hired man?" wailed Miss Curzon.

"No," retorted the girl, "Horace—this man here—he's nothing to be afraid of. He's quite tame, aunt. He was afraid of my mother, that's why he married me. He was afraid of me. He'd eat out of any lady's hand. He—" She tossed her head.

What happened then does not so much concern the reader as it concerned me and the woman I had married without having had the sense to ask her first. I had strong shoulders. I had the strap, like a running noose, in my hand. First, I blew out the lamp. There was a slight scuffle and someone struggling in my arms. With one arm I held my burden. With the other hand I fixed the strap. In a twinkling I, and what was in my arms, had passed out the door and down the path. I was part way down the lane when the two dogs came bounding out of the darkness from behind, egged on by the sound of excited voices. One I kicked before he could jump. The other, suddenly poised in uncertainty and seemed satisfied to follow, growling uneasily. Down the rest of the lane and through the gate I passed. With one hand holding my prize, with the other I drew shut the gate of the farm. Already there were lanterns moving in the barn-yard behind me, and voices calling. Ten paces away my horse was waiting. Again with one free hand I unfastened the halter, placed my burden in the buggy, leaped in and gathered up the lines. With a jerk we were off down the road, rattling over the stones that lay here and there in the ruts. From the prisoner in the buggy came no sound, not even a protesting hand. I did not look around. There were sounds of pursuit.

The night air was cold and, though it was summer, the breath of the trotting horse made faint silver-grey plumes on either side of his head as we drove through the moon-lit country. He pulled eagerly and occasionally broke into a gallop as though the excitement was infectious. When all sounds of pursuit had been left behind and the main Dundas road once more lay under the horse's feet, I faced my captive. She was staring at me with a curiously fixed and intent gaze as though trying to discover what method could possibly underlie so much madness.

"Take that strap off my ankles," she ordered.

"Take it off yourself," I retorted.

"You think you have succeeded?" she said.

"Well," I returned, "Why did you whisper to the second dog to go home?"

"Did I?"

"It seemed to me you did. Why didn't you scream."

The girl made no answer. She removed the strap and rolled it.

"Why should I be bound to you?" she demanded presently. "You married me because you had the habit of taking orders from my mother, or because you thought I had money—No. No I didn't mean that. I—you did it to please my mother. You hadn't any mind of your own."

"Choose whichever theory you like," I said.

The trotter drew down to a steady pace. An hour passed. Once I turned to put the driving rug over the girl. She was staring hard into the moonlit distance over the fields, but she allowed the robe to remain as I had placed it. I drew the horse down to a walk and lit my pipe. Mile after mile slipped slowly by, making a sleepy rumble under the tires of the buggy. The moon sank out of sight. The horse beginning to feel the chill of the dawn wind, pricked up his ears and quickened his pace to a trot. At the Etobicoke River I discovered the girl's eyes were still unclosed, but at the Humber I suddenly discovered a light pressure against one shoulder. I did not dare to turn. Dropping one hand in the search for a match, it encountered a small, slender hand that seemed somehow to have surrendered itself. I bent the fingers of the strange, cool palm, one by one, till the small fist made only one handful. I did not re-light the pipe. I kept my eyes straight ahead lest by turning around I might somehow rouse once more the not-altogether conquered spirit of Pamela Stard. The dawn broke, and from the region of what was then Bathurst street in the wilderness, the light swept over the sleeping city and on the spire of St. James, and a new voice at my side said:

"It is a beautiful dawn, Horace Lazenby. Beautiful!"

It was my turn to be afraid. The conquered woman is always, somehow, the conqueror: her capitulation is the man's surrender. But I said nothing. I had been permitted to observe one of the mystery phases of womankind. I had somehow satisfied my wife's idea of right conduct. There must be in every household one person of decision and authority: that was the Stard theory, and Pamela Stard had not been one to ignore such a tradition. Strange, you say? When women cease to be strange they cease to be interesting: they cease to be women.

"Horace," said my companion as we stopped at the door of John Goss, my employer, and I passed my wife into the care of Mrs. Goss, "You must always rule! Don't—don't let me rule. I—I don't like it."

"Thought you had ceased to doubt on that score," I replied. "Hadn't you better?"

She laughed as she turned away.

"Wait till you have tamed all my many sides," she taunted.

"Child's play," I retorted.

She was very beautiful. Even the sleeplessness and the weariness of the long drive had heightened her charm.



"But I won't pay it," whined the traitor. "Very well," I said. "It is your business, not ours."

II.

IN March of 1892 I formed the first "working committee" among Canadian wholesalers. In the previous year John Goss, the King street grocer, had transferred his retail business to his son and had entered the wholesale trade, establishing himself in Montreal in a warehouse and with the good-will of one Paterson who claimed to have had enough of the business. I became partner in the new Goss enterprise under the firm name, Goss & Lazenby. We had all the book debts of the previous owner, and most of his buying and selling connection. The business was still running when we cleared out Paterson's desk and made ourselves at home.

Two months after moving in, we understood why Paterson had sold so cheaply. We were in a cut-throat game of competition. We had seven chief competitors and each regarded the other as a personal enemy. Suppose a big lumbering concern on the Upper Ottawa sent a man to town to buy supplies. Each house through its various connections knew just about when the buyer would arrive and what sort of goods he wanted. His coming probably represented a three-thousand-dollar purchase and each of us laid himself out to get the order. We cut the price on this and on that. In some cases we sold at cost. Some items would be thrown in at less than cost. In some cases one of our salesmen would be told off to find the buyer before he had fallen into the clutches of his competitors and to show him the city—at our expense. As a rule these buyers needed no showing but they accepted the attention as part of the perquisites of buying. Sometimes we lost the order and sometimes we won. The greatest number of victories seemed to go to the firm of Aiken Brothers who had a warehouse close to the foot of the street. There was only one Aiken: the brother had been dead from time immemorial, but the survivor maintained the price-cutting traditions of his family without a blemish. He led in every downward rush of prices. As fast as he cut the others followed suit, or went one better. The eight wholesalers spent as much energy trying to discover and equal the latest move of his competitors as would have built up a really big enterprise. There was, in short, war among us and an undescribable state of chaos in prices when, with the consent of my senior partner, John Goss, I set out on a mission of peace.

I went from firm to firm, interviewing the owners and managers. In my pocket I carried several sheets of paper on which Goss and I had gathered a sort of history of the price-cutting of the past seven months. I was prepared to show each doubting cosnagar or owner just what his losses on certain goods at certain prices must be—if he did not already know. Some did *not* know, so bad was the cost accounting system of those days. They took the difference between buying price and selling price and called it profit even though that margin was not sufficient to allow for wastage in handling, or spoiled stock, and the general overhead expenses of the warehouse. It was easy to convince them that too much competition was wrecking business but it was not so easy to show them the remedy.

"You want a committee?" one man would say. "Hmph! You mean to say I would be found sitting in the same room with that man Aiken? You mean to say I would have business dealings with him? Nonsense!"

"But you can't put him out of business by present methods?"

"I tell you I can stand the gaff as long as he can. I guess my bank account is as good as his, or yours or anybody's. By —, I'll stay in the game till I've sold the roof over my head but I won't let any price-cutting hound crowd me out of business."

"But that's what we're all saying and that's why its hard for all of us. Why not compromise?"

"How should I compromise?"

"Make an agreement with the manufacturers and among yourselves. Make the manufacturers promise not to sell except to members of our committee. Allow no one to be a member of the committee who does not abide by the rules—and one of the rules will be that there is a fixed price for everything."

"Hmph!"

In time, in spite of frank scepticism and bad temper I had obtained the consent of the eight wholesalers. On the eighth of March we invited them to a luncheon in a private dining-room in the Windsor Hotel. You could not imagine a stranger company. Invite, to-day, a Russian, a Servian, an Italian, a Britisher, a Frenchman, a German, an Austrian, a Turk and an American to sit at the same table, and you might understand what sort of a party occupied that Windsor's room that day. There was at first no conversation. The guests scarcely spoke to one another even in passing condiments. The sherry seemed to increase the sullen humor of the crowd. I doubt if anything could have been done in John Goss, who abhorred intemperance and himself never drank spirituous liquors, had not ordered champagne. That broke the ice. There was a gradual growth of conversation, and when the waiters had withdrawn we were in fettle for attacking our business. With pencil and paper we drafted a constitution. We elected a chairman and secretary—that post fell to me. We appointed a time for further meetings at which all prices were to be revised and established under the authority of the association. That first meeting ended with applause for the chairman's first effort at a speech, and hand-shaking all round. We thought price-cutting among the wholesalers had been ended for all time.

When we had fixed our schedule of prices—and this included also an understanding that ninety-day credit was to be given only to certain classes of custom—I was called upon, as secretary of the new association, to approach the manufacturers and secure their co-operation. Part of this work had to be done by cable. This had to be done cautiously for we did not wish to make it too clear to too great a number of people that we had organized. After five weeks' patient work I had secured agreements from the manufacturers from whom most of our purchasing was done. By these agreements they were to sell goods at certain prices to all members. Any wholesaler selling at less than the prices authorized by the association was to be placed under pressure from the manufacturer, that is, his cost prices were to be raised. We, in return for this concession from the manufacturers agreed to buy only from those manufacturers who supported us.

I made my report to the association in April. There were no clouds on the horizon. Trade seemed to pick up and financing was easier. We were no longer troubled by persistent applications for longer terms of credit than were safe: there were no customers saying that So-and-so offered four months' credit and allowed so much off the regular price for this and that. For our own part, Goss & Lazenby began to see daylight ahead. Don't suppose that there was no more competition between us. We began to keep records of our various traveling salesmen. We studied each man on his weekly or bi-weekly return to the warehouse and we began thinning out the ranks, putting new men in the place of men who had lost their grip of the road. We promulgated simple rules of courtesy and punctuality among our men. We examined our stocks from the basement to the top floor and weeded out the old goods to make room for fresher and better materials. We initiated a campaign among the house-salesmen and the road salesmen, of absolute truth-telling. We sold job lots of goods that we did not wish to keep in stock, and told the customers just why we were anxious to sell them. In certain lines, such for example as the trade in fine shawls—this was in a time when there was still a remnant of the shawl craze in the country—we took pains to teach our men the history of the various fine makes and some of the interesting points about their design and manufacture. This, when it was passed on to the retailer, helped him, if he was of the right sort, to sell the goods. I remembered old Vendervort's saying that "service" was the only sort of competition that was worth anything, and John Goss and I applied the principle thoroughly. On our weekly sales sheets we began showing tremendous gains over the records for the same week in the previous year.

But there is an end to everything, or a flaw of some sort. In every line of business there is the man whose only refuge, when he finds himself up against stiff competition, is to lop something off his prices. There was room enough for the eight wholesalers in our field. There was trade for everyone. But after a time we observed a falling off in certain lines. Travelers reported that some of our best customers seemed to be loaded up with goods from another concern. First we thought it was the fault of our travelers and then we supposed it must be the goods. It was neither. Someone was cutting prices. We held a meeting of the association and all attended save one man—Aiken of Aiken Brothers.

"That's who was doing it!" sneered the chairman when he had finished his count of heads. "Aiken is under-cutting again gentlemen. The mystery that brought us together to-day is explained already."

"He's been under-selling me in blue serges," complained one man.

"Yes and he sliced under me on hosiery."

"And under me on dress goods."

There was a chorus of complaint.

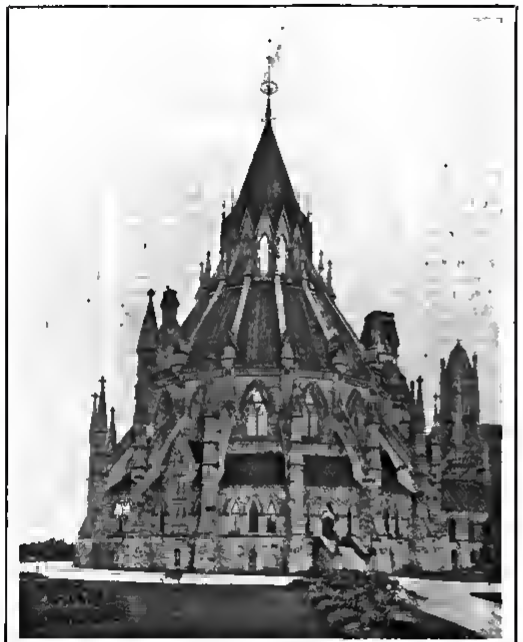
"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "this is where the value of the association comes in. We must now bring pressure to bear on Mr. Aiken. He must stay with us or we shall ask the manufacturers to bring him to time."

Continued on Page 68.

The Library of Parliament: By Madge MacBeth

The First of a Series of Articles on National Institutions

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few are to be chewed and digested. That is, some books are to be read only in parts others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention."—Bacon.



An outside view of the Parliamentary Library Building at Ottawa.

PASSING either from the Senate or the House of Commons at Ottawa under a covered archway of solid masonry, one enters that marvelously beautiful combination of Gothic strength and grace—the Parliamentery Library.

To the cursory observer who merely accepts things as they are, giving no thought to "first beginnings," this vast temple of 500,000 odd volumes represents nothing more than that which is, and ought to be, but to the student of evolution, of the Dominion's growth and triumph over obstacles, the history of the Federal Library will be one of the most interesting in the group of national institutions.

Mirrored back more than a hundred years, one traces the reflection of young Quebec and infant York upon the shelves of our present library, for these places both of which figured large topographically and politically in the history of the Canadas, possessed small collections of books, and thus were the progenitors of our national library. The two became one at the union of Upper and Lower Canada, but considering that for about fifty years after their foundation, the two libraries were totally separate and distinct bodies they must be treated separately.

In 1791 Lord Simcoe, who had just been appointed first Governor of Upper Canada, apparently anticipated some difficulty in securing books—once he had taken up his residence in the colonies. So, acting upon a suggestion made by his friend the Marquis of Buckingham, he endeavored to raise funds for a library. In a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, he said: "I hope for a sum of money from the Government, which might be expended in the buying of such books as might be useful in the colony." He also hoped that the library when an accomplished fact, would become an object of royal munificence. In the furtherance of this hope, Lord Simcoe proposed to name the capital of the infant colony "Georgiana." But he evidently thought better of it, whether from a spirit of revenge or not, is unknown. Certain it is, however, that the royal munificence hung fire, and the small collection of books which formed the "library" was composed in a large degree of the treasures which the Governor himself brought out to Canada and afterward donated to the colony.

This collection was from time to time augmented by private subscription and gifts but it had achieved only very modest proportions when in April, 1813, it was destroyed with the York Public Buildings.

Three years later the Legislature of Upper Canada passed an Act by which £800 was voted for the foundation of a Parliamentary Library to replace that which was lost.

From then until 1827, upon the appointment of Mr. Robert Sullivan—subsequently judge of the province—little interest was taken in the institution. Mr. Sullivan received £50 a year.

His enthusiasm fired many members of the Legislature to such an extent that in 1827 another appropriation was made—£500 this time—and a quantity of books were bought to fill the gaps on the shelves. For there were alarming vacancies; the Library had actually diminished in proportion. In 1830 there were 1,000 books catalogued but only 800 could be found upon the shelves, a startling fact explained by a report stating that "in consequence of the neglecting to return many books borrowed by honorable members, the library is in a very imperfect condition—many complete works lost, and others rendered imperfect." (At least one point of resemblance between the Federal Institution to-day and the imperfect collection in little York of long ago, is that same disinclination on the part of some honorable members to return the books they have borrowed!)

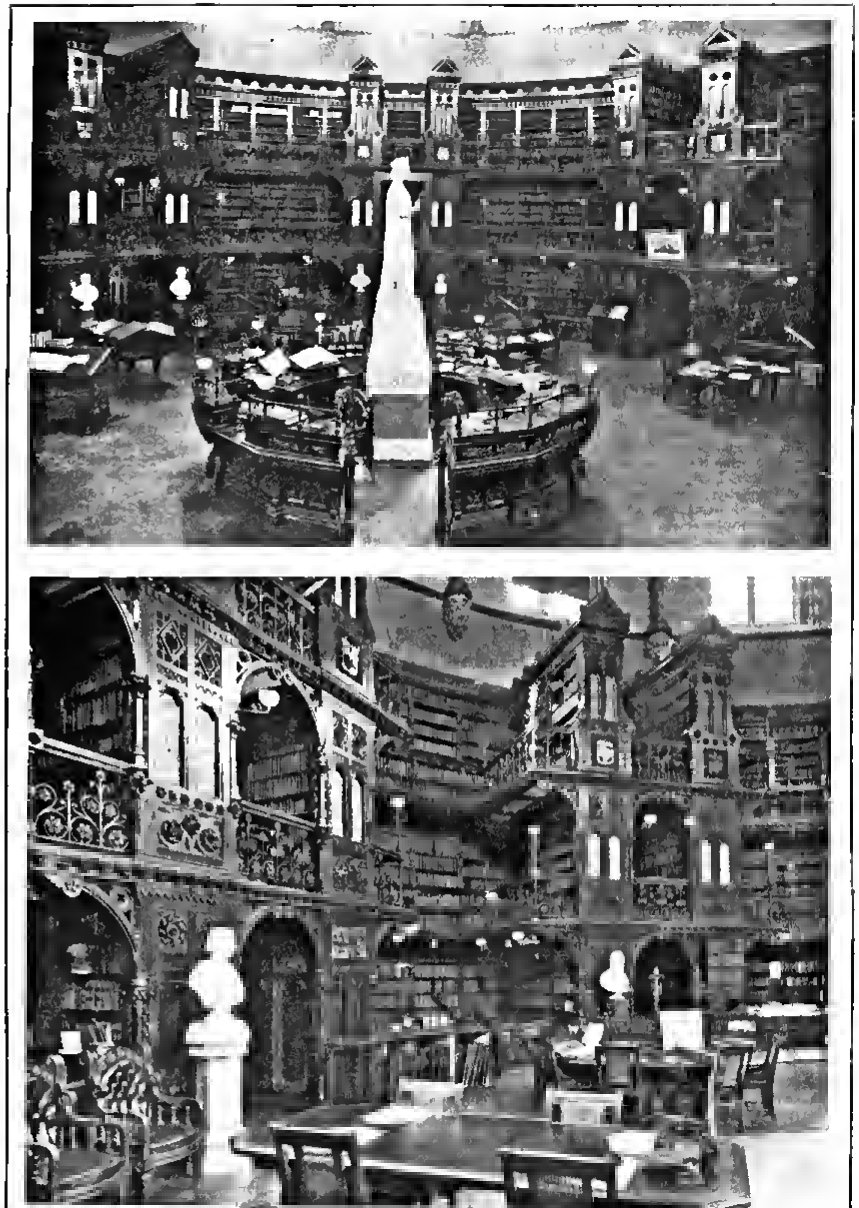
Dr. William Winder succeeded Mr. Sullivan in 1836 with Mr. Alpheus Todd as his assistant. Dr. Winder abandoned a medical career in order that he might treat literary rather than human ills, and Mr. Todd entered upon his library career at the age of fifteen—a remarkable youth who fulfilled the promises of his early manhood and whose association with the library was life-long.

THE QUEBEC LIBRARY.

Now, having started the Legislative Institution of Upper Canada on its way with only such vicissitudes as must be expected, we may revert to the year 1791 and glance at the conditions in the Province of Quebec.

The Legislative Assembly decided in that year that "a library be formed which should be devoted to the use of the deputies of the Canadian people," but just where the books embodied in this collection came from is not very clear.

It is certain that literary works in the Lower Province were neither plentiful nor good, although a few copies of Voltaire and Jean-Jacques had filtered in and were ranged beside "The Thousand and One Nights" which appeared to have had quite a vogue at the time. Books were obtained, however, and in 1792 the Assembly appointed Mr. Samuel Philipp custodian of them. He was not in the accepted sense, a librarian, for he had no official title be-



Interior views of the history library of Parliament.

yond that he had borne before—Clerk of the House. The title of Librarian was not given for forty years after the institution of a library. As Clerk of the House, Mr. Philipp bought all the books, had full control of the lending and return of them and, after an Act passed in 1802, he was required to make an annual report of his work, expenditure, etc. From one of these reports we learn that in 1817 the library contained 1,000 volumes, many of them priceless treasures, being the earliest history of Canada; some, in manuscript.

Mr. William Lindsay succeeded Mr. Philipp, and M. Etienne Parent followed Mr. Lindsay. He is said to have been an enthusiastic librarian, a fact one hardly doubts upon reflection. For he performed the triple duties of French translator, Clerk of the House and keeper of the books, for a salary of $800 a year.

From M. Parent's first official report, after being appointed Librarian in 1834, one might gather that the leakage in libraries is universal and wall-night incurable; he complained to the Assembly of the disappearance of many volumes which could not be replaced, and urged that the Legislative body formulate some system which would make it impossible for books to be taken away from the Library. He also recommended keeping the doors open until dark, in order that books might be accessible to those who were employed during the earlier hours and thus were not free to use them.

"Until dark!" What would M. Parent's staff have though had he suggested keeping the Library open half the night or all night, depending upon the violence and length of debates in the Green Chamber!

Mr. Joseph Brewer became custodian of the 5,500 volumes in 1835 and in all probability would have figured prominently, upon the union of the Upper and Lower Canada Libraries, had not a severe illness forced him to retire from public life. This being the case, Dr. Windar received the appointment as Librarian-in-Chief, and Mr. Todd, his assistant.

The two provinces became one in 1841 and their respective libraries merged; the Legislative Council retained its separate collection until 1848 then it, too, joined the other, giving quite creditable proportions to the Parliamentary adjunct, and all went smoothly for a few months. Then in April, 1849, the Government Buildings in Montreal, in which city the House was holding session, were sacked and burned by an infuriated mob, as a means of showing its disapproval of the Rebellion Losses Bill.

The small portion of the Library saved from the flames and the fury of the rioters, was moved with the seat of Government, to Quebec, and in 1851 an agent was sent to Europe with funds to replenish it. Twice more, and both times in the city of Quebec fire claimed a part of the collection, but in the last two cases, the burning was accidental—unlike the deliberate incendiarism in Montreal.

The seat of Government moving from Kingston to Montreal, to Quebec, to Toronto, and again to Quebec, every four years, the Library was constrained to follow its itinerant Parliament, and naturally, had little opportunity for growth. Works frequently became separated, some being in one capital, some in another, and any system of cataloguing was almost impossible. Losses in transportation, damage due to much packing and unpacking took their toll upon the volumes, and had Confederation not given a permanent home to the books, Canada would have possessed but an imperfect Parliamentary Library always, rather than the magnificent institution which is a source of pride to our country to-day.

The struggle for the honor of becoming the Dominion's capital was so bitter between Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and Quebec, that it was decided to follow the example of the United States and break fresh ground; consequently her Majesty Queen Victoria announced her choice as being Ottawa, and on the first of September, 1860, the Prince of Wales laid the corner-stone of the Parliament buildings. The blazing quarrels between the four contestants were reduced to mild simmerings, and about seven years later the actual transference of the capital took place.

Turning back the pages a few years, we find that in 1858 on the 7th of May, a competition for "plans and designs for the Parliament and Public Department Buildings" was opened to the public. The broad term Government Buildings evidently was not used, then. The structures specified were those occupying such picturesque eminence on "The Hill." Prizes were offered for designs and plans, two for the Parliament Building, of £250 and £100 for first and second; and two of similar amounts for the Eastern and Western Blocks, as we know them to-day.

Mr. Thomas Fuller was the successful contestant for the Parliament Building. He was an Englishman with quite a reputation for Gothic architecture—Italian Gothic, to be exact, and this style of building was much in vogue at the time. Lord Monk, who was interested in Canada's public buildings, probably influenced the decision for an Italian Gothic design, that they might follow the form chosen for the Foreign Office and other Public Buildings in London. Ottawa, as we know adhered to this plan, and London did not.

Mr. Fuller left Ottawa and proceeded to Albany where he built the State House, and his designs were carried out by Mr. Thomas Scott the first Dominian Architect. Mr. Fuller's design remained unchanged save in the matter of the roof, which originally had been intended for stone, and which later was changed to iron.

During the erection and for some time after the completion of the building, visitors were able to see the structure in miniature; a plaster model large enough to accommodate two or three persons stood on the cliff near the site of the Queen's statue. This little building was brilliantly lighted at night, and for years was a source of never-failing interest to citizens of Ottawa as well as tourists.

THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

The Library in common with the three original buildings is composed of sandstone from the Nepean quarries near Ottawa, with dressings of Ohio sandstone, from that state, and with red arches of Potsdam sandstone from New York state. The general color effect is a soft pinkish grey which improves and enriches with age. The building is rotund in form, "the great height of the dome supported by massive buttresses and flying buttresses, which are lightened by graceful pinnacles. The interior is equally imposing. From the floor to the centre of the dome is 140 feet (or fifty feet in excess of the height of Westminster Hall). The floor is inlaid with Canadian woods, and the bookshelves are richly carved in Canadian white pine rising to three storeys, with galleries giving access to the books."

The above extract is too brief to do justice to the interior architecture of the Library; indeed, no description can present an adequate idea of its beauty. But the following paragraph may serve to refresh the memory of those who have visited the building, or it may give a fuller picture to those who have never seen the Library.

"In the centre upon a pedestal about six feet in height and rising to an altitude of more than thrice that distance, is a magnificent white marble statue of the Queen (Victoria), with her sceptre in her hand. Immediately surrounding this is a row of high and ornamental desks for the use of the library clerks. Buttresses, extending inward from the wall, corresponding in position to those on the exterior, divide the outer ring of the interior area into sixteen "bays," which are continued to the altitude of three storeys, around which run arcade galleries with floors of glass, and surrounded by highly ornamental wrought-iron balustrades."

The "bays" referred to are so many recesses or alcoves, reminding one who is apt to confuse Gothic with Oriental architecture, of small Buddhist temples.

There being but eight provinces existent at the time of the Library's erection, but eight provincial arms decorate the interior. A small but exquisite reproduction of Canada's coat-of-arms hangs in the cosy sanctum of the Librarian-in-Chief, Mr. Martin Griffin, appointed in 1885. It may be of interest to know that the Dominion of to-day is not, properly speaking, represented in the world of heraldry. But Sir Joseph Pope, who is an authority on all such matters, is trying to arrange for a correct insignia which will include all the provinces as we stand, at present.

As books were collected from the various capitals, they were stored in what is known as the reading room, pending the completion of the Library. This room has had something of a history, developing from the reading room into a home for the Supreme Court, and after some years, being again requisitioned for the overflow of the Library. At present newspapers and periodicals are to be found there, as well as several thousand volumes of books to which reference will be made later.

THE FORMAL OPENING.

It was in 1876 that the Library of Parliament was formally opened with a large dance, which many attended in fancy dress. An old photograph hanging at the top of the stairs just outside the Library doors gives some idea of the occasion, although it is not, as people generally suppose, a picture of the ball, it-

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Mrs. Nellie McClung: By May L. Armitage

WHEN "Sowing Seeds In Danny" appeared in 1908, Mrs. Nellie McClung made her first inroads into the affections of the Canadian people. "The Second "Chance" appeared two years later, and was an even greater success than the first book judging by the number of editions it went into. "The Black Creek Stopping House," a book of short stories came next in 1912, and by this time Mrs. McClung had made her *debut* not only as a writer, but also as a public speaker, and the West was beginning to keep a jealous eye on the movements of this talented woman, for to the West she belongs.

A strong personality, expressed through the medium of gracious womanhood, a virility which has sprung from the Canadian soil and been fostered by the breath of keen Western winters and the romping winds of the prairies, logic which would "the two and seventy jarring sects confute", and you have Mrs. Nellie McClung.

She has kept the name "Nellie," "Because," she says, "I have always been called that, and why should I change it? My old friends would not know me!" which is exactly typical of Mrs. McClung. Little Nellie, born at Chatsworth, Ontario, 1873, was a fearless, whole-souled, genuine child and the woman has kept all these characteristics which so often fly with childhood.



MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG.

In 1880 the family moved West going by train part of the way, and crossing the Red River to their home in Manitoba in a rowboat, one dark rainy night in May. The Indians were everywhere, so Nellie, then about seven years old, had a real taste of pioneering. She liked it though, hear what she says in some reminiscences:

"I played with a nice, fat, greasy, little fellow called Indian Tommy, whose mother fought intermittently with a lady friend of hers for three days on the river bank. I attended all the sessions, and all would have been well only, in the excess of my delight over Indian Tommy's mother's victory, I came home hilarious. After that I stayed in my own yard. Indian Tommy hooked in through the gate, and brought me beads and gum—almost as good as new—and we were very miserable."

Far three long happy years the little girl ran wild on the prairie, accompanied by her faithful dog. There were no schools in that district, and Nellie had no desire for "book-learning." Her mother and sisters were in despair of ever teaching her anything, but she was having too good a time to care.

"One day," she says, "a neighbor arrived bringing her little boy, also ten years old. He had been at school in England, could read, tell the capitals of England, Ireland and Scotland, and other wonderful things. His mother had him recite; then everybody proceeded to rub it into little Nellie. I bore it all with sullen indifference, but my heart was hot for battle. Pretty soon he and I were sent out to play. When he came in again—which was soon and hurriedly—his nose was bleeding."

A school opened near them shortly after this, though, and Nellie attended in fear and trembling; she was afraid the teacher would dub her a dunce. On the contrary he understood her at once, and so kindled her ambition and industry, that in five years she had taken her second-class certificate. It is like Mrs. McClung to treasure a great debt of gratitude to this teacher, Mr. Frank Schultz, of Haldur. She has never forgotten the inspiration he was to her—a little ignorant child. And whatever she has accomplished, she lays tribute at his door.

Mrs. McClung attended Normal and collegiate in Winnipeg, was a successful teacher in two or three schools, and married in 1896, living first in Manitou, and then in Winnipeg. This prairie-bred girl had dreams of writing. Her first attempts—at a very tender age—by her own confession—were epitaphs for dead dogs and kittens. She says too that fiction was her line, she never spoiled a good story for facts, for "Silvie Moggie" was shaken to death by the dog "Phillip" rather than killed in the tragic manner outlined. But she had to make it rhyme, so—

"Here lies dear little Silvie Moggie,
"Silvie died—oh, far too young,
"From a bite from Phillip Sutcliffe,
"Phillip bit her on the tongue."

It was about two years ago that Mrs. McClung first entered the field as a public speaker. She went on the platform in Manitoba in opposition to the Roblin government and for prohibition and equal franchise. During the election campaign she spoke as often as sixty times in two months, sometimes as often as three times a day. The campaign was a whirlwind. Mrs. McClung's name was on every lip; the papers even featured her as Manitoba's prospective woman premier. When the Roblin government was returned its majority was reduced from an overwhelming one to a mere skin-of-the-teeth affair. Aside from Sowing Seeds in Danny, this woman had sowed enough seed in the province of Manitoba to make suffrage and the liquor traffic real and vital issues, which will be fought to a finish in the near future.

Mrs. McClung has the courage of her convictions; you know that the moment she mounts the platform and begins speaking. She speaks to *you*. This is her charm. Time, place, audience, and conventionalities all fade away; and there is no-one but you and Nellie McClung speaking of things you should have known long ago, but did not. She does not talk at you, through you, around you or above you, but to you, and the "sweet reasonableness" of it all sinks into your very soul.

As she reveals her tenderness towards mankind between the lines of her wonderful stories, as she makes her readers laugh and cry with "Pearlie" and "Danny," so she sways her listeners when she speaks, not by any flights of rhetoric or fancy, but by giving herself to them frankly and freely. "Studied" is the one word you can never connect with Mrs. McClung, her talks are as natural as her movements and, when she flings wide her arms and assails you with some sweeping argument, there is only one answer—the one she wants.

The family lately moved from Winnipeg to Edmonton to live, and naturally Mrs. McClung was at once made welcome

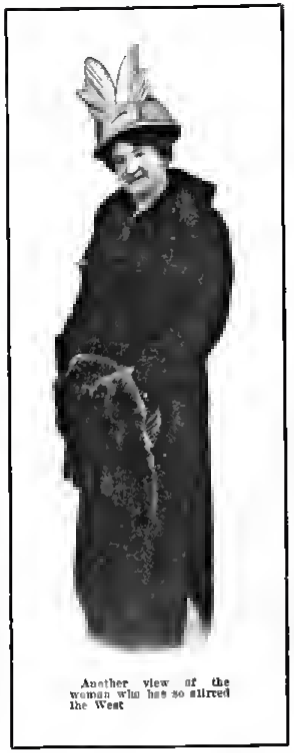
by the Alberta Equal Franchise League, of which she is vice-president. The W.C.T.U. also claimed her support, and the invitations she had to speak last winter would have swamped a cabinet minister; she has a drawer full of them which she could not accept. She is indefatigable though and has filled as many engagements as possible, both in Edmonton and through the province.

On February 26 she headed the largest delegation that has ever assembled on the floor of the Alberta Legislature to lay before the members of the House the Equal Suffrage petition. Halls, galleries, anterchambers were all packed, and surely the stately building never rang with such applause as when Mrs. McClung arose to address the House. Even the Premier had to smile when she began with a characteristic straight-to-the-point attack.

"You will not tell me politics are too corrupt for women," were her first words and, when the members of the Legislature had regained their gravity, for they saw where her argument led, she continued:

"And men tell us too, with a fine air of chivalry, that women should not be given the vote, because women don't want it, the inference being that women get nothing unless they want it. Women get a lot of things they don't want—the war, the liquor traffic, the lower pay for equal work. Surely you would not want the irresponsible woman to set the pace for the rest of us? Surely no irresponsible woman has any right to force her voteless on us!"

In her concluding remarks Mrs. McClung spoke of the pioneer women, some of whom had paid the price of colonization with their lives. "On behalf," she said, "of these noble women whose daughters we are, and whose heroic blood throbs in our hearts, recognize us as citizens, and say by your actions that your confidence in us is as great as your confidence in the least intelligent lad of twenty-one!"



Another view of the woman who has so stirred the West

The Franchise League was pleased with the reception the petition had in the House. They had a courteous and attentive hearing, for, as Mrs. McClung remarked afterwards, women suffrage had ceased to be a joke. "If the women of England had been allowed to speak as we were on this occasion," she said, "if they had been given a hearing there probably would never have been windows smashed. Our men, I believe, try to be fair, but prejudice is hard to uproot. We are out to win. Women suffrage is inevitable, and it is a wise man who cheerfully accepts the inevitable."

Mrs. McClung never misses the funny side either. "I wish you could see the proportion of my mail," she laughed, "that tells me to go home and darn my husband's socks. I never would have believed that one man's hosiery could excite the amount of interest those socks do—and yet, do you know, they are always darned!"

Of course they are; the McClung home is the happiest place in the world, and the four sons and one daughter who are proud to call Mrs. McClung "Mother," are the apple of her eye. Her home-made bread has made more converts to suffrage than all the speeches she ever made, she thinks, for men seem to regard it as wonderful that she can give them a good square meal as well as do so many other things.

It was not, in fact, till her children were growing up that Mrs. McClung began to take a vital interest in public affairs. She had four sons, and not one of them to spare to the liquor traffic; she had a daughter, and wished that she might have woman's widest privileges. And so she was able to find time from her home duties to become a keen advocate of reform.

She finds time too, to write a thousand words a day as a rule, and a new book is now nearly ready for the publishers.

Who, How and Why:

By H. F. GADSBY
Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

William Findlay MacLean of the World

IF William Findlay MacLean, M.P., were a millionaire he would be the completest radical in Canada, not to say in the world. It is true he classifies himself as an Independent Conservative, his opinion going one way and his vote the other, but there is no party label, however hyphenated, big enough to cover the Master of Donlands.

That is why Donlands must be cut up into town lots—to give W. F. the means to carry out three of the most expensive hobbies a statesman can have, independence, ideas and ideals. No man makes a fortune as a Sabine farmer and a daily newspaper simply eats money, so there is nothing to it but taking Donlands into the city and putting the greatest social and financial reformer in these parts on Easy Street.

So far W. F. has shown more good intentions than actual performance in the matters of ideals, but that is mostly because he had no sooner got started along this straight and narrow road than he had to back up because his pilgrim's scrip gave out. If he could cash in on Donlands he could make the grade. Consequently all lovers of mankind favor Blear street viaduct or any line of communication that will serve as a short-cut to W. F.'s main purpose in life.



W. F. declared war on the banks long ago. His slogan is "better money and more of it."

Yes, W. F. MacLean is a Radical. Spell it R-r-radical, for he is at least two r's better than any other Canadian radical in the business. The common or garden radical in this country hesitates to lay rude hands on fundamentals. He prefers to tinker with the stage, white slavery, the demon Rum, race tracks, subnormal children, prison farms, consumption sanitariums and such, all good movements in their way and fraught with praise to the "uplifters" but dealing only with symptoms. The real disease, which is lack of money to lead a wholesome and happy life, they carefully avoid because it may have a highly disagreeable come-back in their relations with the bank. But W. F. declared war on the banks long ago, so he brushes aside such petty irrelevancies and gets right down to what he conceives to be the root of all evil, as it certainly is the root of all good and gladness—the power of money.

As the banks are the most shining mark W. F. naturally aims at them first. His slogan as far as I can make it out is, "better money and more of it." To accomplish this he would nationalize the currency, the idea being that the credit of Canada at the back of a note is better than that of all the banks put together. The banks would still do the bookkeeping and lend at six per cent. and upwards the money that costs them three, but they would not issue notes or make a profit in circulation. As a journalist W. F. cannot see why a bank should make profit on its circulation—no newspaper ever does.



He has brought the World through imminent dangers and brave adventures.

Nationalization of the currency is just one branch of W. F.'s public ownership campaign. A man who believes that the people should own the railways, the telegraph and telephone lines, the water powers, the coal measures, and the insurance companies naturally believes that the people should own the money without which these great enterprises cannot be conducted. He is quite willing to loan the notes to the bankers, but the money they handle will belong to the people—that is to say the Government will print it on its own presses. There will be no lack of money as long as the machines last and the cost of living will come down with a run, cash being that much easier.

You must not infer from these theories that W. F. MacLean is a communist in money matters. When he says the people will own the money, he probably means that the people will own it as they do the Post Office or the Intercolonial Railway. They will pay for what they get, shouldering deficits if there are any, applying surpluses to the discharge of the national debt and being generally comforted by the reflection that they are managing their own affairs, even if they don't get much out of it.

To banks as banks W. F. has no particular objection. As gatherers of money they do their work well, but what he does kick at is their habit of hanging on to money after they get it. Would you believe it banks are so tight-fisted in Canada that they lend the savings of nine men to the tenth man, whereas if W. F. had his way they would be lending the savings of every two men to the third? He doesn't want the banks to be reckless with money, but he would have them let go more freely and irrigate the dry channels of commerce on a more generous scale. Knowing how hard it is to get money from a bank, W. F. does not like to see others suffer.

He has no grudge against wealth *per se*—he would simply re-distribute it with more discrimination among responsible persons who need it in their business. He realizes, of course, that banks should be cautious. The bank whereon the wild time grows, the Farmers Bank for example, is not usually successful, but that is no reason why conservatively-managed banks should close up like oysters when a good borrower approaches. It is only fair to state that the views expressed are W. F.'s and that the banks differ more or less from him an almost every point.

Although W. F. embraced public ownership, perhaps thirty years ago, it's still a long way to Tipperary. The public ownership of the Intercolonial Railway has long been regarded as a horrible example and even now the prospect of taking over the Eastern half of the National Transcontinental Railway is viewed by many people more as a threat than a promise. Meanwhile, W. F. Maclean goes on his way undaunted. Nothing the Railway Committee or the Parliament of Canada can do to his little bills to buy out the C.P.R. for a dollar and turn it over to the Government puts a crimp in his high resolve. It is true that his railway reforms never get farther than a second reading, that the debate on two-cents-a-mile is postponed from time to time, that the last thing W. F. expects is a vote on these contentious questions, but he accepts the bludgeoning of fate cheerfully and comes back at it again next year. Meanwhile, he has shown that his heart is true to Pall, his views having gone on record in the Toronto *World* which has a competent circulation among the farmers of South York and acts as campaign literature in and out of season.



Ever and anon he chooses a pebble from the brook to hurl at the giant of over capitalization

Just as W. F. cherishes it against banks and loan companies that they hold too much money out, he cherishes it against the railways that they blow too much in. Not in the way of spending it—oh, no!—that's a different kind of blowing. Inflating the stock, over-capitalizing—that's what W. F. means. Ever and anon he chooses a pebble from the brook to hurl at the giant of over-capitalization but generally he puts his little sling away at the request of the Government, because, although he is Independent, he is also Conservative and likes to retain a professional connection with the dominant party. There is such a thing as making the nomination of an Independent in South York a good deal harder than it is now. Besides it pays to be good.

Over-capitalization, as W. F. phrases it, is the thief of time. It takes the people too long to work off the dividends. He believes, so to speak, in capital punishment. He wouldn't kill it exactly, but he would make it behave. He would punish capital by disciplining the capitalists. Capital, as W. F. sees the stock sheets, is half paper and half real money. W. F.'s idea is that only the latter half is entitled to draw interest. Bear in mind, however, that he has no quarrel with capital as capital because he expects to be a capitalist some day himself. Meanwhile, he is not avid of it. His simple tastes are soon satisfied. Give him enough to run a daily newspaper, support a town and country place, and keep up a limousine, a touring car and a runabout and he asks little more.

It was necessary in his business of reformer that W. F. should become a member of Parliament, which he did accordingly, as far back as 1892. He succeeded the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie as member for East York, which is in itself sufficient proof that he was Independent enough to make the change from that grand old Liberal not too great for his late constituents. That is somewhat W. F.'s political position to this day—he bridges the chasm between the two parties when he does not widen it. At Ottawa he plays a lone hand, attends the caucuses on neither side but is pretty well informed as to what goes on in both. He is the Lahouchere of the House and has all the green-room gossip of politics at his finger ends. His place would be on the cross benches but for two reasons—one is that there are no cross benches in the Canadian Parliament.

Continued on p. 76



The black in the sky grew and deepened. Swiftly, inexorably it blotted out the white and blue . . . the sky changed like the breast of the sea—and the space between earth and dome grew less and less. Asa, who had thrown aside his cane, made to lift the unconscious Halliday from Chenery's arms

Joe Chenery: A Story of the Sea

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY

THE summer in which Jos Chenery went away and Thomas Halliday came to Fish Harbor was the largest happiness in Alice Larabee's life. For the tall, quiet stranger brought new continents to the lightkeeper's daughter, brought gentleness and clean strength. Existence no longer held sameness for her. Dawns throbbed with meaning. Often now, when she awoke before the sun and watched the day come into being, the white room filled with a long ago song.

Not that Halliday had tried to lift her. She knew that he had not—but in his presence mysterious forces awoke within her, empowered her being. In this, her twenty-sixth year, Alice Larabee had come into the spring-time of her existence. And Thomas Halliday was the sun and rain.

Hours alone the girl spent in the big room she called her study. She sat on a stool at the window and leaned back against a very heavy and rough oaken table. It was the most loved place in all the house to her. Here she had sat as a little girl, and searched the sea for the white sail that would bring her father from across the world. And here her mother had watched, when the waters grew dark and wild, and the long days brought no word.

All things had changed. The mother was gone. The captain was rugged grey, living much in the silence. Joe Chenery, whom she was promised to marry, had changed. The village, the sea, the coastlands in the surge, Alice Larabee—all these were not as they had been. No, there was Jeremiah Miggs—surely he was the same. Sitting at the window, she could see Jeremiah's cabin, half a mile down shore, with the village a mile and a half farther on. He was her friend, and a friend to all Fish Harbor. It was to the old boat-fisher that she had gone in her most unhappy hours. No, Jeremiah had not changed. He was as the rock on which he had builded his house.

Here in the study, she looked into far countries and strange lives between the covers of her books. Here were the books that Captain Larabee had carried on many voyages—the stout-covered Bible, much marked; the glowing Life of Jenny Lind whom her father had heard sing in Stockholm; the Book of Samuel Kettell, Jester of Old Massachusetts, who had seen the sunnier side of New England life in the century's darker years.

There were newer books, too, that Halliday had brought; and from which sometimes he read to her. The people in the books, old and new, seemed to speak and move and breathe before her . . . And how happy the women in the books were with men like Halliday!

Could she, too, know that happiness? . . . But this was the old curving thought which led her back always to the same point, of unknowing.

She dreaded what she must tell Halliday—the long-ago promise to Jos Chenery—and Joe would come back.

She had known Joe ever since she could remember. Their fathers had sailed together, and five years previous, when old David Chenery died, the girl was at his bedside, for she had been as a daughter to him. He had made her promise she "would always take care of Joe."

Their marriage had always been a settled thing; the fathers had discussed it gravely and joyfully over pipes and ale. And until two or three years after the elder man's death, Joe Chenery had been a likable fellow. Since the change came, she had given her best to the unforgetable pledge. Heart's blood was in her pleadings with the man. But Chenery seemed caught in the swirl of some dark river which widened as it swept along.

Joe had gone away before, though the absences had never exceeded a fortnight, and had come back ugly. . . .Early in the summer, he had spoken of marriage to her, chafing at delay, and laying stress on the new boat he was going to get next spring, and the house he was going to build if next season's catch was right.

"But you don't care enough for me to bring happiness to a home, Joe," she told him. "Oh, it isn't that you're selfish. You're thinking so much about me that you forget to take good care of yourself."

Chenery could not see. His face darkened, and he raised his voice.

"Maybe there's somebody you like better'n me," he said. This was before Halliday came.

"That isn't it. I don't need anybody else to show me that I want to be happy when I marry—and I want my husband to be happy."

"I'd just like to see anybody try to cut in," the man said. "I'd get him. You're promised to me, Alice, and I'd take care of you, and buy you things, and make you happy. Haven't I told you, time and again, that I loved you more than anybody in the world?"

That night she wrote to Joe. It was a lengthy letter, in which she set down the convictions which had come to her from long thinking, and which she had never been able to make him understand, when they talked. At the end, she said:

". . . But if you really care for me as much as you say, you'd try to make me happy now, instead of promising me happiness at some future day."

IT was June when Jos Chenery went away. Summer passed without word from him. . . . One day in late October, Asa Butterick, attorney and real estate agent, remarked Joe's long absence to Jeremiah Miggs. Jeremiah had hailed his sloop up on the high platform in front of his cabin and was dismantling it preparatory to repairing a bad hole in the bow and to calking and repainting. The squire, an inveterate landsman, made it part of his life-work to advise Jeremiah about matters nautical.

"Joe Chenery's been gone a long time," said Asa. "Nigh onto four months, ain't it, Jeremiah?"

"All summer, anyhow, squire," replied Jeremiah.

"Good riddance t' bad rubbish," Asa commented.

"I guess he *was* drinkin' pretty heavy when he left town," said Jeremiah. "But you didn't have t' defend him in court f'r anything, squire. I get a-feelin' sorry, sometimes, when I think o' fellers like Joe. They make themselves miserable, an' other folks miserable, but somehow I can't come t' think it's all their fault. They're payin' for things their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers did before 'em. Y' see, Squire, when Joe come t' be born into this world, he didn't draw th' plans himself—or he might have drawn 'em a lot different."

"Alice Larabee put up with a lot from Joe," Asa stated, with the gravity of previous conviction. "I don't see how she stood his ways so long. She's always fresh an' sperrited-lookin' when she comes to th' village, but one day I saw somethin' that made me wonder about things. I was up at Cap'n Larabee's house, an' he was showin' me some new reflectors. In through a window, I saw the girl sittin' at a table with her head on her arms, cryin'. . . . D' y' think mebbe she's thrown Joe over, for that city chap?"

"Mebbe so. I like that Halliday. I calculate Alice would be happy with him. He doesn't put on airs, nor brag. He was tellin' me how he'd been around a lot, and was just comin' t' understand that mebbe he'd been around too much, an' that this fly-by-night life that city folks live ain't real life at all. It's somethin' else—all th' real life squeezed out o' folks, an' bundled up an' put away somewheras, an' most of 'em forget t' come back after their bundles."

THE next morning, Jeremiah was busy at the overturned boat, when he saw Asa and his cane approaching from the village with the air of one possessing important information. Jeremiah hummed an old tune that he always hummed when surprised. It was not often that the squire hobbled over the two miles between the village and Jeremiah's cabin. There was no memory of it ever happening before on two consecutive days.

"Jos Chenery's back, Jeremiah. Did y' hear?"

"That so-o?"

"Yep, an' I'm afraid there's goin' t' be trouble. Joe's drinkin' heavy, down at the Tarn now, and he says he's goin' t' lick Halliday. He heard down at Bar Harbor that a stranger was payin' attention t' Alice, an' he hustled back as fast as th' wind'd bring him. He come in th' night, in a new boat that he's braggin' about."

"Mebbe that's her up there," said Jeremiah, pointing to a eathoat tied a quarter of a mile to the north.

"Joe's boat's nomed th' Wildwood."

"That's it. I was lookin' at her this mornin'. She's not much Joe must 'a' bought a pig in a poke"

"If he bought her——"

"Joe's pretty ugly, is he, Asa?"

"Yep, ugly as fish-stealin'. He caye t' me (talkin' about Halliday), he says, 'I'm goin' to get that feller, an' teach him a lesson Alice Larabee is promised t' me, an' this dressed-up monkey drifts in with he airs while I'm gone, an' makse love t' Alice behind my back. I'll get him!'"

"He'll have t' wait till afternoon t' find Halliday—or Alice"

"Where are they?"

"Out in the Penguin. They sailed up to the Cove awhile ago, to take some cake and such like to old Mrs Seoville, who's sick. An' from the Cove, they're goin' to Big Duck Light, an' then back. Long trip"

"Is Halliday much good at handlin' a boat?"

"Only fair, but good enough for the few times he's been out Of course, he's always had good weather—he *had* to have good weather f'r th' Penguin. Sha ain't built for heavy seas."

"It's a wonder Cap'n Larabee never got a better boat."

Jeremiah looked up suddenly as the sun broke for a moment through a rift in grey clouds, and walked across the planking to his door.

"My, my, it's nigh onto one o'clock, Asa, an' I ain't had anything t' eat. Been so busy resurrectin' this boat I clean forgot. Had your dinner, Asa?"

"Nope," said the Squire, following Jeremiah inside "I ain't been home I came up here because I thought Joe'd be along the way I figgered you might be able t' do something with him Joe's always took a lot o' stock in what you said"

Jeremiah set the table and fried some eggs and ham

"Have some o' these spice pickles, Asa. Alice Larabee put 'em up herself an' brought 'em to me"

They ate in silence for a while. The Squire liked the Miggs cooking

Shadows crept in

"Gettin' kind a' dark outside, Asa. I shouldn't wonder if we'd have somewhat of a blow, from th' feel o' th' air."

He stepped to the door.

"The north has a bad look She's cloudin' fast. Say, Asa——," Jeremeh's voice dropped, as he hurried back to the table—"here eames Jon Chenery now."

Chenery was hasrd to step unsteadily upon the shore side of the landing He was mumbling and swayed as if windshaken, as he appeared in the doorway

"Hello, Joe," said Jeremiah, placing a third chair "Come back t' stay f'r a while, have y'? The Squire an' I was just admirin' your boat."

"Admirin' *hell*," said Chenery, "I'm lookin' for Halliday, an' I know where he is He's out with Alice in th' sand-hagger I'm goin' t' show 'em both they can't play tricks with me——"

"Sit down an' have some n' this hom an' eggs, Joe. Looks kind a' threatenin' off Big Duck, don't it?"

Chenery sat down grumblingly sad began to sat

"You look played out, Joe," said Jeramiah, going to the door again "Ain't they been treatin' you right down at Bar Harbor?"

"I'm aw-right I can put it all over this long-legged dude that's tried t' climb into my shoes"

Jeremiah shaded his eyes with his hand, and scanned the sea, then looked at the sky again

"Come here, Asa, an' look at her now! Sharks and sinners, but she's a-goin' t' blow Look at that black stuff there above th' island!"

The old man's voice was strident, and Asa hurried out upon the landing

"I'm worried about Alice an' Halliday," Jeremiah went on "They've got no business bein' out in *that!* . . . I wish I had my glass"

"Where is it, Jeremiah?"

"Lent it t' Charley Haskell yesterday He was down gettin' his fixed, an' he needs one all th' time up at Little Light. But you'll never ketch me lendin' my glass again"

"There's a sail off Black Rock," said Asa. "It looks like the Pengein, an' it ain't an old hand at th' helm."

"I wish my boat wasn't all t' pieces," said Jeremiah "Somebody ought to go out after 'em. Alice——"

Joe Chenery was behind them now. "No! She was fool enough t' go out with him—let *him* get her in." Then Chenery stumbled back into the cabin to finish his meal

The black in the sky grew and deepened Swiftly, inexorably, it blotted out the white and blue. The air became still The light now was yellow, sinister Speech died out, as the two old men watched the erratic course of the dim sail A gull swooped near — with a scream

"The sign," said Jeremiah. "Lord have mercy on 'em!"

"Amen!" said Asa

There were light footsteps behind

"Why, it's Alice Larabee," said Jeremiah. "We thought you was out in th' boat with Hollidey"

"No, I only went up to the Cove and back, because Daddy didn't feel very well But I'm alarmed about Mr Halliday—he hasn't come in"

"I think that's him out there——"

The girl strained her eyes at the bit of white

"Yes—that's him Oh, what if he can't make it? The Penguin's a light-weather boat——"

"We was juet sayin' so"

"Isn't there any way to help him?" she asked

"If there was a boat this side o' town—but there ain't. Mine's out o' commission"

Alice Larabee was searching the empty down-shore; then she looked to the north

"Whose boat is that?"

"That's Joe Chenery's, but it ain't any good," said Jeremiah.

"Joe Chenery's!" exclaimed the girl "Is Joe back?"

"Yep. He's—" Jeremiah stopped, for he heard a movement within the cabin

The girl turned and saw Chenery standing in the doorway, started to speak, but was withheld by the man's eyes. Flame was in them—white flame—and they gazed, not at Alice Larabee but beyond—out, across the black waters, to the sail

Chenery walked past the three, very steadily, let himself down from the landing an to the sande, and headed toward the boat.

"Where y' goin', Joe?" railed Jeremiah

"I'm goin'—" but the rest of it was clouded.

Chenery waded out to where the Wildwood was tossing, hoisted canvas and secured halyards—steadily, dexterously, without haste, working with the intensity of one in a spell. . . He pushed out into the storm The wind was blowing straight from the north. He headed into it, and began his fight.

To the three who watched, the man was tempting dasth in a peanut shell Stronger craft had died in lesser storms The old hatred of the sea for its crimes came back to Alice Larabee Minutes took on age. The sky changed like the breast of the sea—and the space between earth and dome grew less and less, as if the world's roof were coming down . . . The two sails drew nearer together The fight changed from yellow to soffran The girl could not see what took place when the sails merged But now one of the boats was making its way in—and after a long time, she could make out that the other, sails down, was being towed

The sea now was coming in with a great roll, huge waves splashing up over the edge of the landing where the three stood. Down shore, it had submerged the big sandbar on which Jeremiah's boat had struck a month before The air was becoming chill

The boats passed One-Mile Buoy, and were riding fast But the course of the lone sail was not straight; the forward boat was being shaken in the wind's teeth Farther and farther south the sail veered

"He's goin' t' come out pretty close t' th' sandbar," said Jeremiah

"If he gets out," said the squire

"They're both in the first boat," Jeremiah announced.

As the sail neared the sand-bar, all things took on the color of dead brown Darkness was close at hand Alice Larabee felt an unearthly silence descend. The evil thing in the sky moved in an arc, like an angered arm drawing back before a blow—an interminable moment in which all sound was dead—and then the arm dropped.

The impact of the storm was like a wall falling upon the girl In that instant, she saw the boats crushed upon the bar The jib of the first, tore loose, struck one of the two men, and hurled him into the sea—and as the boat went over, the other dived . . Ages

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The Lost Year: By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

ON the morning of July 25, 1911, Alfred Aylesworth's servant placed the London *Times* of July 25, 1910, beside his master's plate and turned to the next room to summon him to breakfast.

Aylesworth opened the paper before he turned to his tea and toast and then divided his time equally between the two.

"A canoe got in late last night, sir, from the north, sir," Henry informed him "The men reported that the ice should be well out of the straits."

"That's good!" exclaimed Aylesworth, looking up with interest. "It means the ship should arrive by the middle of August. How are the papers holding out?"

"You have the last this morning, sir,"

Aylesworth frowned and turned to his paper. He knew that he faced the dreariest time of the year and he never had learned to do so without irritation. For three weeks or more he must sit down to his breakfast without the *Times*, something no real Englishman ever should do To be sure, the *Times* was exactly a year old when it reached his table. But it was the *Times*, and its perusal was as necessary, because of long habit, as his tea.

Aylesworth had spent his first year for up the coast of Hudson Bay without the paper Now, five years later, he still shuddered when he thought of it, not so much because the *Times* was absent, but because of the complete isolation, the complete separation from everything to which he had been accustomed in London. The first dog team to go out that winter had carried an order to the *Times* and, when the ship arrived in August, it bore 313 copies. Each morning Henry, who had accompanied Aylesworth to the wilderness, placed one beside his plate. The Englishman, disregarding the fact that his mental breakfast had been prepared exactly a year before, began to take an interest in the life about him.

On the morning of July 25, 1911, Aylesworth found little he cared to read. He turned the pages rapidly until he arrived at the obituary column. Six years' absence from London had served to dull his interest in many things, but he always kept track of the marriages and deaths of acquaintances and friends through the only medium he permitted himself.

As he glanced down the column, stopping only where a name was familiar, he suddenly gripped the paper with both hands and held it closer to his eyes. He read quickly, eagerly, and then laid it down slowly and looked out of the little window across the blue water of the bay.

"At last," he whispered. "You and London, Martha. No more loneliness Now, dear, we begin to live."

Aylesworth had never spoken in such fashion before, but he had never known such a moment in his life Six years before he had left London because he believed it to be the thing to do He loved Martha Shackford and she loved him But her father, living in the past, with an old feud always to the fore, had not only forbidden the marriage but had commanded Martha never to see Aylesworth again or to have any communication with him.

Aylesworth had obeyed when Martha asked him to leave England Both knew the impossibility of finding happiness together and sacrifice alone remained as the medium of sentimental expression. And, because Aylesworth's love was deep, he made his sacrifice as great as Martha's sentimental nature demanded. She had vowed to remain true as frevently as had he, and they had parted with the understanding that sometime, no matter how far in the future, he would return for her. It never occurred to either to run away and forget feuds and fathers. There was romance, and a more peaceful existence in seperation and a continuance of the usual life, for Martha, but none in marriage and ostracism.



After Aylesworth read of the death of Martha's father he hurried out of the little log building which had been his home for six years and walked toward the sea. He knew he had to tell someone. Henry was a servant and impossible. There was no one else of his position in the post, no one with whom he had been on comradely terms.

Naturally and unconsciously his steps turned toward the little river and to the fallen tree which spanned it. Across the stream was a small cluster of buildings, much like those he was leaving, but more new, the post of the rival company. Aylesworth had never crossed the bridge in the daytime, had never visited the other post except in the evening, after the day's work The first three years he had never crossed the stream, for the big company frowned upon even a social recognition of the growing rival.

Across the river Aylesworth saw a figure and hurried toward it.

"Good morning, Virginia!" he cried. "Is it not a glorious day?"

A young woman who walked beside a huge, grey, wolfish dog turned toward him, unable to conceal her amazement. She had never known Aylesworth to speak except in a slow, measured, unemotional voice.

"It is," she smiled. "I could hardly wait for breakfast, I was so eager to get out."

Aylesworth, ignoring the dog's growl, fell into step beside her and they went on up the river bank. The Englishman, after his first outburst, was silent for a few minutes. Then, unable to contain himself longer, he said:

"I had some wonderful news this morning, Virginia."

"News!" exclaimed the girl. "Who brought news?"

"I read it in the *Times*."

Her broad hat concealed her smile. In the two years she had lived with her father in the northern post she had learned even the number of slices of toast their only neighbor had each morning for breakfast, but she had never ceased to find amusement in his custom of having the *Times* with his tea each morning

"You have the advantage of us there,"

she replied. "We must wait a year for our papers, and all our news except the little that comes in the winter mail."

But Aylesworth didn't catch it.

"Martha's father died yesterday," he went on.

"Yesterday!" Virginia cried.

"I mean a year ago yesterday," he corrected. "I read it in the *Times* this morning. And to think that the news was in the house almost a year!"

"And you're glad he is dead?"

"Glad? By Jove, I never thought of it that way. Perhaps you don't understand. Perhaps I'm not quite myself. For six years I have been in this desolate country, waiting, just waiting for the barrier between us to fall. Is there any wonder that, when it did fall, I should be happy?"

Virginia's face had been hidden by her big hat. She stopped suddenly and looked up at him with a smile.

"Of course, I understand, Alfred. I know what it has been, what you have suffered, and I'm glad, glad for you and for her."

Her lips trembled just a little at the end, but the smile continued as he grasped her extended hand.

"You always do understand, Virginia," he said simply.

"And you are—?" she went on.

"Going out on the ship next month. It should be here the fifteenth and the last of September should see me in England."

"We'll miss you, father and I."

Aylesworth stopped suddenly. They had reached a slight rise and the great forest spread out before them. Behind, the sun sparkled from the bay as a breeze ruffled the water. Alone, in all they saw, the little log buildings of the rival posts indicated the presence of man. And even they were unable to thrust their faint atmosphere of civilization more than a little way into the surrounding wilderness. The birchbark and skin teepees of the Indians and Esquimaux, gathered for the summer, blended with the savage aspect of the land.

"And I'll miss you, and all this, Virginia," he said slowly. "I never dreamed until this moment that I would. I hated it all so when I came that I have continued to believe I would always hate it. Now I know I will miss it."

"But you will forget it entirely, or remember it only as a nightmare, when you are back in London. Disagreeable things linger in the memory. After a year you will remember only the canoe trips up the river, the shooting, the summer gatherings of the Indians, the dog driving in the winter. You will never think of yourself as having been a trader for the big company."

"Perhaps you are right, but I wonder. I have just begun to think of what this life up here has meant to me, of what I will give up. Since you came up from Montreal to live with your father, things have been different. The loneliness has disappeared."

The next morning Aylesworth did not miss his *Times*. After the return from his walk with Virginia Hunter he discovered that his elation had vanished. That afternoon and long into the night he pondered over this sudden change, but the only result was that he knew he did not wish to go.

Realization of this lack of desire came to him as a shock. In England custom, precedent, class and a sufficient income had shaped his life for him. In the service of the great company environment, a stronger set of traditions and customs and the total lack of anything except himself had cut his mental grooves even deeper. He was quick with the rifle or paddle, rapid in his duties, but a sudden change in desire, in habit, in thought, was more than he could comprehend.

He had loved Martha Shackford for years, and now, when the time for which he had long waited had come, he did not wish to go. He went out into the sunlight. Behind a patch of scrub spruce across the river he caught sight of Virginia's hat. Then he knew why London had suddenly ceased to attract him.

As he hurried down to the river it came to him clearly. Vague doubts and fears, shadowy resentments, fostered by the years of loneliness and dreary monotony, suddenly became real, vivid, convincing. The girl in London had asked more than she had a right to ask. He had sacrificed everything, she nothing. How did he know that she had not forgotten him? Could a woman who would ask a man what she had asked of him be worthy of the man who would do it?

And then, at the footbridge, Aylesworth remembered that he had promised, that he had said he would return. The Martha he had loved was the sort who would wait. She, too, had made a sacrifice. Her youth had been spent waiting for him. She believed he would come, and for a year she had been expecting him. There was only one thing for him to do, and that was to take the ship for England.

His slow steps ceased. Then he went back to the post. The girl on the other side of the river, who had been watching from the spruces, turned and walked slowly toward the bay, leaving a wondering, troubled wolf dog where she had stood.

In the three weeks that followed Aylesworth did not cross the river in the daytime. In the evening he walked to the rival post to talk with Virginia and her father. Nat once did he permit a meeting with the girl alone and, as well as he could, he kept the conversation from London and his return.

But the decision reached when he had turned back from the foot-bridge had not ended the struggle. It was the old, old struggle of desire and duty, and he was surprised to find that he no longer thought always according to rule, that his six years of isolation had in reality laid the foundation for individualism. But he faced the situation squarely and made all his preparations for departure.

The ship came August 14. Aylesworth was in bed when the Indians first sighted it, far out on the bay, and Henry wakened him early with the information. After a quick breakfast he went out to look at the vessel with his glasses. Because of the shoals, she could not get in closer, and all mail and supplies must come in by small boat. Two days would be necessary, with fair weather, to land everything destined for his isolated post. He need not go out to the ship until the boats returned the next afternoon.

The first boat brought him a little mail, and the next morning he found the *Times* of August 16, 1910, beside his plate.

"The captain sent word that he would leave before sunset to-night, sir," Henry informed him as the paper was opened.

"Everything is packed so that we can leave this afternoon?"

"Everything is ready, sir," was the quick response, for Henry had found the wilderness as unlike his London as had Aylesworth.

The Englishman sipped his tea, munched his toast and turned the pages of the year-old paper. His distaste for his return was communicated to the *Times*, and he barely glanced at the headlines. The paper folded beside his plate, he devoted himself to his meal.

As he finished and pushed back his chair, his bent face was close to the pa-

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"A canoe got in last night, sir, from the north," Henry informed him.



A catch at Webb-Kan Camp, Temagami.

Fishing in Temagami

Where the Best Fish Can be Obtained

By M. PARKINSON

"It is not all of fishing for fish." So says the very wise and ancient saw, but it is to be observed that the usual summer tourist is not satisfied except he gets fish, and, as he usually says, gets it "good and plenty." The fisherman comes to the right place if he comes to Temagami. Temagami will certainly supply the fish. Here the tired dweller in the heated city is away from office or counting house, or school books or parlors or five-o'clock teas, out into the open where life is real and where worry and strain and sham have no part.

Three hundred miles north of Toronto, this gem of our northern lakeland lies embowered in the leafy vastness of the Temagami Forest Reserve, stretching, fifty by sixty miles, its millions of acres of pine and fir and balsam—the forest is truly primeval. The lumberman's axe has never desecrated its cathedral groves, the buzzing saw-mill with its belching smoke has never dumped tons of poisoning sawdust into its pellurid waters. Its portages are left as they were padded down by the feet of Coureur du Bois and the Jesuit Fathers when, fired with high ambition, they trod these pathless wilds on errands of conquest or salvation.

Here still reside the lineal descendants of Hiawatha and Minnehaha; for it was from the Ojibway chiefs of these Laurentian fastnesses that schoolcraft learned the witching legend—which he taught to Longfellow who embodied it in those lilting verses that all English-speaking people have come to love so well.

But it is not for rolling, pine-clad mountains, stretching away into the blue haze of the distance; not for evergreen islets set in azure blue; not for sinuous passages leading on and on to marvelous and more marvelous revelations of beauty; not for cerulean skies and crystal waters—not for these alone, but for fish, just plain fish, that the tourist comes to Temagami.

The sixteen hundred islands and the three thousand miles of shore line; the Indian burying ground with its moaldering tombstones, the abandoned Hudson Bay coast with its long-forgotten wine vaults, Bear Island and its modern Indian village with its myriad dogs and placid papooses, strapped to their primitive cradles—all these may have their interests for different travelers. But the insistent cry is "fish and more fish."

Temagami and its neighboring chains of lakelets, many of which have never felt the kiss of deceiving fly or sent back the glitter of guilty spoon can satisfy the most exacting fisherman.

The genteel brook trout, the sportive black bass, the stately great grey trout, the common everyday doré, commonly called pickerel, and the scavenger pike all await the angler in Temagami's cool depths.

> And when the timorous trout I wait
> To take, and he devours my bait,
> How small, how poor a thing I find
> Will captivate a greedy mind:
> And when none bite, the wise I praise
> Whom false allurement never betrays!

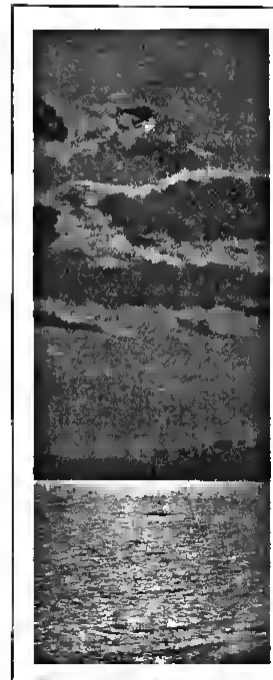
This is the way the poet puts it, moralizing on that gold-sprinkled living arrow (*salvelinus fontinalis*)—the speckled trout—zig-zagging up the cataract, loitering in the rapids, whose dainty meat is the glancing butterfly. The real brook trout is by no means extinct, although the lumberman with his clogging files of sawdust, the manufacturer with his poisonous by-products, the summer boarder, with his improvised rod and line have banished this beautiful, active and widely distributed fish from countless streams where forty or fifty years ago it bred in profusion.

Temagami still stands as a proof that the last generation of trout fishers has not yet come. And the speckled beauties of the cool, still clear waters are not the flabby, spotless specimens packed by machinery, raised in artificial ponds, fattened on chopped liver and served on silver to titillate the palate of the millionaire in a New York restaurant.

In the mountain stream flowing into the Lady Evelyn Lake, an easy day's paddle from the Hudson Bay post at Bear Island or from the Temagami Inn on Temagami Island the real brook trout still gambols. It is not the Lilliputian product of the Eastern trout brook where the fly of the greedy angler has not allowed a fish to reach a length of more than six or eight inches or a weight of more than ten or twelve ounces. Here it sports in abundance, measuring from twelve to eighteen inches, and weighing from two to four pounds. The usual style of trout fly fishing is pursued in Temagami except that there is no wading to be done, the casts are all made from a canoe, at the foot of ripples the edges of submerged logs, or at the base of some overhanging rock. Most Temagami anglers prefer a stout fly-rod from 9 to 10½ feet in length, weighing from 6 to 7½ ounces, with a fly tied to a spreathook, ranging in size from 8 to 10. Everybody has his favorite flies but the coachman, queen of the water, flies, along with the green, yellow or red hackles will be found excellent standbys.

Many who want trout and not sport murder the beautiful fish with a common fish-hook and line. They are often so revenous that they will bite viciously at a hook baited with a common angle worm, grasshopper, white grub or hell grammite. When the trout is in this mood it is comparatively easy to catch the limit in an hour or so.

The small-mouth black bass abounds in Temagami—"Inch for inch and pound for pound the gamest fish that swims." The



Crystal Temagami, Wasaosingami,
Low waves that heave on the shingly shore,
North of the Nipissing up the Timiskaming,
We will come back and sing you encore,
Back to the wilds again—show me the way,
Make me a child again just for to-day."



Top (left)—An hour's catch of small mouthed black bass. Top (right)—A 14-lb. pickerel and a 30-lb. trout. Bottom—A catch of bass.

small-mouthed black bass (*micropterus dolomieu*) is pre-eminently the characteristic fish of Temagami. Plucky, free and unyielding, innately game, he possesses all the qualities of a fighting fish. From a period of quiet reeling he darts off with the arrowy rush of a trout and many a wrist has ached under the display of his fiery strength. When you think you have at last conquered he startles you with the bold leap of a salmon, and mystifies you with an exhibition of fighting tactics peculiarly his own.

Temagami is famous for its infinite variety in the scope it provides for the man with the rod. Black bass abound and black bass is usually caught in Temagami with live bait, minnow or angle worm, grass hopper or crawfish but he will rise to the artificial fly with all the passion of the trout or salmon if you catch him in the humor at the close of the day, especially in the month of June. Many of the best catches have been taken with the little green frogs which abound in the shallow margins of the smaller lakes. Good bass fishing is found in many inlets of Temagami but the best is secured by taking a portage into one of the many lakelets with which the larger lake is surrounded. Some anglers prefer Gull Lake, while Cross Lake, Obabika, Wakimika and Wasacsinagami all have their admirers. The fish run from twelve to 20 inches in length and many specimens tip the scales at four and even five pounds.

The largest of the finny denizens of Temagami is the great grey trout (*Cristivomer Namaycush*). It is said that specimens weighing fifty pounds and over have been obtained; but trout from twenty to thirty pounds are of common occurrence. They are caught entirely by trolling and I have found that an otter-trail spoon is the most effective. In June when the water is still very cold the namaycush trout may be found in the shallows on the Temagami reefs. And in the quiet evening when the blue breadth of the lake is spread out like a polished metal disc it will be broken here and there by an ever-widening circle of ripples where some trout has risen to take a careless fly or to gambol in his sportive spring fever on the placid bosom of the waters. Then he may be taken with the fly, and rare sport it is, no salmon fishing could excel it.

During July and August the grey trout takes to the deep waters and then the patient angler must fish for him with three or four hundred feet of copper wire fastened to a strong reel on a short stout rod.

As a game fish some anglers look on the lake trout with disdain; but I can aver that an 8 or 10-pound trout at the end of three hundred feet of copper wire can give the wrist all the exercise that is necessary for that member to get and the sudden rushes and plunges mingled with that peculiar sensation which arises when your fish takes as it were "the bit in his teeth" and shakes his long slender body as much as to say, "thus far and no further," provides all the thrills which the most fastidious and pernickety disciple of Isaac Walton could desire.





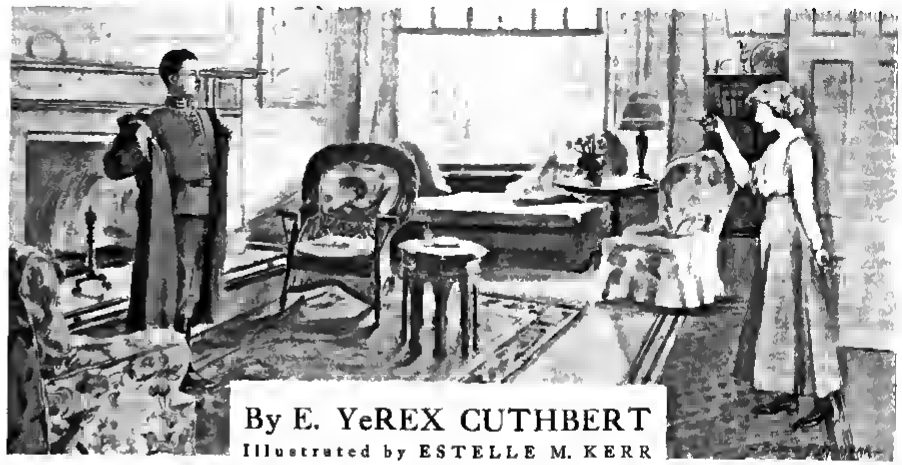
Above—A 20-lb trout is only an ordinary catch at Cochrane Camp. Below—Common pike, 18 and 6 lbs.

The most prominent food fish of the Temagami waters is the doré (*Stizostevan Vitreum*). This is commonly called wall-eyed, yellow pike or even pickerel. Anywhere and everywhere this representative of the perch family is to be found. By the way, it is known to the United States Fish Commission as pike-perch a very appropriate name showing its relation to the *Percidæ* and at the same time calling attention to its slender pike-like body. The flesh is firm and very flakey, white and of delicious flavor; and, as I can attest, those who have to eat fish every day and twice a day during a holiday of nine or ten weeks will gladly turn from the delicate brook trout, the juicy and luscious bass, or the rich grey trout to the common everyday pickerel.

He is usually caught with an ordinary trolling spoon trailing in the water at the end of 75 or 100 feet of common fish line. This hand-line method is a somewhat brutal game, for the poor *doré* has nothing to do but "follow on," when once impaled on the triple pronga which go whirling after the flickering bauble that in curiosity or anger he impulsively struck. Nevertheless good sport may be had from the wall-eyed pike for he will take live bait quite as eagarly as the more aristocratic small-mouthed black bass. And, since he runs from twelve to thirty inches in length, and has been caught up to a weight of fourteen pounds, it may readily be understood that on a light rod and tackle he will give the most skilled angler an anxious time. Coming down the scale we arrive at the common pike (*esox lucius*). This is widely distributed in the Temagami lakeland. Most fishermen detest it for its rank odor and common coarse flesh. You will remember that Izaak Walten devotes a whole chapter to the scavengar, giving directions how to "roast him when he is caught," declaring that "when thus prepared he is 'choicely good,' tos good for any but anglers and honest men." I must per-

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The Romance of an Old Blue Coat



By E. YeREX CUTHBERT

Illustrated by ESTELLE M. KERR

An ideal story-book sort of an attic room, the regulation old furniture, really colonial this time, old dishes, old trunks and boxes, shrubbery cobwebs, bunches of sweet herbs hanging from rafters, the unavoidable slant roof and a western gable window through which the riot of rose and gold sunset coaxed the shadows from the farthest corners; or more probably they preened themselves like an amorous red-bird in artful endeavor to attract the attention of the too absorbed maiden sitting tailorwise on the somewhat dusty floor before an open ancient box, a faded blue coat hanging half in ths trunk half in her lap; her elbows propped one on each knee, her chin buried in her hands, and in her eyes dreams—worlds of dreams. All the emotions of a world are in a maiden's dreams.

Joyously, coaxingly the breeze tossed the saucy waves and curls of golden-brown hair. Tenderly, caressingly the sunshine enfolded the wrapt face in wanton rivalry, but the old blue coat was mut. With a long drawn, wistfully longing sigh the maid buried her face in its folds and imprinted an extremsly energatic kiss on the heart of it, or where a heart should be. The sun hid its face behind a cloud in dismay, the breeze rushed hastily to a far corner where lay a pile of old papers on which it could vent its anger, shaking and ruffling and whipping them about in jealous indignation. Even the maiden lifted her head in astonishment at her own temerity.

"Aileen LeRoy!" she murmured with mock severity. "How shocking! and such a properly brought up young person, too." Then her face began to relax until shadowy dimples played hide and seek about the dear mouth, and the opening episode ended in a joyous, merry laugh such as only a free, happy, innocently ignorant and altogether to be desired maiden of twenty summers could laugh.

In a half conversing, half soliloquising way peculiar to people, especially young people who are accustomed to an overabundance of their own company, she addressed the combination of visible old coat and its disembodied, invisible personality. "Ah well! may not a young girl have one lover, especially such a recklessly safe one! If I send you to the poor Belgians you will understand, won't you, Rolly mine? You know I do love you, and I'll awfully hate to part with you. I love you more than any other thing I possess, but—I have an idea that you must find milk and honey and harps and things a bit tame when there is so much doing down here. I just know how crazy you are to be in it, so, I'll really have to take pity on you. But to part with you my best, sweetest dream! It is like sending one of the family!"

A few minutes more of musing, then, springing impulsively to her feet, she cried: "I'm going to do it! I'm going to do it *now*—and sir," quite severely, "if your late angel associations haven't taken all the Rollick out of you, you will manage some way to button yourself around a brave, adventurous heart. That done I'll trust you to do your duty like a perfectly good, self-respecting antique bit of American history."

Catching up the coat, she whisked it down the stairs and soon it was lying on a dainty bed with its owner writing at a tiny desk under the window.

"Dear Brave Soldier Man

"I am believing with all my might and *knowing* that my Uncle Ranald's coat, having kept company with him for so long and intimately and having taken part in such stirring adventures, must have got the habit and will find a way to help do wonderful things in this wretched war. Perhaps you are out in some lonesome place, anyway you are away from home, and this letter may help amuse you and make you less all alone. I am thinking that or I would not dare presume to write. It really is interesting though about the coat. It belonged to my grandfather's brother, but I have always called him Uncle Roland. His special friends called him Rollicking Rolly. Ever since I was a little girl he has been my capital H Hero, and I have taken the greatest delight in listening to what I call the rollicking stories. I have even made a little book of them. Though grandfather's family are really southerners Uncle Roland had lived several years in the north and grandmother declares it was sheer perversity drove him to join their forces if only for the express purpose of opposing his own family, but I don't believe—at least I think grandma may be mistaken for while I love the warm, sunny, dear south, I, too, am all in agreement with the north about the war. Roland was such a madcap adventurer they simply can't give him credit for having a conscience.

"He did the most wonderful, special things that I can't take your time to write about—brave, splendid things for which he was made an officer as you see by the coat. He won medals aplenty for which he did not care at all, but I do and I have collected them. I must confess it is not these brave Roland deeds that cause my heart to beat faster when I think of him and that makes him so real *now* to me, it is the rollicking adventures that makes me wish I had lived when he did. Brave they always were, but he had a way of making them seem so ridiculous, so apparently unnecessary, but when the truth became known there was generally some really serious, noble or kind object underneath.

And sir, I do hope that this coat may be a charm to you as something woe to my uncle while he wore it, for in spite of the reckless, splendid things he did, he was never seriously wounded, but died—well—he died humorously and unexpectedly as he had lived. Ridiculous to relate he died of the measles. Grandmother says if he could but have managed to grow up he need not have caught them.

"I can see that only a sans courage could have carried him through his gallant career. He must have possessed a calm, cool, quick intelligence under all circumstances, even facing death. Can you match it? Dare you wear the coat?

"When asked one Christmas what of all things I would like for a present, I answered unhesitatingly, 'Uncle Roland's coat', so it is my own to send. Will you wear it and do honor to its history—you soldier man?

"Myself—I live far away from town amid the great prairies of the Canadian North-West, my only companions are my grandmother and her brother, aged fifty. I love our beautiful home and I am happy, only—this is a great secret—sometimes I would like to see the world and my heart aches to accompany Rollicking Rolly on one of his adventures until my only relief is to dream them. The most real thing in my life is my make-believe adventures with my soldier ancestor. *This* is my first materialized romance, my one adventure, this going out with my coat to the war.

"Mornings I am Al the cowboy. Dressed in khaki I ride or walk about the ranch with Uncle Jack. Mornings I always call him Uncle Jack and he calls me Al. It is beautiful to see him put on courtliness with his dinner clothes. I can ride as well as any man, at least any about here, and uncle says I could manage the ranch. My friends and companions are the birds, the flowers and all the wild things.

"After lunch I am Allee the kiddy and do music and lessons until mid-afternoon when I evolve into Miss Alleen sitting with her beautiful lavender and old lace grandmother, who has never become modernized, but lives in the wonderful, romantic, southern plantation past. Step on the magic rug in the sitting-room and you are transported—really—back half a century to the days of powdered wig and crinoline, of rich brocade and gallant gentlemen in generous and costly ruffles and perfectly gorgeous unmentionables and—snuff. Exquisitely, simply dressed, she lives in a stately dignity which she conscientiously strives to impart to Miss Alleen. This, the Alleen I, can sew the teeniest little stitches; she can talk French and German and Italian and, she can minuet but is not even allowed to read about the amazingly vulgar things they call dancing to-day. The Al I sometimes reads things forbidden to Miss Alleen. The three I's agree on the dance question, however.

"Summing it all up, I am a farmeress, and we have proven it to be the most free, independent, glorious life in the world, also that a farmer can live beautifully an I be every kind of a gentleman. He can have the best in art, literature and culture if he wants it enough. It is not a question of money: it is a question of being. Carson Lee would say, it is the *one* person who does a thing that counts and that proves that the other 90,000,000 can if they *will* sufficiently.

"I wonder what you think of all this. I know! You think I am an enthusiastic cowboy-girl. In return, I wonder if you could possibly let me know who you are? Just the littlest note. I have never had a real friend, young or even youngish, and I live in the "make-believe" so much that you are quite real to me, the man who will dare to wear my coat. I will follow it in its little box across the ocean and I shall pray—not a conventional thing of empty words—but all day I shall be conscious that the someone wearing it is being brave and is doing fine things.

"And now—if some stoggy old Dutchman gets the coat and can't read English, why—I shall have my dream anyway. It won't—it simply can't be—but how I wish I could know. If the mind has anything like the power the to-day books tell about, this coat will simply have to find a proper person to button itself around. It is such a perfectly splendid *man's* coat, even if it is old and a bit faded.

"And now God bless you—and, goodby, dear old coat. I am sending my best beloved to the war.

"AL—ALLEE—ALLEEN LEROY,
Macdonald's Crossing, C.P.R.,
Saskatoon, Canada.

"P.S.—Sir Galahad, I am sending my colors to you in quite a fit of recklessness and in the form of grandmother's picture when she was young. They call Alleen a second edition of this, the edition *de-luxe*. She does *possess the outline but entirely lacks the old lace charm*."

* * *

IF Sir Galahad could have seen his lady fair as she put the last flourish to this long letter he would have had his own opinion about the charm. Her sparkling eyes, flushed cheeks and quick, nervous movements all bespoke a heart beating high with the excitement of a real secret, her first romance—and all this the result of the great headlines in the newspaper left that afternoon at the crossing.

At the precise moment the overland rushed up to the water-tank at Macdonald's Crossing a spirited black beauty of a horse and even more spirited and beautiful rider galloped up to the baggage car.

"Morning Miss Alleen!" called the baggageman.

"Good morning, Mr. Hogan. Have you a soldier's box in your car as the papers said?"

"I shore have, Miss Alleen."

"Then will you please put this box in just as it is. I have labeled it, 'For a Soldier,' and it is very specially intended for one."

"You bet I will. Makes me wish I'd volunteered. I'd shore watch out for that box. There is one box here with warm things for the soldiers. In it goes."

"Thank you so much, that will be just the thing."

With a dainty but excited pirouette from Prince and a flourish of the little whip from Alleen, horse and rider dashed away followed by smiles and admiring glances from every window.

And so the coat started on its adventurous journey.

PART II.

"I TELL you Jerry, I'm jolly well sick of escorting boxes of moth-eaten old clothes. Here it is the last of October and not even a smell of powder. I can't stick much longer. I won't!"

"Poor old Captain Kidd! I know; same here, but for you—*you* it must be hell with the draughts an. A-weel! discipline—discipline! It is to obey orders or to be shot."

"I'd as soon be shot. I'm fond of both our governors all right, but it was a scurvy trick their getting ahead of us on age and all that blamed stuff. Too young to go to the front! Lord! we're big enough to lead an army of elephants."

Was it chance that these two disgruntled young Englishmen should have found their station as guards just at this particular part of the building, or had the fates a hand in it? If so, one of the old ladies was in a history-making mood this day. We cannot blame her. Not many of her sex could resist either of those clear-eyed, frank-faced, handsome, clean-cut, long-limbed, unspoiled "scions of a noble race."

"'Ere Tommy!" called a red-faced, jolly little old man engaged in unpacking a huge box. "'Ere's summat lybelled in screamin' letters, 'For a good boy; soldiee boy only need happly!' Wich o'youse kids does that mean?"

Jerry looked up with some interest at the neat little box held high by the old man, but Yorke merely gave a contemptuous half glance and resumed his moody contemplation of the scene. Jerry, however, grinning maliciously, held up his hands and the little box came spinning on its way to glory.

To the young soldier's surprise the inscription on the box was like a very nice version of the old man's jibe. "For a Soldier Only!" Jerry was actually conscious of a feeling of curiosity. "This is quite the most exciting thing that has occurred for days," he murmured sarcastically as he tucked the box under his arm; but he wisely reframed from audible humorous remarks at the moment. It was no place for joking. Daily were they eye-witnesses of the most heart-breaking scenes of utter desolation and homeless misery. This made their enforced inaction a thousand fold harder to bear, burning with desire thus crested to avenge the wrongs of those innocent women and children.

It was hours before the guards were released, by which time even the irrepressible Jerry was in such a state of depression that he was minded to leave the belly box where it was. He even started towards the door, but fate tugged vigorously, and though he scowled at it reproachfully, he turned and picked it up. On such slender, inexplicable, invisible threads do great events hang.

It was almost dark when they reached their particular corner of improvised barracks, and Jerry promptly threw the box at his companion's feet.

Having deftly removed the lid from the box Jerry was on the point of investigating when again fate interposed in the form of an orderly to summon Private Blair. Flinging over his shoulder as he followed the messenger, "See here my little ward, no devilry while I am gone. You look like the limit in blue funks. I don't care much what you do so long as you let your faithful guardian in on it. I leave you in charge of the sacred garments, Sir Knight of the Wardrobe."

For many minutes Yorke sat in gloomy meditation not even aware that his unseeing gaze was fastened on the despised gift. Infinitely patient are the Fates and to-night the particular old lady having this box in tow, held his gaze riveted until he became aware of this special focus. With a mighty sigh he arose, stretched himself wearily as he walked to and stood looking down on the neat affair. "I wonder if it is the frayed pyjamas and the boudoir cap," he thought.

Some of his really keen sense of humor returning, he stooped and unpacked the parcel, unfolding an old blue coat. Spreading it on the table, for minutes he gazed at it, allowing his mind to run off at a tangent, which we are told is exactly the proper condition for receiving all sorts of esoteric or telepathic suggestions. For such, time and distance do not exist. Almost at once he had recognized it for what it was, an American officer's coat.

"Jerry is right, it is just what I need."

Even one as little addicted to vanity as Yorke Norval could not but feel, as he regarded himself in his newly acquired garment, a sense of satisfaction at the fine figure he cut. He determined to keep the coat and forthwith removed the paraphernalia of a man's pockets from his old jacket to his new possession. Thus in due time he came to the inside breast pocket. He had just withdrawn from it a letter and noted the peculiar address, "Mr. Soldier Man, new wearer of my precious coat," when Jerry rushed like a whirlwind into the room.

"Hurray, Yorkee! Your cursed prayers are answered!" A sudden pause, a look of wonder. "Jemima's aunt! What you got on? My word, you do look a gracious to goodness, 1860 carat Macaroni." Then, his glance roving to the box, he cried "Hurray again! Just in time to clothe you with glory; those stripes are a little previous, that's all!"

"Never mind, you idiot," said Yorke. "Tell me what's up! Quick!"

"Oh, nothing any too good but it can't be worse than the rags and bottle business. We are transferred to picket duty somewhere between bars and Ostend Coast duty. Don't know any more. Report at once. I say, what you going to do with the antique glad rags?"

"Do? Wear 'em of course. Woe to the man who attempts to take them from me. It's mine you understand—*mine*."

Yorke could never tell why he had so hastily thrust the letter back into his pocket at Jerry's entrance, or why he failed to mention it afterwards. Not for one moment was it absent from his mind. It lay in his breast pocket during the uncomfortable night trip and it was the afternoon of the next day at Dunkirk, while waiting for a transport at four o'clock that he found himself alone on a point overlooking the Channel and its grimly menacing guardians of the sea. There it was he read the letter. Read it once in surprise; read it again with a slow delight; then gazed at the beautiful, old-fashioned picture until it was engraved on his heart. And in a subconscious way he knew that life would never again be the same to him. He read the letter a third time with a warm, tender glow that deepened, as he finished, into a strong man's determination. Folding all the papers carefully, Yorke returned them to their former hiding place, consciously now over his heart, buttoned his coat tightly about him, folded his arms and, with face turned to the west, gave himself up to dreams. It may be that they met other dreams mid-way across the ocean.

On his return to town he had barely time to hunt out a picture of himself and Jerry in uniform, and to hastily write on paper torn from his notebook:



'An absorbed maiden sitting tailorwise on the somewhat dusty floor before an open ancient box, a faded blue coat hanging half in the trunk, half in her lap; . . her chin in her hands and in her eyes dreams.'

"You Triply Charming Dear,

"It will take a lifetime of heroic deeds to repay a kind Providence for having brought *me* your precious coat. Now, with its message it is buttoned tightly over a full heart and will so remain while the war lasts, and if Sir Galahad fails to do honor to Rollicking Rolly's coat his greatest punishment will be that he will never dare return it to you in person as with your permission he fully intends doing. Strange coincidence, my life thus far has been one of adventure, as privileged companion of an uncle whose work (from choice, not necessity) is world-wide and in the confidence of Kings. I might be your Roland's younger brother, I feel a strangely familiar, re-incarnation sort of glorification as if the coat and I were set apart for a jolly lively time.

"Possibly the unaccustomed stripes and imposing cut would account for this inflated condition, but argument one on my side and coincidence two, not five minutes after donning the garment, which, by-the-way, fits me perfectly, I was called for the first time to active duty verging towards the front.

"I have been in your great North-West and I know how it is. Its magnificent vastness kindles in you the desire for great things. Never mind — you shall share with me. Your faith will steady me and your presence will nerve me to gallant deeds if gallant deeds be in me.

"I thank you for the lovely picture, and as for the "old lace," it only serves to "paint the lily." I can return your pretty compliment with but a newspaper clipping, a poor thing which I have filched from my chum's kit, but I quite enter into your sentiment concerning the coat, and understand how you wish to know its destination. This will at least prove to you that the "Stoggy Dutchman" did not get it. Put the magic coat on the chap with folded arms and—pray for him, your kind of prayer.

"There! The rat-a-tat of my call has sounded. I go to guard the dykes. Some time I will tell you how the coat came into my possession. It simply had to. It is mine! No, it is *ours*. Yes, I dare to wear it—it is a challenge. I dare—it is a vow.

"Faithfully—Gratefully,
"YORKE NORVAL.

"Dunkirk now,
God knows where to-morrow."

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REVIEW of REVIEWS

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Free Service or Conscription

By Bernard Houghton in Contemporary Review

THE question of conscription has become suddenly acute. If there is need for it that need has never been so great as at this time. If it be a mistaken policy never was such an opportunity to prove it so. Great thinkers, experts and writers have ranged themselves on either side and spilt ink for years over this all-important matter. Much has been said, with vanity and fine judgment upon both sides. In the following article Mr Houghton, taking for a premise the similarity of the German and the British national type, by pre-supposing a further similarity in action, thought and tendency, builds up an argumentative yet arguable case against compulsory service.—*Editor's Note*

When on the battlefields of Europe the last cannon shot shall have thundered and the sun shines on dispersing legions, the nation will not only be confronted with problems of boundaries. For us in England the first question for settlement must be the question of our military service.

How stands the case for conscription in the light of recent events? The menace of German militarism has proved a real menace. Vain the hope that it might be dissipated by Socialism or the rising democratic tide. Against tribal passions Socialism has proved but a barrier of straw. Indeed, to the slogan of warrior hordes, Socialists have answered with almost the same alacrity as any Prussian swashbuckler. Civilization may perhaps veneer over racial passions, but the veneer is very thin. True, our navy has proved equal to expectations and has preserved intact, as with a magic circle, these islands against the utmost fury of our would-be Attila and his modern Huns. We have not had to mourn the loss of cities burnt or of fanes destroyed; we have not gazed with eyes of horror on the butchery of English women, the mutilation of English children.

That is all to the good. But grave considerations remain behind. Had we possessed an army, recruited on even a modified conscription, so as in some way to correspond with the huge forces maintained on the Continent, the opening



Ghost of old Pilot: "I wonder if he would drop me now"

—From Punch

phases of the war would have been very different. We should have been spared the agony of Belgium, harrowed with the iron harrow of war. France would not have been invaded. Nay, the advocates of conscription may with justice go further, and contend that with an English army of one and a-half million men in being—that would imply a much lighter system than holds in France and Germany—there might have been no war at all.

The advantages of conscription do not end for us with the avoidance of a world war; there are, it is plausibly alleged, advantages more indirect, yet not to be overlooked. Physically, most men are the better for service in the army, there their frames are better knit, they walk with a firmer and more erect carriage. On the moral side soldiers learn to obey quickly and without question, learn the value of discipline and the efficiency that flows from ordered co-ordination with their fellow-men. On all are impressed self-denial and the duty of self-forgetfulness in the cause of their country. Patriotism replaces a narrow selfishness. Spartan courage, Spartan self-denial are preeminently military virtues, and it is no mean argument in favor of conscription that they are instilled into a large fraction of the manhood of the country, and hence pass more widely into the national life. Thus through National Service the nation is benefited, becoming stronger and more virile, just as boys are benefited by service with the Boy Scouts. At least Germany, concurrently with universal service, has raised the efficiency of her people, holding warlike ideals, she advances swiftly along the path of prosperity and progress.

All this may be admitted. Nevertheless, one asks uneasily, is it the whole truth? Granted that conscription brings gifts, may not it bring evils that outweigh the gifts? If under conscription Germany has prospered, might she not equally have prospered with a voluntary army? Alluring as is the promise of peace not broken, of Armageddon averted, might not even these boons be too dearly purchased? Doubts arise, doubts which touch the corner-stone of our civilization. In its broader aspect it is not merely a question of self-defence or of averting war, however widespread; it becomes a question of the influence of military ideals on civilization itself.

To understand the deep issues involved, let us examine the case of Germany. Germany, beyond all lands unpeopled by our own progeny, resembles most closely ourselves. In race, in language, and in religion, the Germans are near akin; in prowess they are not dissimilar, and, *malgré* certain rather cloudy philosophers, they, like ourselves, have a certain quiet practicality of outlook. They are efficient and capable in most things to which they set their minds. But during the past half-century, Germany, unlike England, has taken to its heart conscription, and, with conscription, militarism. Militarist views have colored its politics both internal and external, militarist ideals glitter before Germany as the crown and consummation of a nation's glory. "Without militarism "culture is impossible," cry even the German intellectuals. Now this is a very remarkable development, and it is a development which it behoves us to scan closely before we decide to follow in the path trodden by our cousins.

Every profession has its characteristic bias. From the sailor we expect a certain breezy heartiness, from the lawyer all the policeman caution and a sceptical distrust of human motives; the clergyman is usually benevolent and the man of business practical and alert. The business of the soldier is to fight, and to fight with any chance of success you must have instant obedience and an iron discipline. Freedom and individual initiative he spurns, a policy of *laissez faire* is, to him, unthinkable. Hence where military ideas predominate the Government tends to become dictatorial. In form such ideas favor an autocracy or an oligarchy or a bureaucracy. Even when, as in France, the Government is in form a democracy, the spirit it breathes is bureaucratic. Since the *raison d'être* of an army is to fight external foes, the soldier sees all foreigners in the light of real or potential enemies. The outer world is conceived of as a congery of brigands, each armed to the teeth and each ready, as occasion offers, to stab the other in the back. International morality, in short, is the morality of robbers.

In internal affairs the distinction between German polity and the polities of the English-speaking race, wherever found, is absolute. Whilst the latter advance step by step along the path of democracy, for ever adding to the powers and liberty of the people, the former has remained a frozen autocracy, bound by bureaucratic fetters, and hampered only by intrigues in the Reichstag with puppet parties—the Socialists alone excepted. Granted that many beneficent measures have been placed on the Statute Book, granted that Germany has attained a high level of efficiency and prosperity, the fact is that in form the Government is and remains autocratic. A benevolent, a patriotic autocracy if you will, but a Government where, both in theory and in practice, the real power is grasped in the hands of one man, the Kaiser or War Lord. Everywhere we meet discipline, regulation, never self-reliance and the sweet love of liberty.

There has sprung up in Germany a school of dangerous sophists that praise war for its own sake. War they describe as terrible, it is true, but in the long view beneficial to humanity, the purger and destroyer of inferiority whether in the individual or the race. Of such writers are Nietzsche and Hegel. A kind of bastard Darwinism, which argues the elevation of mankind through slaughter, has taken captive the mind of intellectual Germany. A Frenchman, Proudhon, from whom Germans have derived much inspiration, has summed it up in a phrase, "Philosophe, vous perlez d'abolir la guerre. Prenez garde de dégrader le genre humain." This school would found the German culture of which we hear so much, the culture which has reaped in Belgium so sinister a harvest, it would found this culture on the same basis as has evolved the ferocity of the leopard, the tiger, and the wolf. Such philosophy is, indeed, nothing new. The important fact is that of recent years it has seized hold like an octopus of the Germans' imagination and has perverted to its ends their energies and their ideals. The land which has suckled a Goethe to-day takes its inspiration from Von Bernhardi. Of a truth it may be said that Ephraim is joined to idols.

Such, then, have been the fruits of conscription in Germany. It has nourished at home a rigid absolutism, that dams the flowing democratic tide, abroad, a policy immoral and marked by the constant menace of war; intellectually, a people given to warrior worship, and across whose souls fall even more darkly the shadows of Odhinn and of Thor. The tree has fruited, and fruited according to its nature and the soil in which it grows. When you have a people naturally brave in action, practical and efficient, drunk with the glories of three successful wars, and you make every other man a soldier, with a soldier's professional outlook, small wonder that a wave of militarism sweeps through the nation.

Now the question of questions which we in England must ere long put to ourselves is this: Is there not a danger that conscription may in like manner pervert our English thought? Is there not a danger that it may disturb our progress from humanity, that we also may bow down before the idol of war, and place on our necks its iron yoke? We also are practical, energetic, we also have behind us a proud history of warlike deeds, we also are commonly esteemed brave. But, perhaps it will be said, the love of freedom, conjoined with sound common-sense, is too deeply ingrained in our nature to permit militarism, as in Germany, to run riot in our blood. A people boasting their individual freedom will not be degraded to servile puppets by such a measure as conscription. Let us not be too sure of this. Ere now by important laws a people's character has been changed and transmuted. An alteration in the land system advanced the Scottish peasantry from wastrels into the thriftiest of husbandmen. Suppose that in its wisdom the State were to require from each Englishman a legal training, and thus make good the fiction by which every man is held to know the law. Would not thereby our national character be changed? Should we not become litigious, inclined at home to an exaggerated love of precedent and respect for law whether good or bad, perhaps abroad to regard all war as barbarous, and to press all disputes to arbitration? Those who practice law think law. If you insist on every man being trained in a certain profession, you will insensibly teach him to look at the world at large with the eyes of that profession. So with militarism. Whatever the previous history of a people, if the male population become soldiers, the sceptre of the State will pass for good or evil into a soldier's hand. Again will stalk forth the dark spirit of Machiavelli, the philosopher of militarism, and again shall we hear his gospel preached. "Self-interest and self-regard"—so the greatest of our writers sums him up—"avowed as the principles of State action, material force the master-key to civil policy, clear intelligence guided by unsparing will, unflinching energy, remorseless vigor, the brain to plan and the hand to strike." Such are the principles requisite for success as laid down by Machiavelli, and such are the principles which, wherever the military party, as in Germany, has seized the reins, have guided the government of nations. To him and his disciples right and wrong do not exist.



Tossing him up

—Kirby, in New York World

In some respects militarism is for us especially hazardous. Than ourselves no people has been bitten more deeply by the passion for new territory. "The grey wolf of the North whose maw is never satisfied," has written at large its sign-manual on the world map. Now an overflowing army is apt to beget an aggressive state. Witness the Asiatic conquests of Russia, witness of recent years the colonial expansion of France, witness the constant frontier wars that followed the augmentation in 1895-90 of the Indian army. Enough land we already have, too much, say our enemies. Our safety lies in the humanity and fairness with which we guide our foreign policy, by such humanity and fairness alone may we disarm envy, and in spite of our huge possessions, excite amongst our neighbors but the friendliest of feelings. Should England, bitten by the lust of fighting, bestride the earth as a world bully, of a surety the nations will combine against us, meeting menace with menace, steel with steel, cannon with cannon. They will combine and bring about our downfall as they have combined and brought about the downfall of Germany. In justice merely may we establish our house, and by forbearance to others hold our own goods in peace.

Even the present war, with its call to the whole manhood of nations, with its ranged battle-fronts of a hundred miles—even this war may for us furnish a valid argument against conscription. For it is essentially a war of artillery. If there be one result more than another that has emerged from the fog of these titanic battles, it is the decisive effect modern artillery exercises. From the fort-shattering siege gun to the murderous mitrailleuse, artillery in one form or another has dominated the modern battle, as steam-driven machinery dominates the modern factory. Now artillery is expensive, and

ammunition for it is expensive, but it does not require for its service large masses of men. It is essentially a weapon for a wealthy nation. England, as we all know is such a nation. What, then, is there to hinder us in future from maintaining an army not perhaps exceeding to a great degree the army hitherto established, but with an enormous preponderance of artillery? As afloat our pre-eminence in gun power holds the sea—for the modern warship is but a marine battery—so on land let it be our pride and our safety to support an artillery which in numbers and efficiency may keep us easily supreme in conflict with the doughtiest foe. Our infantry are still man for man the finest in the world. Before the sabres of our cavalry the German horsemen have fled in panic. Let our artillery, then, only become as terrible in number and material as our warships, and we shall hold in check, on land equally as on the sea, the wildest dreamers of Real-Politik. Once let such dreamers realize, if after Armageddon any such there be, that in waging war with us they wage war on land equally as on the sea with a people possessing the most awful artillery in the world, and their dreams will never again become real nor their ambition drench in blood a tortured world. Thus may we keep the peace without that peril to our national life and ideals which an enormous standing army inevitably entails.

Is Roosevelt Out of Politics?

By Charles Willis Thompson in New York Times.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT regards himself as out of politics, not by his own choice, but by necessity. He has been, he thinks, gradually crowded to the wall and fenced in. And he sees no prospect of altering that situation.

He would like to take an active part in the formation of the lines on which the Presidential campaign of 1916 is to be conducted, but as he looks at it he is hamstrung. If the people who are staying up nights worrying about what particular brand of deviltry he is incubating knew what really was in his mind they would feel calmer.

Some months ago a private letter from him to a supporter in another state found its way into print, or a part of it did, a part in which the Colonel said that the people were "tired of him." It was a forcible way of putting what he was thinking of, and did not state all that was in his mind; so it was misunderstood. It was attributed to momentary dejection over the defeat of 1914; but it represented a settled conviction that is stronger now than then.

This is not the result of depression, the gloom of a downcast statesman who has met a defeat. It is not gloom at all. It is the clear-eyed perception of a fact, or what he thinks is a fact. He is by all odds the ablest political observer in the country, with a nearly perfect genius for sizing up political situations; and he never lets the wish be father to the thought. He faces unpleasant facts; in truth, if there is a defect in his mental apparatus it is that he goes too far in facing them; he meets them rather more than half way.

He has always acted on the doctrine of Emerson that it is more to your interest than to that of any one else to find out your weak points. He is always the first to find out a weakness in his armor, a breach in his defences. He has more and better sources of political information than any other man in the country, and his information and his talent for sizing up situations on that information have convinced him that he is in a backwater.

The outlines of the campaign of 1916 are vague and wavy as yet, much more so than is usually the case a year before the holding of the national conventions. The political convulsion of 1912, with its party disruption, makes that inevitable. But the campaign is growing more into shape every day; and the first great question to be settled is whether and how the Progressives and Republicans can get together, whether the Democrats are to be faced by a united or a divided opposition.

The disappearance of the Progressive party, if it disappears, will not answer this question, whatever hasty commentators may think. If it disappears as a party the men who composed it will still remain, and many of them are as radical as ever. The question will then be whether these men will vote for a conservative Republican or for Wilson.

If concessions are made by both wings of the opposition, there will be union against the Democracy. There are forces now at work to bring about such concessions and such a union. In this movement it is to be assumed that Colonel Roosevelt, as the Progressive leader, would in normal circumstances play a large part. But what if he would not be allowed to play it?

The political situation that presents itself to this supreme analyst of political situations, in whom political clairvoyance has been developed into a sixth sense, is this: That he has made so many enemies that not only is he unavailable as a candidate for office, but he is also made unavailable as an active factor in party affairs. These enemies have been made by his political course in the last five years. For a long time the enemies he made were ineffective against his popularity. It might have been seen even then that a time might come when the increase in their numbers would become effective against that great asset.

I am not giving this as my own opinion. I am giving it as the situation which is presented in the councils of Colonel Roosevelt's friends. It may be right or wrong. That the Colonel believes it is right there is no question.

The political effect of cumulation should be taken into account by those to whom, at first sight, it seems incredible that any number of enemies could diminish the Colonel's political effectiveness. The antagonism to him since 1912 has been cumulative. Again I am not giving this as my own opinion, but as the situation presented in the councils of the Colonel's friends.

This antagonism results not only from the Colonel's political course in the past but in the present, and will result from the course he will pursue in the near future. Despite the sneer thrown at the Colonel by his enemies, that he advocates policies for the votes that are in them, he never hesitates to take a position that will offend masses of voters if he believes in it. He made his recent declarations on the European war with full knowledge that it would add the German-Americans to his list of enemies; and he did not need to make them to get the native American vote. The action of a Progressive club of New York Germans in removing his picture from the club rooms was matched by the receipt of a heavy mail of denunciation and renunciation by German voters. His course in the future will not be different from his course in the past, and will be pursued without regard to its effect in alienating voters.

The enemies he has made would doubtless like to defeat the Democracy, but to many of them the permanent suppression of Roosevelt is a matter of much more importance. In 1912 they knew that the course they pursued would result in the election of a Democrat, but that was a minor matter with them. They had no doubt—the primaries and every other indication proved it—that the Republican voters wanted Roosevelt, and could not have doubted that the failure to nominate him would result in these voters staying away from the polls or voting for a Democrat if their demand was disregarded, even without the nomination of a third party ticket.

They are still of the same mind, and their number has been increased since 1912. They are much less concerned today over the prospect of Wilson's re-election than over the prospect of Roosevelt again assuming a high place in Republican councils. They know that if he comes back into the Republican party he will become its foremost figure; it is the nature of the man; and the concessions which would precede his return would place him in a strong position at the start. This must be averted at all hazards, including the hazard of a Democratic victory.

Of course, it is impossible for a man of Roosevelt's temperament to remain wholly idle while anything is going on, and no pocketing, no backing him to the wall, could make a hermit of him. So far, however, his intentions extend only to the making of some speeches on national questions, the first one in October.

A speech by him becomes a subject of national discussion, and there is no one in either the Republican or the Progressive party a speech by whom would go so far toward shaping issues. Since President Wilson's policy began to unfold itself, every position taken by the Republican party as well as the Progressive party has followed the lines laid down in some speech made by Colonel Roosevelt. Whether they like it or not, he has shaped their policies for them. Therefore this contribution by him to the formation of the issues of 1916 will be an important one.

But in the active work of reorganization and agreement he is taking no part because of the fight that would instantly be made upon him and the consequent jeopardizing of the whole anti-democratic campaign. Perhaps he could get into the centre of things if he went willing to imperil the chances of the policies he believes in by incurring the danger of a further split. But his attitude toward these things differs from that of those Republican politicians who were and are willing to imperil anything if only they can keep his dreaded figure in the background.

Salvation Army Finance

Reprinted from The Quiver.

THE first General of the Salvation Army commenced his new organization with an empty treasury, and at least for the first few years he experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining money for his ever-increasing work. The present General likewise has not an unfailing till in which he can dip his hand for the support of the present international character of the agencies carried on by the Army. To suggest ample resources might encourage philanthropists to close their pockets to appeals which he is obliged to make to-day in order to keep the wheels moving. Like those responsible for great undertakings, he has to pause and wait for supplies. He is ready to march forward, but as a wise leader he knows that an army in the field depends upon its supplies.

The Salvation Army manages its finances in departments. (1) The Field; (2) The Headquarters; (3) The Foreign. The social agencies are also kept quite distinct from those of a religious character.

Taking first the Field arrangements we find that each officer in charge of a corps in town or city must endeavor to keep his or her finances on the right side of the account. He or she is warned to keep free from debt and to exhibit their Christianity in business matters as in soul-saving. By contributions from the members and by collections and subscriptions the officer is expected to secure the necessary receipts in order to meet the expenditure. Out of this amount has to be paid (1) the weekly salary due to the officer, which is regulated according to a definite scale. Headquarters provide for the old age pension of the officers or for their support if disabled by sickness or infirmity. (2) The local officer has to forward to the Divisional Officer one-tenth of the receipts for the expenses of divisional control, and (3) to pay the rent of the building and such other expenses as may be considered incidental to the work.

Now as to (1), (2), and (3), a large number of the corps in the United Kingdom are self-supporting, and without serious trouble provide for their outgoings in these three accounts. By means of the tenths forwarded to the Divisional Officer each week they assist in the provision of a fund under his control for special purposes. When a corps raises, say, £10 per week, £1 of this sum is received by the Divisional officer, and in this way he may obtain during the year £2,000 or more, according to the strength of the Army in his division. By this arrangement the strong corps provide funds for the purpose of the division from which the Divisional Officer is able to assist weak corps when unable to pay their expenses. Supposing the corps does not meet its liabilities, then it is the duty of the Divisional Officer to inquire into the circumstances, to suggest ways and means, and, failing the possibility of increasing the revenue, to supply the deficiency. He is required to do this by special instructions from the General, who is determined to avoid instances where self-denying Field Officers preferred to sacrifice themselves rather than make application for assistance.

The Divisional Officer exercises complete supervision of the finances in his area. He receives the tenth of the corps' receipts, so that he can, as already explained, dispense assistance to the small corps when they face a difficult proposition. He in turn sends to Headquarters a tenth of his gross receipts, as well as the whole of the Self-Denial Fund and the Harvest Thanksgiving Fund, which he collects through the corps. Here again it has to be remembered that Headquarters assist him with grants according to special circumstances. From the funds mentioned the whole of the Harvest Thanksgiving Fund and a half of the Self-Denial Fund are expended in the United Kingdom.

Throughout the United Kingdom the Salvation Army possesses property valued at hundreds of thousands of pounds, all of which is kept in good condition by a business-like method. In its earliest days, like many religious organizations, the Army recognized the local trustee. The plan worked admirably in some instances, but every now and then it broke down through the failure of a trustee, or through his desire to be released from liability, either because of leaving the locality or for other reasons.

Instead of the local trustee, the Army is able, owing to its improved credit, to guarantee without serious difficulty a proportion of the money for new schemes, on condition that the local corps raises a definite amount. For this assistance the local corps pays to Headquarters an agreed sum in the shape of rent, arranged on a basis to include an allowance for keeping the buildings in a proper state of repair. This system saves the local corps from the worry of raising an extra amount at regular periods for repairs and decoration, and ensures the building being maintained in good condition. The Army by a wise arrangement now possesses its own staff of builders and decorators, and these men travel throughout the country, performing this class of work. Uniformity and thoroughness are the features adopted by the Salvation Army Works Department, and as a consequence each place is decorated with distinctive tints which are found most serviceable for public buildings.

Another advantageous development has also been effected in recent years. The halls and buildings set up by local corps formerly possessed many different styles of architecture, and some were of the barest possible description. Ugly and barren outside, their interior accommodation was frequently most unsuitable. For lack of knowledge and experience the place bore the impression of dreary cheapness. To-day the Army Headquarters possess an experienced architect, who prepares the plans of all new buildings, and these are presented to a board of officers with considerable experience on the subject. Gothic styles with towers and steeples are probably unsuited to the necessities of the Army, but at least the General stipulates now for a building that will accommodate itself to the amenities of the neighborhood, and generally speaking will prove convenient for the uses proposed.

Every fresh religious or philanthropic organization requiring new buildings usually starts with a disadvantage through the fact that it does not possess financial reserves, sufficient to provide security upon which it can obtain advances at a reasonable rate. If, like the Salvation Army, the local corps build halls and other system, the proportion of debt then carried forward is heavier than that deemed quite satisfactory under prudent financial conditions. Analysis of the Army's early balance sheets will show that General Booth suffered from the experience common to similar societies. The Army itself has acknowledged the fact quite frankly, and in later years has strenuously resisted invitations to increase a percentage of debt which was not justified by conservative finance. Bit by bit, by care and prudence, with the assistance of able officers, and financial help generously contributed, the outstanding indebtedness of the Army in these respects has been reduced.

To Headquarters is sent every year from the field the whole of the amounts received from the Self-Denial Fund and the Harvest Thanksgiving Fund. Last year these two funds realized £81,213. Included in these gifts are probably many contributions from the Army's well-wishers, but the amounts received for self-denial show also an astonishingly large amount of sacrificial giving from the rank and file of the Army. Many contribute out of their poverty, and hand over the gift with gladness.

The Army possesses a large trading department, by means of which substantial profits accrue to the religious side of the work. Its origin dates from the time when the Army sold a penny song book, which was followed by a penny monthly magazine, succeeded later by the *War Cry* issued as a weekly paper. Then arising out of this publishing and printing business it became necessary to manufacture uniforms for officers and soldiers in order to maintain a regular quality and preserve a moderate price. The manufacture of band instruments was added, and now the leading department of the Army

provides for a large number of the household necessities of the Salvationist, not only at home but in all parts of the world. It has never departed from its original purpose, viz., to utilize for propagandist work the profits on the sale of the Army's requisites which might otherwise be lost to the army, and at the same time to refrain from trade competition for the sake of mere aggrandisement. Trade union rate of wages is paid in the factories and printing office, and, from an inspection of the musical instrument factory and printing office, I can speak of the admirable health conditions under which the workmen perform their duties.

In a tentative way the Army commenced its Insurance Departments for the purpose of meeting special cases forced upon it by the exigencies of the work. Owing to the businesslike manner in which their schemes were prepared, the policies and premiums have increased year by year, and here again the profits go direct to the spiritual side of the Army operations. The officers in charge of these departments, though skilled as accountants and business men, receive the ordinary rate of pay for officers of their rank, whilst at the same time taking a share in the ordinary religious work.

By the assistance of the Self-Denial Fund substantial assistance is rendered to the Foreign Department, which could not carry on its work in a satisfactory manner but for the large grants that are made possible from this account. Some conception of its value may be appreciated by the following particulars:

In 1913 £109,118 9s. was received from the whole of the Army territories—of this amount £66,477 0s. 7d. came from the United Kingdom. By far the largest portion of this total was devoted to the Foreign Service General Fund, and to Foreign and Colonial Territories. In this way the Army finances its pioneer work in foreign lands. Without its aid the foreign missionary agencies would suffer an almost complete eclipse. Take India for instance. By means of the Self-Denial Fund £28,500 was devoted to the Indian organization in that year.

We have discussed the financial arrangements of the Army so far as these affect the ordinary work. Now we turn to the equally important Social Department, known originally as "The Darkest England Fund." General Booth appealed in the first instance for £100,000. He received £106,136. This fact must be remembered when the results of the social agencies are estimated.

The Darkest England Fund, according to the latest balance sheet, stood at £148,344. Against this there exist total assets of £402,125, represented by freehold and leasehold property, machinery and plant, stock (valued by independent professional valuers), investments, loans to emigrants, and cash in hand. Liabilities in addition to the Fund have been created, such as loans and mortgages, reserve funds, and sundry creditors, but these amounts are covered by the items shown on the other side of the account.

After working these social departments for twenty-three years upon an original capital sum of £106,136, the Army can point to the fact that it possesses assets of the value of £402,125, and that in addition it administers assistance to men and women in the Land and City Colonies, and by means of emigration, involving an annual expenditure of £361,586, according to the last balance sheet. The increase in the Darkest England Fund has not been created by profit from the Land Colonies, Emigration, or Shelters, but each year grants are made from the Self-Denial Fund, and donations for special purposes are received in addition from time to time.

The Army arranges its social work upon a self-supporting basis, as far as this is practicable, but in some instances it is impossible. Pure philanthropy does not take its dividends in coin of the realm. The Land and the City Colonies represent two large departments, involving an expenditure in the first instance of £48,590, and in the second of £312,995. As business departments designed simply for profit they would be described as unsatisfactory. This is easily accounted for when one remembers the class of persons dealt with. Redemption of men and women is the primary object, and other things have to fall into their proper relationship.

Criticisms may be leveled against the social work of the Army from the standpoint of the religious parson, and also from that of the social reformer. But criticism cannot, with fairness, assail the accuracy, the integrity, or the businesslike presentation of the accounts submitted by the Army. In addition to a firm of chartered accountants of high reputation, who certify the accuracy of the accounts, the Army has the services of a competent chancellor and auditor-general, who between them control and systematize the financial operations as well as the accounts in an efficient and careful manner.

Prisoners of War

By George Kennan

THE world war, novel in so many of its phases, is no less new in its aspect of the prisoner question. Numbers, treatment, direct and indirect results from prisoners taken in the Great War are all setting a new standard, blazing a fresh trail. In this article from *The Outlook*, the distinction and differences are set out, and salient commentary upon the comparison between the Allies' and the Huns' treatment of prisoners is added.

The present European war differs in many respects from any previous war recorded in history, and among the most striking and noteworthy of its peculiarities is the immense number of prisoners taken on both sides. The Germans say that they have captured more than 600,000—mostly Russians; the Russians declare that they hold nearly half a million, including Austrians, Germans, Turks, and Kurds; the Allies have probably taken 200,000 in Belgium, France, Africa, and Manchuria; and the Turks have gathered in a few thousand more—all Russians—in the Transcaucasus and eastern Asia Minor. In the nine countries, therefore, that are at war—Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Servia, Montenegro, Turkey, and Japan—there must be at the present time 1,200,000 or 1,300,000 prisoners of war; a greater number of fighting men than the combatants in most previous wars have ever put at one time into the field.

When we consider these extraordinary figures, we feel inclined to agree with the Japanese army officer who, when he learned that 100,000 Russians had gone to Berlin as prisoners, remarked, rather contemptuously: "That is not war; it is emigration." To the Japanese Samurai, surrender, under any conceivable circumstance, is disgraceful. If he cannot avoid capture in any other way, he will kill himself, but so long as he is unhurt and has a weapon in his hand he will fight. In the whole course of the Manchurian campaign of 1904-5 only a few hundred Japanese soldiers were taken prisoners, and they were mostly men who had been so severely wounded that they could neither fight nor commit suicide.

It might be interesting to inquire what peculiar conditions in the present war have made necessary the surrender of such great masses of men in the open field, but, leaving that question to military experts, who are more competent to discuss it than any civilian can be, I purpose to consider briefly in this article some of the results of transferring hundreds of thousands of men suddenly from one country to another. What effect does such a change of environment have upon the prisoners themselves, and what impression do they make upon the people among whom they are thrown? If I confine myself for the present to Russia and Japan, it is only because those are the countries that I know most about.

The first strong impression made upon the German and Austrian prisoners in Russia was one of boundless geographical magnitude. Most of them had probably learned in school that the Empire of the Czar comprises a seventh part of the inhabitable globe; but it is one thing to accept a fact on the authority of a map or a text-book, and quite a different thing to realize it vividly in personal experience. Most of the Austrians and Germans were sent to remote parts of Siberia, and when, after fifteen days of travel in railway trains and ten or twelve days more in horse-drawn vehicles, they asked their guard, "Haven't we got nearly to the end of your d——d country?" the Russian soldiers cheerfully replied, "Oh, no! This isn't anywhere near the end; it's thousands of versts yet to the Pacific." Before they reached their ultimate destinations in Vitimsk, Olekminsk, or the Ussuri region these prisoners not only realized the difference between a school-book fact and a fact of personal experience, but felt some access of respect for a country into which half a dozen Austrias and Germanys might be put without anywhere overlapping, or even touching, its boundaries.

The next impression made upon the Austro-Germans by their changed environment was also an enlightening one, and consisted in the discovery that Russian peasants are not ferocious, skin-clad barbarians, prone by nature to burn, murder, and destroy. The prisoners found them, on the contrary, to be simple, good-humored, kind-hearted, and often surprisingly sympathetic and compassionate. The Siberian peasants have long been accustomed to show kindness to exiles—and especially political exiles—who have been sent to Asia under guard, as alleged enemies of society or of the Czar. Such men have always been regarded and spoken of as "unfortunates," and have generally been treated along the road with sympathy and commiseration. When, early in the winter, German and Austrian prisoners began to come into Siberia in the same way, under the escort of armed guards, the peasants, having no natural hatred for anybody, regarded them also as "unfortunates," and extended to them the kindness that they had been accustomed to show to "politicals."

In many villages along the old exile routes the peasants voluntarily brought to the prisoners bread, milk, and eggs, for which they would take no pay; in one settlement they contributed chickens and hot soup; in another they heated the village bath house and helped the half-frozen Germans to bathe; and in a third, off the railway, where the ill-clad prisoners were forced to march in bitter cold, and where they were evidently suffering intensely from exposure and exhaustion, the peasants, on their own initiative, harnessed fifty horses and carried the whole party on sledges to the next station. To the dejected Germans and Austrians, who had expected from the "Russian barbarians" only curses and blows, such behavior was a revelation.

As the Germans, in particular, became accustomed to their new environment, they began to look about them for means of earning money and thus bettering their situation. As most of them in the remoter parts of the country were not shut up in concentration camps, but were turned loose in the villages, they were allowed, under certain restrictions, to do any labor for which they happened to have inclination or training; so they soon began to work at their trades or vocations, and to show the peasants new or better ways of doing things. In education, both literary and technical, they were generally in advance of the people among whom the fortunes of war had thrown them, and in many cases they soon became local centres of enlightenment and practical efficiency.

It is a curious and significant fact that the men who have done most to educate and civilize Siberia entered the country in leg fetters or under guard, as prisoners or criminals. The Polish exiles, who were sent there by the thousand after the insurrection of 1861 scattered the seeds of knowledge and culture everywhere among the inhabitants, and introduced arts and methods previously unknown in that part of the world. A new and useful wheeled vehicle which they first made is still in use, and still bears the name of its inventors. Then, twenty years later, rudimentary science, literary culture, and the study of nature were taught to the Siberians by the political exiles of 1875-85, most of whom were university students or professional men. To them Siberia is largely indebted for the progress made in geographical exploration, as well as for the improvement and extension of journalism and the development of natural science. More than half of the existing culture of northern Asia is due to the initiative of men who were sent there originally as political criminals. Now, at last, come the Germans, the Austrians, and the Hungarians, many of whom undoubtedly are talented, or at least skilled and practically efficient, men. Their influence will be limited somewhat by the barrier of language and by bureaucratic restriction of free intercourse, but it will be felt, nevertheless, in hundreds of remote Siberian villages where the peasants have had few opportunities to see or learn.



A Great Naval Triumph

German Submarine Officer: "This ought to make them Jealous in the Sister Service. Belgium saw nothing better than this!"

—Raven-Hill, in Punch

The officers—and especially the Prussian officers—who are described as arrogant, overbearing, and contemptuous, may not contribute much; but the common soldiers, and particularly the Social Democrats from Germany, will almost certainly make friends with the local population and share with the latter their knowledge and experience.

The hundreds of thousands of Russian prisoners now held in Germany may not be able to add anything of value to the German fund of knowledge; but, if they are allowed to mingle freely with the local population, their simplicity, sincerity, and natural friendliness will tend to break down barriers of racial and national antipathy, and show the Germans that the Russian people, at least, will never be a menace to Teutonic civilization. As for the prisoners themselves, they too will be strongly influenced by their changed environment. Tens of thousands of them—peasants from small country villages—will be brought into contact with a high material civilization for the first time, and will have their desire for enlightenment stimulated by evidences of the power and prosperity that education alone can give. When they return to Russia, therefore, they will carry the seeds of progress in their minds and hearts.

Unfortunately, however, the Russian and Prussian despotisms are already taking steps to prevent the free intercourse of prisoners and people, and to check the growth of international sympathy and respect which might result therefrom. In an order issued by the Russian Minister of the Interior a few weeks ago prisoners of war are strictly forbidden to visit shops or places of popular resort, and all citizens are warned that, if they allow prisoners to visit them or call upon them in their houses without written permission from the military authorities, in every case they will render themselves liable to three months' imprisonment or a three thousand ruble fine.

In Germany no expressions of compassion or manifestations of sympathy with prisoners are tolerated. Under the title "Sympathy Prohibited" the German Social-Democratic journal *Vorwarts* in its issue of April 27, says:

"The municipal police office in Schwarin announces: 'It has repeatedly happened of late, when war prisoners have passed through, that the civil population has shown an extraordinarily tactless behavior. Not only have large crowds of curious persons congregated, but many spectators—mainly the women—have not refrained from showing sympathy with the prisoners by weeping, by gifts, by assistance in carrying luggage, etc. The civil population is reminded that measures have been taken whereby such conduct will be prevented in future under all circumstances.'"

The ministers and overlords who make war do not intend to allow people and prisoners to make peace. Hatred and violence are to be encouraged, but not sympathy or compassion. If prisoners and people were allowed to exchange thoughts and feelings, they might perhaps discover that it is the brotherhood of despots which makes impossible the brotherhood of man. Then the despots would be likely to lose their power, if not their heads.

The most remarkable exhibition of kindness and friendliness to prisoners that has been made in the present war was made, as might naturally have been expected, in Japan. The Japanese were the first to show the world that war may be carried on with deadly efficiency but at the same time with courtesy and chivalry, and now they are setting the world an example of magnanimity in the treatment of captured enemies.

In a letter from Tokyo the furnishing of Christmas trees and presents to the German prisoners from Tsingtao is described as follows:

"Real Christmas trees, such as they have in Germany, were sent to the eleven groups of German prisoners of war by the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association. The plan was first suggested by a Japanese who had spent some years studying in Germany. He knew how much the Germans make of Christmas, and how homesick and disconsolate the

prisoners would probably feel as captives in a strange land. The idea was at once acted upon. As the *momi* (evergreen trees) grow only in cold regions, Dr. Sassan, of Sendai, who took his doctor's degree at the University of Halle, enthusiastically undertook to get any number of trees from the mountains near Sendai. He went out in driving snow and sleet and, assisted by Professor Wurfel, picked out fifty-two of the best-shaped trees that could be found. They and the foresters alike worked hard till long after dark, and on their return had to ford several streams. When the woodcutters learned what the trees were for, they worked without a murmur, although their hands were stiff from cold, and they would take only a pittance for their time. The manager of the forest, too, demurred at taking payment, but finally compromised by taking five sen (2½ cents) a tree. The Railroad Bureau not only transported the trees free, but rushed them through by fast freight, in order that they might reach the most remote stations in time for Christmas. An exceptionally fine tree was picked out for General Waldeck (German commander of Tsingtau) and was sent to him at Fukuoka.

"Besides the trees, the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association sent to the German prisoners 2,500 candles, 50,000 sheets of writing paper bearing a Christmas greeting at the top, and 1,500 envelopes. The whole plan was put through at short notice and without publicity, but all the Japanese who heard about it were delighted."

The Kaiser, who first warned the world against the "Yellow Peril," and the officers who led the German troops in the invasion of Belgium might find material for profitable reflection, perhaps, in a comparison of this simple story with the order of the police office in Schwerin and the recently published report of the Bryce Commission.

Causes and Meaning of German Hate

By A. Shadwell in Nineteenth Century.

GERMAN hatred of England is preeminently collective; it is a national passion cherished by all sections of the German people and apparently by almost every member, and directed against England as a nation. Such a collective hate can hardly arise without some sense of real injury, but it is more liable to depend on imagined injury than individual hate through the contagion of suggestion. When two individuals animated by the same feeling meet and compare notes, the result is not merely a double quantity of that feeling but an increased intensity also. The quality is changed as well as the quantity, just as a duplex flame burns with greater intensity than a single one and gives more than double the illumination. When this process is extended to masses of people sensibility is heightened in an extraordinary degree and imagination becomes intensely active. When, further, these faculties are constantly and purposely stimulated by a universal medium of inter-communication and mental exchange, they attain their maximum potency and swell what may be in the individual a moderate emotion to extreme dimensions. This has been happening in Germany, where the people are peculiarly subject to "mass suggestion"; and for an intelligent comprehension of their state of mind it is necessary to separate the elements at work, so far as that is possible.

The German feeling against England is no new or sudden growth. It has been developing for many years. The Bishop of Birmingham has recently traced it back to the time of the Franco-German War from his own recollections. I agree with him broadly, though my own experiences at the same period were different and wholly negative. He says that when the war broke out public opinion wavered at first about England, but finally settled down to a hostile attitude when they learnt that we were to remain neutral, and that in some towns English boys were liable to demonstrations of hostility. I was in Germany at the time and never encountered any signs of hostility. True, it was the South, where the war, which was regarded as the affair of Prussia, was



You take my place.
—Bernard Partridge, in Punch

extremely unpopular. But later we went on to Switzerland and stayed at Davos, then very little known. The hotel was full of Germans, some from Prussia, and they were perfectly friendly, although our sympathies were with the French, mainly, I think, because they were getting beaten. Nor did I encounter the least sign of ill-will when I made my way back through Germany all the way from the Lake of Constance at Aix.

The feeling was much accentuated in 1875 by the positive opposition of England to Germany's plans for a second and final crushing of France, but nothing that could be called national hostility made its appearance until many years later, and then it was mixed up with German party politics and professional jealousy. I refer to the violent anti-English campaign carried on in 1887-88 in connection with the fatal illness of the Crown Prince of Prussia, who became Kaiser on the death of his father Wilhelm the First in March, 1888. I was living in Germany at the time and witnessed the whole movement. It was partly political and partly scientific. The latter is the more interesting feature because it marked the rise of that spirit among German intellectuals which has made them the most violent and uncompromising haters of England, far surpassing all others in bitterness. The particular object of their animosity was Sir Morell Mackenzie, who had been summoned in consultation first in May 1887 and having won the confidence of the Crown Prince and Princess remained their chief consultant until the end, more than a year later. The struggle went on over the Imperial patient's dead body and even over his grave. A pamphlet was published by authority purporting to be the official account of the dead Kaiser's illness. It was really a violent attack on Sir M. Mackenzie, and indirectly on what he represented, supported by garbling the evidence. This anti-English political pamphlet masquerading as a professional and scientific report and full of misstatements, could not have been published without the authority of the present Kaiser. It was too libellous to be published in England and has never been known here, where the facts were wholly misunderstood by the medical profession.

The episode has considerable historical importance and it marks a definite stage in the development of German antagonism to England. Its popular effect was considerably discounted by the play of party politics which made the Liberals a counterpoise of the Bismarckian *Hetze*, but in intellectual and particularly medical circles the feeling was very strong. I experienced great discourtesy myself without the slightest reason and solely on account of the prevailing hostility to everything English. The teaching of Treitschke had by this time begun to exercise a general influence in fostering German self-consciousness, to which the increasing subdivision of the Empire also contributed; and England was the chief object against which the rising feeling was directed.

The development of the German idea in the political and intellectual fields from this time on was accompanied by another form of national expansion which has contributed more than either to the present temper of the German people. I mean the evolution of trade and industry which has brought them wealth and supported a great increase of population in a rising standard of comfort. Nothing has done so much to promote *Deutschland über Alles*. It has made the Germans an arrogant nation, permeated through and through with the spirit which filled the military officers in 1871. For it is success, material, visible, tangible, and it has come so quickly that they cannot take it soberly. As they despised the vanquished enemy in 1871 so they despise the economic rival whom they regard as vanquished and whose pride of place they feel that they have taken. Military success and economic success have brought the consciousness of unlimited power and a sense of superiority to the rest of the world. They feel called to a destiny of immeasurable greatness.

For my own part I think that they have solid grounds for self-satisfaction. They have really done wonders. But unbridled self-esteem, the extravagant language in which it is expressed, the childlike self-revelation of egotism, the nonsense about Kulture and the utter contempt for nations which have been the pioneers in industrial and commercial enterprise and to whose initiative Germany owes the indispensable elements of her own advance—these things indicate a complete loss of balance.

Then the German Kaiser had made himself the patron of the Boers and the declared opponent of British policy, and this attitude was enthusiastically approved by the public. He had led the Boers to expect help and protection, but when the time came he could give none for lack of power. Germany suffered no material injury thereby; but the blow to self-esteem—the moral injury—was severe.

There is no greater delusion than the idea, which still persists, that the German people ought to be dissociated from the Kaiser and the military element, and that they have been forced or led into war against their will. It is rather the other way so far as the Kaiser is concerned. He was never so popular in his life as when he declared war. In the twinkling of an eye army and people were one and have remained one all through. The enthusiasm was redoubled when it was known that they were to fight England too. At last the moment had come to translate into action the sentiments they had harbored so long with cumulative force. For years all classes in Germany have wished England ill, and wishing ill is one of the marks of hate. I say England, not Englishmen; England was a Power. For years there has not been a class—I believe there has not been a man—who did not long to see the downfall of England. I have seen this feeling come to the surface among the most friendly and peaceful Germans during the most friendly social intercourse inspired by pure hospitality and good-fellowship. All Germany was saturated with it. I do not mean they looked forward to war with England. I am sure they did not. But they yearned for her humiliation and would have welcomed it from any quarter. When events seemed to have put the weapon into their own hands they rushed to wield it with enthusiastic delight. "Now," said the troops entraining for the front, "we shall get our knife in up to the hilt" (Dr. Wieck, army surgeon, in the *Berliner Morgenpost*, August 17).

This is true hate—to wish and to work ill to another—according to the dictum of St. Thomas Aquinas. The questions we must ask ourselves are whether we have earned it and how; with the further questions, whether it can be allayed and how. What cause have the Germans to hate England?

Previously to the war it cannot be said that England had ever *actively* inflicted any material injury on Germany. They had never been enemies, and had sometimes been allies. It is the fashion now in Germany to maintain that when they were allies England always let Germany do the work and secured the fruits for herself, but that is merely a fantastic reading of history invented to suit the present mood. Whatever the relations were, they certainly left no sting. Nor did England cause any material hurt during



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the perfectly successful Bismarckian wars. Since Germany began her colonial policy in 1884 England has rather helped than hindered her in acquiring possessions, and the cession of Helgoland in 1890 was a friendly bargain by which Germany's maritime position was enormously strengthened. In the more recent chain of political events Germany has sustained no loss and the Bagdad railway arrangement is admitted by German writers to have been to her advantage. Commercially Great Britain has never discriminated against her, and all the British Dominions have been as freely open to Germans as to anyone else. The Act requiring goods of foreign origin to be marked with the place of production applies to all countries alike, and so far as Germany is concerned the Germans maintain that it has proved a valuable advertisement for their manufactures.

It is impossible to allege any material injury inflicted by any act of England, nor does the most violent German literature that I have seen even attempt it. Nevertheless Germany's material interests have suffered from us, and that is the main ground of their hate. The British Empire injures Germany passively by existing; it stands in the way of her expansion. Of course, that is not our fault, and the existence of anything is not a legitimate ground for hating it; there is something wrong with the hater. It is Germany's ambition and the state of mind described above that makes the British Empire hateful to her. The other States of the world do not hate us for existing. At the same time we can understand the German feeling and make allowance for it. It must be simply exasperating to find the British Empire lying across their path in all quarters of the world. They are late-comers at the feast and there is very little room for them. It is their misfortune, not the fault of others, but misfortunes are generally allowed to be irritating.

There is enough in all this to explain, if not to justify, German hate before the war. It had somewhat abated again more recently through improved diplomatic relations in connection with the Balkan settlement, and German hostility was rather turned towards Russia. Unfortunately this very fact has had a disastrous effect on public opinion in Germany with reference to the part played by England in the war. It has given rise to the idea of treachery and double-dealing by England which is the most poisonous element in their conception of Anglo-German relations, because it is the most difficult to remove. In order to understand this point and the conversion of the previously existing ill-will to England into the raging fury of hate, of which we have had so many proofs, it is necessary to grasp clearly and fully the German view of the causation of the war. It is so absolutely contrary to our own that some mental effort is needed to realize that it is indeed their view.

Briefly, it is that the British Government deliberately planned and engineered the war in order to destroy Germany from English envy of her commercial success, and that part of the plan was to lull the German Government into believing in a friendly attitude on the part of England. Thus the war was a stab in the back by a pretended friend. I do not know who first put forward this view, but it has been accepted everywhere without reserve. It is repeated in innumerable pamphlets and with unmistakable sincerity, the writers are in dead earnest about it. Recently a voice has been raised here and there questioning this interpretation of events, but these critics themselves testify to the universal prevalence of the view criticized; they combat it for that reason. Their own reading of events, which I cannot explain here, is different, but it does not exonerate England. The arch malefactor in the eyes of every German is Sir Edward Grey, who is the modern Machiavelli or Mephistopheles; but he is only carrying out the work of King Edward, who played Borgia to his Machiavelli.

They firmly believe with an absolute conviction that they are the victims of a deliberate conspiracy to destroy them, treacherously engineered by England out of commercial envy, while professing friendship and good-will. This—and this alone—accounts for their demeanor. It accounts for the intensity of their hate, for the discrimination between England and their other enemies, for the change of tone in men who before the war recognized England as a great kultur state and many Englishmen as worthy of honor and respect, but who now refuse to see any merit in such a country or in any single member of it. More than that, it accounts for their unanimity, the acceptance of disappointments and hopes falsified, the endurance of increasing burdens and sacrifices, the unshakeable resolution to hold on in spite of all. They believe that they are fighting for their existence against a conspiracy to destroy them, and in that belief they will fight to the last gasp.

This is not a matter for cheap ridicule, it is of the most tragic gravity. For it means, among many other things, that the struggle is going to cost far more effort and sacrifice than is yet realized, that the end is still far off, and that when it comes it will not be an end. Such feelings as this war has raised and will leave behind will endure from generation to generation. The effects of German hate in the murder of civilians and the maltreatment of prisoners are raising a counter-hate which has hitherto been absent. I see no end to it. Let no one suppose that the German people can be annihilated or reduced to permanent impotence. That notion is born of anger and ignorance. They will remain some seventy millions of people. After the lapse of another generation they will be near ninety millions; and they will retain all their gifts and faculties, their industry, adaptability, capacity for organization and the methodical pursuit of an object, their educational system, and all the other social institutions which they have fashioned to build up strength and wealth. They will be more attached to their country and more united in spirit through adversity than they were before. And they will cherish hate in their hearts deep and implacable.

Clausewitz and the War

By Arthur Bullard in the Outlook

EVERY one who has made any study of military matters has at least heard of the writings of Karl von Clausewitz.

He was born in 1780. At the age of twelve he entered the Prussian army as *Fahnenjunker*, and served through the Rhine campaigns of 1793-4. At twenty-six he was aide-de-camp to Prince August of Prussia, and was present at Jena. In the wholesale surrender which followed he was captured and sent to France. In 1807 he was back in service as the staff of Scharnhorst, and was active in the reorganization of the Prussian army—the first experiment in universal conscription. In 1812 he entered the Russian army as a staff officer and saw the Moscow campaign. The next year he was back in Prussia and served on Bluchar's staff at Lützen and Bautzen. In the winter of 1813 he was chief of staff on the lower Elbe and defeated Davoust at Goarde. In the final campaign of 1815 he commanded the Prussian left wing at Ligny and the rear-guard at Wavre. After the peace he served in a dozen military posts. He was at one time chief of staff to Field Marshal Gneisenau, and at another Director of the Military School at Berlin. He died of cholera in 1831.

All through the eighteenth century fighting had been carried on by small armies of mercenaries. A diplomat who knew that his king could afford to hire ten thousand soldiers could thump the green table and raise his voice. A "technique" had grown up for this kind of warfare and had been elaborately formalized in a number of military treatises.

When the kings of Europe wanted to punish the French Revolution, they confided the task to these "orthodox" armies. Danton's voice and genius inspired and organized the *levée en masse*. The French people rose to his call and went forth to defend their frontiers, and the armies of the kings were powerless.

It was the genius of Napoleon that made him first to recognize the possibilities of this new phenomenon—a nation in arms. He led the manhood of France up and down through Europe, and was never defeated by the old-fashioned armies. He was not checked until Scharnhorst saw the necessity of fighting the devil with his own fire and began to arm the people of Prussia. Napoleon tried to push his victories too far—past the "point of climax," to use Clausewitz's phrase—and, having taught the kings of Europe the secret of his success, was defeated by them.

Clausewitz, having lived and fought through all this period, sat down after the peace to think it all out and to classify and arrange his conclusions for the benefit of Prussian cadets. The rules of the game which had governed the moves of

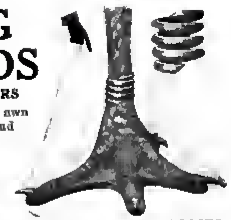
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the rather listless professional armies would not serve in the passionate wars of armed nations. He had to mold a new theory of war for the new conditions.

He describes a campaign as a chain of battles strung one after the other like the beads of a necklace. "One battle leads to the next. . . . If the action of war ceases, i.e., if both sides momentarily do not will any advance, there is rest—equilibrium. But as soon as either party wills a new positive move and begins to prepare for it tension is re-established." This alteration of equilibrium and tension continues until one side has accomplished its purpose. The rest between battles is an interruption—a regrettable necessity—in the normal progress of war. Clausewitz is forever praising Napoleon for the speed with which he followed up his victories and so prevented the enemy from reforming. And this idea of a single campaign is, in a small way, Clausewitz's theory of history. "There are times when both nations not only feel too weak to strike, but actually are too fatigued for war." These are times of peace—when the nations are too out of breath from their last tussle for farther fighting. "The state" during such periods must seek to accomplish its purposes by diplomacy.

If the modern Germans had studied their own times as ardently as Clausewitz studied his, they would have recognized—as Napoleon forced him to recognize—that the times have changed, that new formulas are needed. Instead they have read his description of a day which is long past.

When Clausewitz wrote of statecraft he was beyond his depth, but when he wrote of war he knew what he was talking about. His descendants have accepted his theory of politics and have neglected his military advice.

In his military theory he, first of all, makes a sharp distinction between "absolute war," which has for its object the complete subjugation of the enemy to the will of the victor, and "limited war," with some definite and relatively small gain in view. When Louis XIV. snatched the upper Rhine provinces from the Germans, it was limited war. Having attained his purpose, he was quite ready to make peace, had no desire to push the humiliation further. Our war with Spain was also limited. We set out to drive the Spaniards from Cuba, and when that was accomplished we were through. Clausewitz's last campaign against Napoleon was "absolute war." After Waterloo the armies of the coalition marched to Paris and dictated terms in the French capital. If necessary, they would have marched on to Bordeaux. they had not finished until the French were unable to resist any longer. The Prussian War with Austria in 1868 was "limited," the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was "absolute."

Clausewitz, in reviewing all the wars he had seen or read about, attributes most historic disasters to failure in keeping this distinction in mind. His criticism is scathing of the purblind kings who, having a limited object in view or limited means at their disposal, have allowed themselves to be drawn into "absolute war." The examples he cites are forgotten history to most of us, but if he had lived to-day he would have commended the Japanese. In their two wars they had the foresight to see that their means and their aims were limited. It would have been idiocy for them to have attempted the subjugation of China or Russia. They have just successfully completed a limited campaign against Germany. They have done what they set out to do. If they now expand their original intention and send troops to Europe, it will mean that they have decided to join the Allies in an absolute war.

It is evident that the strength of Germany and Austria in 1914 was equal to certain limited tasks. Austria was strong enough to crush Servia. Germany was strong enough to subjugate Belgium, and perhaps France. But it is extremely improbable that they will prove able to wage absolute war with their present enemies. If they are defeated—as all the signs of the day indicate—Clausewitz would have blamed, not their military leaders, but their statesmen. The German "states" committed one of two errors. They either expected of their armies work much beyond their strength, or they were blind to the fact that their aggression against Servia and Belgium would generate a war as absolute as that which Europe waged against Napoleon.

Clausewitz introduced two new formulas into the phraseology of war—"friction" and "the climax of victory." By the first he meant all these inestimable obstacles which make closet plans of campaign hard to realize on the field. "Activity in war is movement in a resisting medium." "Among those elements which meet in the atmosphere of war, causing friction to every activity, are physical danger, bodily fatigue, bad weather, and false information." In another place he says that almost all reports which a general receives on the eve of battle and during its progress are misleading. "It is such friction which makes that which looks so easy so very difficult in reality." The pre-Napoleonic writers on strategy gave great space to elaborate war plans. The battle-front, the main and subsidiary lines of communication, all were supposed to bear a definite geometric relation to the "base." Such plans looked very beautiful when drawn on the uncertain maps of the day. But Napoleon triumphed by common sense and simplicity. He kept his forces concentrated, moved them rapidly, and fought the enemy at every chance. It was one of his dictums that, if you defeat the enemy every time you encounter him, no amount of intricate strategy will help him. Again and again Clausewitz had seen theoretically perfect plans smashed to pieces by a combination of muddy roads and French dashing recklessness. An experienced officer, he says, differs from the young cadet because he knows something about such friction.

Clausewitz would have shaken his head over the plans of the German General Staff in the summer of 1914. "Very pretty," he would have said. "Perhaps you can rush von Kluck up to the walls of Paris on schedule time. But suppose that

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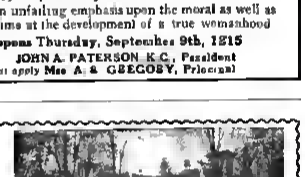
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friction develops at Liege. Suppose the Crown Prince or the Duke of Wurtemberg fails to overcome the friction farther east. Von Kluck will be left high and dry. I like the old von Moltke's plan better—it was simpler—hack through by the shortest route."

He would have been even less pleased with the plan for the Russian campaign—at least the later phases of it. One of the characteristics of Napoleon's wars which Clausewitz sudies and formulates was his lack of interest in localities, even if they were labeled "strategic points." Clausewitz argues that the one sound goal for an army is the destruction of the other army. There is very little gain in capturing a place. He would have opposed the offensive campaign against Warsaw. A victory which does not destroy the opposing army only leads to a new effort, a new advance, and increased distance from the base of supplies, more friction, and a new battle in less favorable conditions. Napoleon had little trouble in defeating the Russians until he pursued them into Russia. Von Hindenburg's first campaign in East Prussia when he defeated the Russians at Tannenberg—ground of his own choosing—was entirely according to Clausewitz. But the Polish campaigns are absolutely opposed to his theories.

Clausewitz, in his idea that there is a limit to victory, that there is a climactic point beyond which progress cannot be made—a point where the offensive changes to the defensive—made a generalization which illumines the history of all wars, and especially of this conflict. It was on this idea, which is only an extension of his theory of friction, that he was especially insistent that the policy of "the state" should be dictated on a realistic knowledge of war. That an army gets the habit of victory is a fallacy which he treats with scorn. Every victory has its cost. Immense friction must be overcome, and the advancing army is weakened thereby. Enough victories would reduce any army to impotence. "Almost always there comes the climax of victory; . . . to push beyond this point is worse than wasted effort, it is destruction." And Clausewitz looks almost in vain through the history of war for a "state" which recognized this culminating point and stopped. One great general after another, from Cæsar to Napoleon, tried to outdrive his luck and went to utter destruction.

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The Will to Power

By Eden Phillpotts in the Westminster Gazette.

IT has not often happend in the world's history that any generation can speak with such assured confidence of future events as at present. When the living tongue is concerned with destiny it seldom does more than indicate the trend of things to come, examine tendencies and movements and predict, without any sure fore-knowledge or conviction, what generations unborn may expect to find and the conditions they will create. Destiny for us, who speak of it, is an unknown sea whose waves, indeed, drive steadily onward before strong winds, but whose shore is still far distant. We know that we men of the hour can never see these billows break upon the sands of future time.

But to-day we may look forward to stupendous events; to-day there are mighty epiphanies quickening earth, not to be assigned to periods of future time, but at hand, so near that our living selves shall see their birth, and participate in their consequences. Nor can we stand as spectators of this world-wide hope; we must not only hear the evangel whose first mighty murmur is drifting to our ears from the future, we must take it up with heart and voice and help to sound and resound it. There is tremendous work lying ahead, not only for our children, but for us. Weighty deeds will presently have to be performed by all adult manhood and womanhood—deeds, perhaps, greater than any living man has been called to do—deeds that exalt the doer and make sacred for all history the hour in which they shall be done.

On Time's high canopy the years are as stars great and small, some of lesser magnitude, some for ever bright with the splendor of supreme human achievements; and now there beshse out a year concerning which, indeed, no man can say as yet how great it will be; but all men know that it must be great. It is destined to drown all lesser years, even as sunrise dims the morning stars with day; it is a year bright with promise and bodeful with ill tidings also; for in the world at this moment there exists stupendous differences that this year will go far to set at rest. This year must solve profound problems, determine the trend of human affairs for centuries, and influence the whole future history of civilization. This year may actually see the issue; at least, it will serve to light the near future when that issue will be accomplished.

There has risen, then, a year that is great with no less a thing than the future welfare of the whole earth. It must embrace the victory of one ideal over another, and include a decision which shall determine whether the sublime human home of freedom and security for all mankind is to guide human progress henceforth, or the spirit of domination and slavery to win a new lease of life. On the one hand this year of the first magnitude will shine with the glary of such a victory for democratic ideas as we have not seen, or expected to see, in our generation, on the other, its hale-fire will blaze upon the

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over throw of all great ideals, the destruction of a weak nation by a powerful one, and the triumph of that policy of "blood and iron" from which every enlightened man of this age shrinks with horror. The situation cannot be stated in simpler terms; no words can make it less than tremendous; and it is demanded from us to make it personal—as personal to ourselves as it is to the King of England, the Emperor of Germany, or the Czar of All the Russias.

They live who, when this far-flung agony of war is ended, when the last hero has fallen and lies in his grave, when the final cannon has sounded its knell, must be called upon to make the great peace. They live who will weave a shroud of death for the exhausted world, or plant the tree of life upon her bosom; and since we, inspired by the splendor of our cause, are assured that the day-spring will be ours, we already feel and know that we shall see that tree of life planted. But do we also feel and know that we must help to plant it, that the labor and toil of each of us is vital, that none is so weak that that there is a part of that planting for which he was born, a part consecrated to his individual effort, a part that will go undone if he does not do it?

Look to yourself, man, woman, child, that with heart and soul and strength you perform your part in the great world work lying ahead, remember that not princes and rulers, not regiments of your kinsmen, not the armed might of nations can do your appointed task for you. Foil of it, and by so much will the life tree lack in her planting; succeed, and by so much will she be the more splendid and secure. Her name is Freedom and her fruits are for the weak and humble as well as the strong and great, for the feolish as well as the wise, for all subjects as well as for all States. Put out your power, then, for that most sacred tree; deny yourself no pony that she may flourish.

Much we hear of the Will to Power, and because that great impulse has lifted our enemies on the full flood tide of their might and manhood in one overwhelming torrent, Germany has been condemned. But not for her united effort and wholehearted sacrifice should we condemn her—not for her patriotism and response to the call. Her reply is wholly magnificent, and it only stands condemned for the evil ends and ignoble ambitions towards which it is directed. The spectacle of a great nation at one, inspired by a single impulse in the name of the Fatherland can only be called sublime. The tragedy lies in the fact that this stupendous effort is not worthy of the cause; that for false hopes, false ambitions, and mistaken sense of right and justice Germany has wasted her life and given her soul.

Who blames the Will to Power? Power is the mightiest weapon fate can forge for a nation—a treasure beyond the strength of commerce, or armies, or navies, or intellect of man to produce. But it is necessary that we define power in terms of spiritual value, and then, surely, it appears that Power and Force can never be the same. A Frederick I, or a Napoleon, may pretend to confound power with force, and believe that their might must be right. They possessed a giant's strength and used it like giants. But true Power is ever the attribute of Right, and they who strive for it must cleanse their souls, see that their ambition is worthy of such a possession, and, before all else, strive to realize the awful responsibility that goes with Power.

Fishing in Temagami

Continued from Page 40.

force give up any slight pretensions I may have had to honesty, if such claim has to rest on a liking for the flesh of the pike. In Temagami he is generally either kicked back into the water, thrown high upon the shore, as too disgusting to live, or given to the Indians who consume him if there is nothing more tempting in sight.

However, as a matter of sport a young pike about eighteen inches in length will give a fisherman as much excitement on a silk line and a 10-oz. rod as the black bass, or the most genteel brook trout that ever took a fly. His mad rushes from the water will rival the antics of the "tony" salmon, while his strength and endurance seem almost unlimited. Pike are caught in Temagami up to three feet in length and to a weight of twenty pounds. You can imagine the surprise of an innocent tourist when, "skittering" with a piece of frog leg or a small minnow for black bass, one of these ferocious monsters seizes the bait, runs his line out a dizzy whirl of 100 feet or more, and then dives to the bottom sulking and skulking among the boulders to gather strength for a new dash under the canoe. It takes a cool head, a clear brain, a steady hand and a sinewy arm to bring him, after what may be an hour's fight, cowed and sullen within reach of the guide's gaff. There he finds himself shivering in the throes of his last agony on the floor of your canoe.

These are some of the food and game fish waiting for you in the cool depths of fairy Temagami. Come, if you will to test the truth of the "fish-stories" revealed by the photographs illustrating this article. Come away from the whirl and worry and hustle and hum of the crowded marts of commerce. Come where the untainted breezes blow, where the clear sun shines from the skies of bluest blue, when the jangling nerves grow quiet and weary brain has rest.

"Crystal Timagami, Wasaccinagami,
Low waves that beat on the shadowy shore
North of the Nipissing, up the Timiskaming,
We will come back and sing you encore
Back to the wilds again; show me the way,
Make me a child again just for to-day."

The Library of Parliament

Continued from Page 36.

self. This photograph yellow with age and scorched by the penetrating rays of the sun, was taken at Government House a little previous to the opening of the Library, and upon that occasion guests were required to attend in fancy dress. Most of them going to considerable expense in the matter of costumes, they felt it a pity to miss an opportunity of airing them further; consequently most of those who had been invited to Government House appeared at the Library ball in the costumes previously worn.

Said an official of the Library to the writer recently: "There are no difficulties in the way of the serious-minded student in the matter of obtaining books, to-day. The Dominion of Canada boasts of approximately 135 libraries, including the Parliamentary, Legislative, University, and Law Libraries; Mechanics, Carnegie and those maintained by shops for the convenience of the reading public. The greatest of these in the Dominion is the Parliamentary Library."

WHAT LIBRARY INCLUDES.

Turning to a report written in 1830 we find that "the collection is singularly deficient in works relating to science and the mechanical arts, agriculture, roads, bridges, canals, banking, statistics, etc., and it is worthy of remark, that there is not in the Library a single volume relating to the political or historical state of the Canadas or the British North American provinces with the exception of the journals and statutes of the Provincial Legislature and one imperfect copy of the history of the United States by an obscure author."

After reading this, one is constrained to ask, just what did the Library include?

To-day it would be much easier to answer the question, what does it exclude?

The system of carding and indexing is at the same time simple and intricate; official publications from Great Britain and the United States, publications of scientific societies, and the like, are not only classified and indexed, but many of them are classified and indexed in detail, which means by chapters; these being carded for reference also.

This system of carding may fairly be stated in the language of one of the officials of the Library as being "up to the day before yesterday." In the Chief Librarian's desk one might notice a little package of such cards, the last one referring to—let us say, the most recent attack in the Dardanelles!

One card index is wholly devoted to legal, economic and social topics; historical in character; another is devoted to pamphlets and the contents of magazines and references in newspapers to current questions of the day, another treats of the especially scientific magazines; another to American history, and so on. These card indexes are not superseded by the annual Indexes such as Poole's, the Reader's Guide, etc., because these latter are of necessity one year behind.

Now the general catalogue is in huge folio volumes in which all the new books are entered under their classified heads, the index to this huge catalogue is divided into several other volumes, giving the names of authors and all their seperate works. An exaggerated idea is prevalent as to the amount of fiction contained in the Library. When asking what is excluded from the well-filled shelves, perhaps the only correct answer would be fiction. Not one purchase out of twenty is a novel, and the only "current fiction" in the Library occupies a very small section of a corner of the study of the Librarian-in-Chief.

About one-third of the books are written in the French language.

The visitor on entering the Library sees only the inner ring of the building; the rooms wherein are stored volumes of English, American, French and colonial blue books, official state reports, early Canadian history and what not, being practically hidden. They have to be especially examined under the guidance of some official of the Library, and they remind one of the catacombs except that they are both light and clean. Probably 10,000 volumes are stored away in these recesses, but they are easily accessible. Beside, there are six or eight huge vaults under the Library in which newspapers and back numbers of official periodicals or annual publications—such as directories, peerages, trade organisations, and reports of the Chamber of Commerce—are kept for reference. Amongst other volumes it was most interesting to find enormous red-bound books of the London *Times* ranged on large shelves, these issues dating as far back as 1850! Also to note the enormous tomes between whose covers were found copies of almost every newspaper printed in the Dominion! Or, to pass through a veritable sea of naval literature, the pages of which were so feverishly thumbed two years ago! Again—solid yellow volumes presenting every phase of American statesmanship; and an appalling number of books which are to our brothers across the boundary what Hansard is to us. Hearing a groan from the courteous official, as this section was being passed, one had to make an enquiry as to the reason.

"They talk such a lot in Congress," he said, "and every word is measured by us as filling up so much space!"

Exterior to the Library and over the room referred to as the reading-room, there is a large and valuable collection of old, bound magazines, reports of the Historical Commission, and books on special subjects. There is also stored here, a collection of Bibles, polyglot in character, and possibly the largest in the continent.

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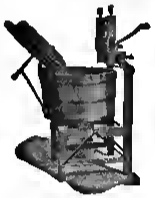
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most of them having been purchased. (This last fact, merely to disabuse the minds of those who may have thought that many collections have been presented to the Library.)

Amongst the most prized volumes upon the shelves is a set of the *Anti-Jacobin*, a publication of the eighteenth century. These three volumes were obtained quite by accident from a well-known second-hand dealer, of Toronto. The Librarian noting the name of *James MacIntosh* in the first volume was led to examine into the history of the work, and on looking up the history of Sir James MacIntosh, he found that this celebrated personage lived at the address in Albermarle street in London, which was indicated on the fly-leaf of the book. Thus it became obvious that the *Anti-Jacobin* had come from the library of this most famous man, the friend of Macaulay and other distinguished literary, and political men of his time. On further examination a memorandum was found which gave the names of most of the authors of the articles incorporated in the volumes—these articles having since entered into English literature. For example there is the *Needy Knife-Grinder* and other equally famous pieces. Another interesting point was that the names of the authors were taken down from the lips of Dundas—Lord Melville—at his home in Scotland. An account of this find was sent to the London *Athenæum* and warmly welcomed and published by that periodical. It is also worthy of note that the late Hon. Edward Blake took a great interest in this particular discovery and congratulated the librarians in having made it. Mr. Blake is remembered as being one of the most appreciative of men in all things pertaining to literature and the Library.

Perhaps the most valuable—let us say *the* most valuable—collection are those books which relate to early Canada including the history of the settlement and progress of the Mississippi valley. A priceless work (which has since been reprinted in an inexpensive edition) is an account of the Mississippi Settlement by Captain Pitman, published about 1726. It was for long, one of the rarest of volumes. It was obtained in a rather amusing manner; hearing there *was* such a book, wanting it, searching about for it, the librarians were unsuccessful in locating a copy for many months. Then one of the officials went to London and, bearing in mind this particular, much-desired book, he went to the British Museum and asked the late Dr. Garnet if there was a copy in his collection. The British Museum also lacked this treasure. Leaving the Museum, the librarian of the Parliamentary Library hailed a passing hansom and repaired as quickly as possible to the famous Quaritch's. With the late Mr. Quaritch, he registered an order for the book—there being no copy in the establishment—and had just completed his business when another hansom dashed up to the curb, and Dr. Garnet appeared also to register an order for Pitman's History.

The Parliamentary Library got it first!

The late Hon. David Mills was particularly keen about this book and used it on more than one occasion. It was originally printed for the Colonial Office in London, and the copy Canada possesses is the only original one, known. As has been said reprints are now made for quite a small sum, and it is a curious fact that there does not seem to be any copy of the work in the library of the Colonial Office at present.

It is not only amusing but a little breath-taking to hear the conversation between some clerk and the Chief Librarian. A member comes to ask for information regarding the Buddhist Temple at Kandy. "Ah," the Librarian-in-Chief will probably reply, "exactly! Blank," to one of the clerks, "you will find all that in a little volume, in—er—section S, fourth shelf, left-hand side, about two rows from the bottom. A little blue cloth volume with white zig-zag lettering on the back!"

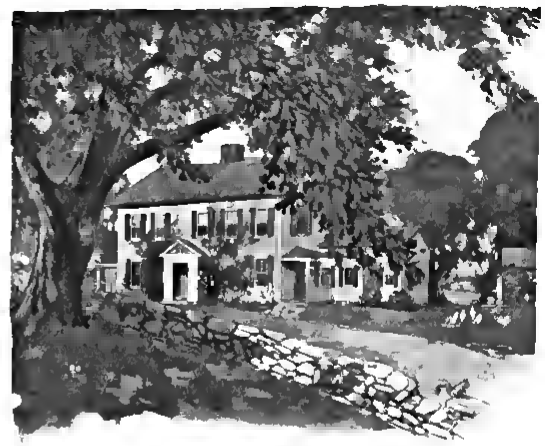
The member's mouth will drop, his eyes will grow wide, and as the two other men turn away, he will mutter to himself:

"Jove! Next time I lose a needle in a haystack, I'll send him to look for it. He can probably describe the straw it's sticking in.

On the whole, one of the richest portions of the Library consists of what is called The Americana—that is, books relating to the history of the American continent, our library is supposed to contain the best collection in this line of any American library with the exception of Harvard. To these books many American students and scholars constantly refer. Never a summer passes without finding at least one student engaged in pursuing his studies in the Parliamentary Library and many books have been written there.

One of the most interesting points in the ordinary routine is the supplying to American families living along the border, information regarding their forefathers. The practice of librarians is to locate the family name in the lists of the *Mayflower*, this having been found, reference is easily made to volumes of various genealogical societies published in the United States, and the further adventures of the family are found there, as a rule right down to 1784 when the Loyalists emigrated from America and poured into Canada. The Canadian history of the family is to be found in Canadian historical works, naturally, and some farther information is gathered from personal reminiscence. Finally, reference is made to the English book of Heraldry where the origin of the family may be found, and the arms traced. A copy of the arms can be made with a bit of tracing paper for the benefit of the applicants, and the whole matter concluded by forwarding this treasure to them.

Another function of the Library is to supply material for members' speeches, for public lecturers, writers for the press, and occasional assistance is rendered professors of universities who may be making especial studies in difficult subjects. This practice is followed with great circumspection, however, as the Parliamentary authorities would not encourage a general circulation throughout the country of books provided for Parliamentary purposes. The loss under too free a system would likely be large. So the general rule is that the use of the Library is restricted to members of Parliament, subject to an order from the Speaker of the House.



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MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO
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The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

Continued from Page 33

"Good!" echoed the others. "That's the stuff. We can break his ugly neck Write the manufacturers at once. Eh?"

It was my turn to speak.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I was in unofficial communication with several of the manufacturers recently. I placed before them a case like the present one—hypothetically, and asked for action. All but one—the Excelsiorite Hosiery Company—tried to edge out of the agreement."

"But they can't get out. They've signed their names"

"The law cannot force them to carry out such a contract even if we cared to make it public in the courts."

"You mean—"

"Our agreement would not meet with popular approval"

"But it was a fair enough agreement," objected one man.

"Look here!" interrupted the chairman, "Aiken has been the price-cutter in this town for long enough I vote we put him out of business Let's undersell him, and undersell him badly—so badly that he'll have to holler for help"

"But to do that we'll have to sell below cost,' objected a timid member "He's already cut his prices on hosiery to a bare half per cent. And if it comes to selling below cost—I may as well tell you gentlemen I can't afford it."

"We'll make it so that we can all afford it," answered the chairman "We'll make a pool on the five big lines that Aiken is underselling on and we'll undersell him out of the trade."

"Pool all losses?"

"Exactly."

That plan gave the meeting new heart. From the experience of the various members and their various independent investigations we estimated the lines of attack that would be most telling on Aiken's trade To this we added boots, a line Aiken specialized on We arranged to buy large orders and split them between us, and sell them at cost. Aiken, seeing his pet boot trade vanishing, would come to time

And he did. It had cost the association only one hundred dollars per member in losses, when Herman Aiken crawled for mercy He was a small sallow man with a thin face and curiously eager, burning eyes His first appeal was made at my office and he whined like a dog on a cold doorstep

"O, Mr. Lazenby?" he said, "I have just found that some of my best travelers have been breaking the rules of the association They have been allowing a discount off the prices of which I was not aware I have ordered the practice stopped and I hope—"

"You didn't see fit to come to the meeting of the association?"

"No. No I was very busy But I shall come to the next meeting—and explain."

"And apologize."

"Apologize?" he cried

"Yes," I said, "and pay your fees. It has been decided that every member has to be bonded to the extent of one thousand dollars. That is the amount he forfeits if he breaks the rules."

"But I won't pay it," whined the traitor.

"Very well," I said, "it is your own business not ours."

For another month Aiken fought the price-cutting game, then he capitulated, apologized and deposited his marked cheque for one thousand dollars. The other members deposited one thousand dollars each, less one hundred and seven dollars expenses in teaching the first lesson of the association.

An association had been formed in other cities We affiliated Through this added strength we were able to deal more effectively with the manufacturers and force them to support our prices or lose our pooled orders. Then in the following year came the period of temptation. It was no other than Aiken himself who proposed the scheme We would form two joint stock companies—two so as to leave an appearance of competition between us—and we would include between the two, all the chief wholesalers. We would have two travelers in a given territory in place of twelve We would have two central distributing systems instead of twelve. We would reduce our office expenses and our delivery expenses and cut our overhead charges to a minimum We would buy in larger quantities and, in the case of certain lines of goods we would buy out the factories supplying those goods. If it had been the suggestion of anyone else than Aiken it would have been taken up even more readily than it was taken up Three years later, after long and careful planning, we formed the Golden Star Corporation and the John Goss Company, one of Toronto, the other of Montreal The former wholesalers who had been members of the association became now directors, and managers of the various chief departments Between us we had the trade of three provinces in our hands In the West we had a good hold. There was no effective competition, and because we could buy cheaply, we could sell at low prices Prosperity came to the members as they had never known it before. Presently, as though a little prosperity whetted the appetite, there was a new tone in the conferences

"Let's raise prices," whispered Aiken one day "We've got the market in our mit. Let's put 'em up."

It seemed as though the members round the table did not like to face one another too directly. John Goss was planning to build a new home in Westmount. I andersood his temptation. I had a child, a cripple, and a wife that mourned over the child every day of every week

"All right," said Goss hoarsely

"All right," I agreed.

(To Be Continued.)

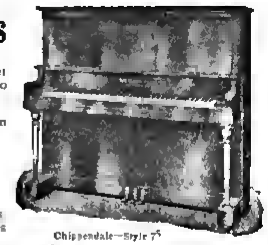
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
143 University Avenue
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The Romance of an Old Blue Coat

Continued from Page 49.

PART III

WITH the appearance of winter in the great Canadian North-West, sure as a homing bird the heart of Alleen's grandmother turned to the sunny southland. The usual letter of pleading for the yearly migration came from her only sister, widowed like herself. Alleen's mind had been made up for some time before she found the psychological moment but when it came and she had her Uncle Jack to herself for the quiet hour of grandma's afternoon nap, with all the cajolery and persuasiveness at her command she made her earnest, pleading appeal that they two should spend the winter in England with Uncle Jack's dearest friend, a first cousin who had been more than a brother. On the death of his father a few years ago, Major LeRoy had succeeded to the estates and had made the old Manor House his permanent residence. Many times a hearty invitation had gone across the ocean but as far had brought no result.

"When a woman will, she will," and the "end on't" was that early fall found them guests of Major and Mrs LeRoy, whose two sons had gone to the front and who were only too glad to have the comfort of Allen's young life in the all-too-quiet home. The major's years prevented his entering the service, but nothing could keep him away from the boys on the plain, where, indeed, his experience was often very useful.

Alleen had planned better than she knew. The old manor house—home of her own forefathers—was situated on the sloping side of a hill some distance from, but overlooking, Salisbury Plains.

Like specks in the distance the soldiers looked; and dotted over the Plains was a city of tents. With good field glasses she could bring the army to their very garden wall. This charming, lovely dream island; how she loved it. It was in her blood, as was a long line of soldier ancestors. The little village nestled at the foot of the hill and its more pretentious homes straggled up the sides, dotting the landscape in the distance with tall chimneys or more pretentious towers.

Alleen never tired listening to the stories of these simple folk seemingly so satisfied with their peaceful country life. Here was absent the eager scramble for place or the money-grabbing rush. It embodied all the story books she had read and she determined to know every individual soul in the village before long, but new—another interest claimed her.

One morning she surprised them all by enquiring, apropos of nothing, if they knew anyone in England by the name of Norval.

"Why yes!" replied the major. "There is Lord Norval and plenty of relatives."

"Tell me about him, will you?"

"Certainly, if you will tell me why!" rather teasingly.

"Oh, I have read a little about him. Interesting family, isn't it?"

"Why, rather! Yes. Lord Norval seems a sort of inconsequential rambler but he is by way of being very popular with people in high places. Their estates are not so far from here—near the border of Wales—Ridhalge Castle."

"Tell me about his family—please."

"Alleen, you must be going to write a history of the families of England," laughed Mrs. LeRoy. "You are coming on. This is the first time you have shown any interest in any but our village folk."

"Lord Norval is certainly quite a jump," said the major. "I wouldn't be surprised if he could make quite an interesting chapter. He has no family. His wife died shortly after they were married and he never married again. It is said he might have done so had he not found so satisfactory a companion in his young nephew, a most promising young man who travels all over the world with his uncle instead of attending to his studies as he should. Deuced remiss of his uncle, I say. Our boys know the young chap well and swear by him too, I must confess. They say that instead of Greek and Latin he has learned to qualify in almost every trade and profession; and I say he will break his neck with their last fad, the airships. Our Dick was at the castle a few days and he says that they have every imaginable contrivance, even small railways, wireless and plain telegraphy and a perfect factory of workshops. I suppose it is just as well for such a rich man as Lord Norval to have his fads. A man must do something, you know."

And so—her coat had found its level. Good old coat!

Alleen had no doubt that this was her "Norval." Her mind was brought back from dreamland by the major's next remark. "I say, Alleen! If you ride down to the plains with me this morning you may inspect his lordship at first hand, and I'll introduce you. I saw him there yesterday."

A few hours later Lord Norval accepted the invitation to spend the two days before his return to France at the Manor House and he and Alleen became friends at once. Her quaint combination of up-to-date, aggressive young womanhood and demure dignity, the result of her dainty grandmother's many years of association and training, amused and delighted him. Charming to the eye, original in thought and startling at times in her quick insight, she rested him after the horrors and strain of the past days.

In the early morning after his arrival, fortunately beautiful, warm, and cloudless Alleen lured him for a walk to her favorite nook on the hillside overlooking the Plain, and skilfully she brought him to talk of his nephew by asking if he had any near relatives on the fighting line. Yorke was always a pleasant theme with his lordship, and soon he was telling her how he had wired Dunkirk just in time to prevent his nephew being sent on picket duty—caught him just as he was about to board the train—and had assigned him and his companion to important technical work here in England.

The conversation drifted naturally, as all conversation now does, to the war.

Sitting on the bank, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands and her eyes dreamily, wistfully watching the brown spots in the distance, Alleen voiced her heart-cry that she might help!

"If I were a man, I'd like to be in the Secret Service," she said.

Lord Norval bent a keen, questioning look on Alleen, but she still held her dreamy, innocently wistful gaze on the soldiers below.

"Well, who knows," he returned. "In a time like this everything is subject to suspicion."

"Yes, but not here," she said with a comprehensive sweep of the hand about the hills. "I love its peace and beauty, but at times it makes me impatient, in sight of—that."

"My dear little lady! I have learned that the more peaceful and innocent a place looks the more it is to be suspected." Then, as if to himself, "Why not?" A pause, then more energetically. "Why not? Miss Alleen keep your eyes open here, analyze every sound, every soul. Who knows? Stranger things have happened. There is a leak somewhere. News gets out about the manoeuvres down there. Yorke is working at it now. In spite of the fine-combing we have given England there are numbers of German stations here. Now let me see you make good, but—remember, this is our secret."

"Do you mean that there might be work right here?"

"I do! I am going to give you first chance at it."

"I believe you can trust me, but how shall I reach you if I do find anything?" said Alleen, her eyes sparkling with pleasure and mischief. Neither one thought too seriously of a result but both enjoyed the new *camaraderie* and friendship.

Lord Norval wrote something on a card, a coda name, and handed it to her. "Wire to that address if you require help. It will be forwarded. And your code name will be—Roy. Excellent! Sign yourself Roy!"

"Thank you! I believe we both know that it would never do to confide in the dear old major."

"Heavens, no! He would be for assault and battery at once. These matters require delicate handling. It is easy at times to overturn the plans of a nation."

For years Alleen had been playing make-believe but never in such an exciting setting. Now, she would creep stealthily out on the hillside, changing her point of vantage each time, and for the rest, it was imagination. Two days after Lord Norval's departure she pushed forward to a difficult and perfectly new outlook which also brought the entire plain into view. Lying there dreamily musing, her eye taking in the different objects from this point of vantage, she found herself gazing down into a very jungle of a garden.

"I wonder—why—it is the Grey Sisters'



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"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

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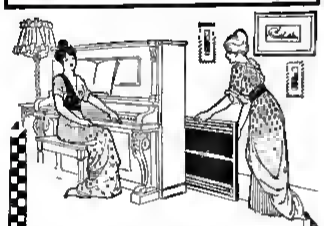
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cottage as I live! It looks quite pretentious from this side. Those gables are two storeys high. How I should love to pay them a visit! It is all so cloistery, so mysterious down there. So mysterious—mysterious. Let me see; Cousin Annie told me they had lived here for years and years; at least one has. The mother died, and then the sister came. They always dress in grey like nuns. Two of a kind," she murmured, as she adjusted her glasses to the shorter distance. "Hello! There is one of them, and—without her nun's hood. She looks exactly like a priest. She certainly is not as spry as that on the street—Good gracious! It is a *man!* Oh, you naughty sisters! Now what does that mean?"

As he disappeared into the house and the door closed definitely, Aileen withdrew, carefully now, and made her way swiftly back to the Manor House. Her eyes were bright, her steps eager. This was the best fun she had ever known. This was *like* being in it, though it might mean nothing.

"Cousin Annie, I saw one of the Grey Birds to-day. Aren't they interesting? Did you ever call on them?"

"Mercy, no! No one does. They would never return a call. They only ask to be let alone."

"Tell me about them again, won't you?"

"Why, my dear, I know so little. I believe they were originally Flemish, or Dutch, or something, but they have lived here so long they haven't even an accent left, or if they have it is Devonshire!"

"Then nobody thinks of them as foreigners?"

"Certainly not! One or other of them goes to the shops in the village occasionally and that is all. They seem to us just as natural as the trees and other parts of the landscape."

With one of England's quick changes of weather the next day was a typical drizzle; a dull leaden sky and occasional puffs of fog. Yet no one was astonished when Aileen appeared dressed in a very trim waterproof costume and high rubbers. English rain does not seem as wet as the rain in other countries, or possibly, like the Grey Sisters, it had become a part of the landscape through persistence.

Aileen's hope was that the day would be so dark it would necessitate a light in the falunge-smothered cottage. Finding a fairly sheltered spot she settled herself for a long vigil. Before an hour had passed she had her reward, a reward that sent little electric needles flying up her spine. A man, the man of yesterday, appeared, lit a powerful, up-to-date metal lamp that seemed quite out of harmony with the old cottage. Aileen could watch him now almost as clearly as if she were in the room; in fact once when he lifted his eyes in an intent, keen glance she was sure that he was looking directly at her. She was so startled that her face flushed and she dropped her glasses, only to laugh merrily at the incident, for without the glasses she could not see him at all. Nevertheless she kept herself well under cover.

It was his next move caused the electric quivers. Settling himself at the business-like table, he adjusted receivers over his ears, and Aileen knew beyond doubt that he was ticking off messages on a wireless.

A wireless! That settled it! She was really in it. Her heart beat; her pulses throbbed with the joy of something real to do; an adventure, hurrah!

That afternoon a high wind succeeded the rain and drove the clouds scudding across an angry-looking sky. Again Aileen equipped herself for a walk, bearing good-naturedly all the jibes from the assembled family. Around by the winding, tree-bordered road she beat her way against the wind until beside the high old flower-decked, vine-draped wall which skirted the coveted garden. Standing under the wall, and thus invisible from the house, swiftly she took the stiff little shiny round hat from her head and in the midst of a fierce gust of wind, with a deft twirl she sent it sailing over the old wall for into the garden.

"There Boreas, you fickle old wind-bag, do your duty," she whispered.

Hastily she rushed up the tiny path to the picturesque steep-roofed cottage. A path ran round the left side to a little gate into the garden. As expected, one of the sisters answered her hasty little rap. Bent, old, placid, unwarldly, the kind, timid old lady looked the part of a recluse. Breathlessly Aileen made her apologies.

"It is really to bad to trouble you, but, *such* a wind! It took my hat right over the wall into your garden. May I—please—go and get it?"

"But—yes, certainly! Is it not a bad day for a little lady like you to be out? I don't seem to remember you."

"No, of course not! I came from Canada just a few days ago and will spend the winter with our cousins, the Major LeRoys, so we are quite near neighbors after all. Of course I have met no one yet."

"Canada! That is far?"

"Yes, and I live in the farthest corner. Oh, how lovely England is. Can't you think what this, the tiny garden, the old walls, the hedges—everything—means to me? Why, our garden reaches to the horizon and not even a tree!"

"Amazing! Yes, I have read. You poor child!"

"Poor! Indeed, no! It is great, it is wonderful in its way. But this—I simply revel in it. Oh, please forgive me! How I do run on. I think England has gone to my head, and all this time you are in the damp air. Don't come out. My hat went over just there, but it was a dreadful wind."

By this time Aileen was at the little gate, with the latch lifted. Drawing her little grey shawl over her head, the old lady insisted on following, evidently quite amused by the impulsive chatter. Aileen was like a beautiful little bird fluttering for a moment in her drab life. Both passed through the gate, and purposely Aileen first looked far the hat near the wall, hoping the wind had carried it to some impossible place. The old lady espied it first far down past the end of the house, stuck in a bush.

With a little rush and a merry laugh Aileen took after it, recovered it, then, with clasped hands and ecstatic face she gazed about until the old lady caught up to her.

"Oh you darling garden! How you must love it!" she cried.

"One gets used to it; but come! I am glad you got your hat. This is too cold for me."

The old lady was plainly crusty now. There was to be no invitation to enjoy the shrubs and late flowers, but Aileen was ready. She had found what she wanted.

That night the code signed "Roy," flashed over the wire, and that night also Uncle Jack who knew her so well, said, "Al—you look positively wicked. Are you up to some mischief?"

For answer Aileen assumed a modest, prim, demure little attitude and pantomimed the making of little stitches in a sampler.

Though the next morning was fine and bracing and Aileen restless, yet she declined to leave the house, but finally settled resolutely to help her cousin with the weekly darning. At about eleven o'clock a motor came purring up to the door. The Major and Uncle Jack were upstairs somewhere. Aileen heard but two words, "Roy" and "Norval." The servant was ascending the stairs when Aileen reached the hall but, with perfect confidence and eager face, she advanced to the drawing-room where Lord Norval had been shown in state.

Inside the door she paused, her expression gradually changing from eagerness to surprise—disappointment—comprehension.

At her entrance a tall, decidedly good-looking young man glanced up, mechanically arose to his feet. For at least ten seconds they looked squarely in each other's eyes across the length of the room.

Then, slowly raising her hand, in which she still held the darner by the bulbus end, and sighting by the handle as if it were a pistol barrel, she cried severely, "Hands up!"

Up went both hands promptly, no smile on either face.

"With your right hand unbutton your greatcoat—right—now, with both hands throw it back on your shoulders—so—Ah-ee-a! You dear old blue coat!"

Yorke's amazement and surprise were complete. He had asked for *Mr.* Roy.

"My Magic Lady! Tell me—Roy—of course, LeRoy."

No one knows whether they met half way down the room, or if Yorke took the full distance in one bound, but when Uncle Jack and the Major arrived they were decidedly shocked to find their young relatives holding hands—yes, there they were, shamelessly swinging hands like two children who had played together all their lives and both talking for dear life. It required some explanation.

Aileen insisted on doing the honors of the outlook on the hill and pointed out to Yorke the clever installation of the wireless which found its highest point at the top of a tall poplar tree standing quite near the back of the house. The wire was exposed but a yard or so from the tree to the roof but that had been enough at close range.

Later when a thorough examination was made of the place it was found that Aileen had been correct in all her deductions. It was a wireless station overlooking the great Plains an which England expected to train her soldiers, far enough away to make glasses necessary. But with

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the powerful ones that were found in the north room it was as clear as being on the spot.

Lord Narvel himself came over on receipt of the news. Though a little sad, he left the Manor House satisfied. He knew that he must submit to dethronement in the heart of the nephew he loved, but he had to acknowledge that Aileen was the one woman he would choose to take his place.

And back in the library—hands clasped in hands as when they met—"Good-by Magic Lady! The old blue coat must be about its business."

"Good-by Soldier Man! Take care of—the coat, won't you?"

"Great care, *now!* When I have finished my work, may I come back—may I—"

"Good-by!"

The Lost Year

Continued from Page 4d.

per. The one word, "wedding," was in a headline before his eyes. He glanced below and then, as he had done three weeks before, he grasped the paper eagerly and read. At the end he returned unbelievingly and read again. Martha Shackford, less than a month after the death of her father, had been married quietly to a man of whom he had never heard!

Aylesworth went to the window and looked out across the bay. Hull down, he could see the steamship, and half way out the incoming boats. He went outside and looked toward the rival post across the river. No one was in sight, but he hurried down toward the foot-bridge. Pushing through the spruce on the other side, he heard a growl and turned to see the wolf dog and beside it Virginia Hunter, sitting on the ground, her arms about the shaggy neck and her face buried in its fur.

"Beg pardon!" exclaimed Aylesworth, backing away. "I didn't expect—"

The girl looked up, and a brave smile showed through the tears.

"You are hurrying," she said. "Are you going this morning instead of this afternoon?"

"Virginia," he cried, "I had some wonderful news to-day!"

"In the *Times*?"

"Yes," he went on, for he had never learned to understand her banter. "Martha is married."

"Married!" she cried incredulously.

"Yes, married less than a month after her father died. Why, come to think of it, she's been married a year."

"And you've been in love with another man's wife. Alfred, I'm ashamed of you."

"But I haven't. I thought I had. It was only because I had been in the habit of thinking so. I knew it the day after I told you her father was dead, and I was coming to tell you, when I realized that I had promised. Virginia, will you believe me when I tell you that, believe that I had ceased to love her, and that I did not realize it until I could go to her? And

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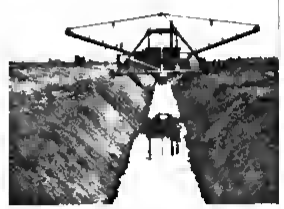
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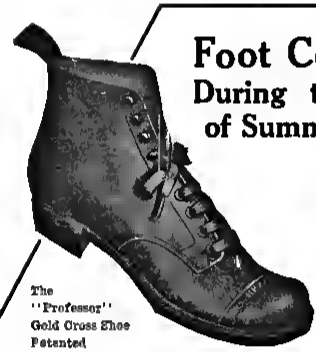
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will you believe that I intended to go anyhow because I had said I would?"

The girl looked up quickly when she caught the pleading tone in his questions. Then she said simply:

"I have known you two years, and I believe you, and understand perfectly."

"Thank you, Virginia," he replied and looked out absently toward the ship.

"And now," she said, "you can return to London and do as you please."

"But I'm not going back. Don't you see, Virginia? You said you understood."

She rose to her feet and faced him, smiling. But there was no banter in the smile. She had understood long before he had, and she had known exactly what he would do. And then, because she was suddenly embarrassed, she resumed her bantering tone.

"But you haven't mourned a year. It was only yesterday that she was married."

"Yesterday! It was a year ago yesterday. I'm not living in the past anymore, Virginia. Send that dog away. I'm going to kiss you, and he doesn't like me."

Who, How and Why

Continued from Page 39

and the other is that he is never cross. No matter what flaunts and buffets, W. F. comes up smiling. He may be excited but he is never angry. He is a game loser. Down at Ottawa about the only public ownership they believe in is air, and your next door neighbor is at liberty to take that away by building an apartment; but W. F. doesn't let that worry him. He knows his opinions are going to win in the long run and he keeps hammering away.

There is no way of losing W. F. Maclean from public life. Since he first set foot in it they have turned his constituency completely round and what was east is now south but W. F.'s face has always pointed straight toward Ottawa. He has been a member of Parliament for twenty-two years and shows no signs of loosening. The average member of Parliament greatly distrusts him because the average member does not understand a man who does his own thinking. W. F. Maclean has at least one new idea a day and makes no bones of revealing it. This is a mistake. It advertises his originality but casts reflections on his constancy. Parliament would think more of him if he had one idea in a lifetime and saw it through. That is about Parliament's pace and W. F. breaks the rails when he exceeds the speed limit. When you add disobedience to his party whip to W. F.'s other shortcomings as a statesman you will get some notion as to how much company he keeps when he is in Ottawa. Be Independent and you'll be lonesome.

However, he finds a cordial welcome in the Press Gallery where he is known as the Tribune on account of his love for the masses. Not since Joseph Israel Tait died has any journalist-statesman shown such a friendly interest in the Ottawa correspondents as W. F. Maclean. The Hon. George Graham visits them and exchanges anecdotes but W. F. meets them on the level of fellow-workers and asks "What's new?" Of course he knows what's new with the rest of them but that's his way of asserting good fellowship. When W. F. comes round to the Press Room some of the most distinguished correspondents in the business forego their vow never to associate with newspaper proprietors and talk to him like an old friend. In fact some of his critics make a point of it against him. They claim that he does more work at Ottawa for the front page of his Toronto *World* than he does for the good of Canada. They're wrong, of course. Standing as he does between love and duty W. F. gives a full half to each.

Being called a newspaper man by politicians, it is only typical that he should be called a politician by newspaper men. Most of the editors in Toronto who are not members of Parliament pretend to regard him in that light. As a matter of fact W. F. Maclean has a wonderful flair for news, a brusk outlook on men and events, a hatred of bigotry and cant and a sympathy with progress which have made his newspaper a popular success. The Toronto *World* is not afraid of a new idea. It asks no man to halt his opinions for fear of marching into barbed wire. Many young men have formed their style on it. W. F. himself is a master of chimiques but nothing human is foreign to his pen. He furnishes the picturesque touches. If you see a paragraph of pure dithyramb on spring or drain tiles or apple blossoms or early rose potatoes put it down to W. F. His are these pretty blue ribbons which the *World* wears in its hair. W. F. is very fond of the *World*. He founded it in 1880 and is according to the *Parliamentary Guide*, "still connected with that paper." Which is a modest way of stating the imminent dangers and brave adventures through which he has brought it.

As a farmer W. F. is not known to fame as intimately as he might be. He knows just enough about farming to be the farmer's friend through thick and thin. He has had his share in brightening country life by means of rural mails, rural telephones, radial railways and electric power. What I mean to say is that he never tires asking for them and to that extent he helped to get them. If he had his way the farmer would get better treatment at the banks—he would be able to borrow on the security of his whiskers.

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Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About the Woman Who Wrote "Pollyanna"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

ELEANOR H. PORTER, whose literary fame has become world-wide as the author of "Pollyanna," is again in the limelight as the author of the book which at the present time is the best selling novel in both the United States and Canada. She is a native of Littleton, New Hampshire, but her present home is Cambridge, Mass., her husband, J. Lyman Porter, being a prominent business man of Boston.



Eleanor H. Porter

Her latest success continues the career of the beloved Pollyanna, its title being, "Pollyanna Grows Up." Before describing this new story, a brief sketch of its author's career will interest the readers of this magazine. After attending the public and high schools of her native town, Eleanor H. Porter entered the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, she having decided to enter upon a career in music. In fact, she sang in many public entertainments and in church choirs in different New England cities during and following her conservatory studies, and could undoubtedly have attained great success in the pursuit of a musical vocation. But the faculty for writing asserted itself, and she began with short stories. The apprenticeship was no smooth and untroubled road to success. There were many obstacles and discouragements to contend with. Manuscripts would come back time and again from successively unappreciative publishers, but finally she struck a "pay streak" and after finding her way into print, she succeeded in placing many other stories, until in 1907 she succeeded with her first book, "Cross Currents," so well, in fact, that it called forth a sequel, "The Turn of the Tide."

Then a few years ago came "Miss Billy," which was an outstanding success.

In speaking of this book, it may be observed here that the inspiration for the story was the author's acquaintance with three bachelor friends who kept house together, and she decided to put them in a story, hence the skeleton upon which the novel "Miss Billy" was built. Subsequently came the sequel, 'Miss Billy's Decision," this decision involving the breaking up of the triple alliance of bachelorhood, by one of them taking unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Billy. The Billy hooks naturally occupy a warm spot in the heart of their creator; and, speaking of them, she once said: "I have just heard that one of the three men of my story has married. As a matter of fact, I married him off in fiction at least two years earlier."

Mrs. Porter is methodical in her literary work. For instance, she keeps a card index file, and in that cabinet she has available for easy reference data about almost every conceivable subject. The value of this system is apparent when the curious collection of stories brought together by William Henshaw in her novel, "Miss Billy," is called to mind. To deal with perfect accuracy with these articles an devotion to other hobbies which enter into the characteristics of any of the personages in her stories, she need only delve into the file cabinet in order to obtain the authoritative facts from entries in the cards and clippings filed with them.

Attached as she is to "Miss Billy," "Pollyanna is her prime favorite, which is only natural, considering the unbounded success of "Pollyanna," the "glad" book, of which well on towards 300,000 copies have been sold in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain.

The second "glad" book has already gone into three editions, exceeding a total of 125 000 copies.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

Canadian Summary

(During the Month of May)

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Joe Chenery

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Inter a head appeared—two heads. One man was swimming on his back, holding the other by the collar—fighting, swept far from his course and back to it, fighting . . .

The girl and the two old men ran down the shore. It was a quarter of a mile to the point where the boats had struck. . . . Asa, who had thrown aside his cane, lifted the unconscious Halliday from Chenery's arms as Joe stumbled blindly through the surf. Jeremiah reached out to help Chenery up the slope, but the younger man fought him off, as if an enemy confronted him. A torrent of broken sentences poured from Chenery's lips:

"You can't tell me anything about the Arostook Indians, and you can't insult my town—blind muskrat—good citizen—knew Napoleon Bonsparte—broken school-bell—hate—high wall with glass on top—going back—rose garden on a cliff—"

And much more, about pictures and dishonor and steel rails and snow-covered hills and mountain-ash berries—until he fell exhausted. Then Jeremiah carried him back to the cabin.

Inside, Alice Larabee, pale, tense, looked at the old man questioningly.

"They'll both be all right, I reckon. I know all the best things t' do for 'em," he said. "But we've got t' have a doctar."

She took Jeremiah's rubbee coat from a nail, was helped into it, and hurried out into the storm. The sea's violence was lessening, but wind and rain were whipping the land.

Halliday had a cut across the forehead. Asa, under direction from Jeremiah, applied restorative measures. Chenery mumbled unintelligibly as Jeremiah worked over him in the inner room. Sometimes a word or a phrase was clear, and once the man broke into the fragment of a song:

"[illegible] a woman's lips
And golden ships, that never come to port."



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THE girl, muddy and dry-eyed, returned with the doctor. Halliday was in the outer room. Asa had brought him back to a sense of understanding, though he was very weak.

Asa Butterick handed Alice a folded scrap of damp paper. "Jeremiah found this slippin' out o' Joe's pocket, an' he says it belongs t' you."

The doctor turned from the bunk where Halliday lay. The girl whispered a question, with an anxious look toward the inner door.

"Yes," he said, "after a little while, I'll let you come in."

"HE'S pretty far gone, Doctor," said Jeremiah, in the inner room. "I've been workin' like all creation on him but th' engine's movin' feeble."

Swiftly the physician made first tests.

"No hope, I'm afraid." As he tore open Chenery's shirt, he gave a low whistle of astonishment. "Look at this—"

Jeremiah and the Squire saw bandages. The doctor snipped them quickly, and cut the shirt away.

"Stab wound—in the back. Why, this man should have been in a hospital!"

Asa Butterick spoke:

"I know about that, Doctor. Joe was tellin' me this mornin', but I didn't believe him. He was in a fight down at Bar Harbor. Somebody spoke daregotory of this town, an' Joe sailed in t' lick him. An' somebody else stabbed him from behind . . . I didn't believe him." There was regret in this last. The Squire was looking at Chenery's face, and there was a smile there—the smile of a boy gazing at some fair scene in the hills . . . The girl had entered while he spoke, but the squire did not see nor hear her. He turned to Jeremiah.

"Why in hell did Joe do it, anyhow?"

Alice Larabee came forward and handed the Squire the folded scrap of damp paper that he had brought to her, then sank to her knees beside the bed.

The three men read the paper. It was part of a letter:

". . . icy drifts. But if you really cared for me as much as you say, you'd try to make me happy now, instead of promising me happiness at some future day."

A. L.

WHEAT SHIPPED TO DUBLIN IN A U.S. BARQUE.

For the second time in a period of twelve years a U.S. ship has departed from Puget Sound with a cargo of grain billed for an English port. Almost equally as interesting is the fact that this particular craft is a sailing vessel. A few weeks ago a trim, four-masted square-rigged ship, the "Edward Sewall, shipped out into the Pacific laden with 183,475 bu. of wheat bound for Dublin, and commenced the long voyage to Ireland by way of the Straits of Magellan. While it was only a few years ago that practically all of the Pacific coast grain shipments were consigned in sailing craft, today nearly all of the work is done by tramp steamers of British registry.

The Last Ally

Continued from Page 26

the intruder, with a murmured word of apology, had melted away again.

Having thus succeeded in effecting the desired situation, Fate & Co. proceeded briskly with what was to follow. Varden was brought into the library by another door, and into a most solemn conference with Anna. A brief meeting was engineered between Olga, the Baroness and Fenton, during which the Princess with the coldest of courtesy, expressed her gratitude to Mr. Fenton for the part he had played in saving her father's life; while Fenton, abashed and miserable, watched her with adoring eyes and a tongue that refused to attempt the difficult task of explanation. Then a few precious moments were vouchsafed him alone with her. Olga did not appear too well pleased, but accepted the situation with good grace.

"Mr. Fenton is staying long in Ironia?" she asked politely.

"I hardly know," replied the Canadian. "It will depend upon circumstances. I thought I might be useful here, but so far my presence has only served to create trouble."

"Perhaps we of Ironia do not understand your ways," she said, looking him very steadily in the eyes. "We may perhaps be too prone to take you seriously in everything you do—and say."

"Your Highness, I trust you do not charge me with insincerity," said Fenton earnestly. "I have not been conscious of uttering a word which I have not meant. Let me explain—"

"It will be perhaps well for the simple maids of Ironia if Mr. Fenton does not stay too long," went on the Princess in even tones. "The strange new ideas that he holds of love, and all pertaining thereto, and the boldness of his address might perhaps impress too deeply such as did not realize he was bent solely on amusement."

"You do not understand," said Fenton, "and you are unjust. You would understand if I explained everything to you, but unfortunately I am not permitted to that. Matters of State are involved."

"do that. Matters of State are involved" nor desirable," said Olga calmly. Then she extended her hand lightly. "We may not meet again, Mr. Fenton."

The Canadian kissed her hand, then for a moment held it close in both of his. "We shall meet again, your Highness," he declared confidently.

CHAPTER XI.

The Abduction.

THE war riots continued in Serajoz with ever-increasing violence. Following the unsatisfactory events of the morning, Fenton spent several hours in Varden's automobile on a mission that took him to many parts of the city.

Late in the afternoon he returned to find his host in a state of great perturbation.

"Things are certainly happening thick and fast," declared Varden. "The other side are prepared to stop at nothing, Fenton. The Princess has been carried off!"

Fenton, too stunned for speech, listened with his mind in a turmoil, while Varden proceeded with a hurried and disjointed explanation. A note had just reached him from Anna Petrowa, containing the startling information that an attempt at abduction would be made. Shortly after two o'clock, on the instructions issued by her royal father, Olga had set out for Kail Baleski in a carriage with the customary retinue for travel. In the meantime the alert Anna had learned of a plan, formulated in the Miridoff camp, to have the Princess abducted on the road and carried up to the hill country.

"But," protested Fenton, in angry amazement, "What purpose can be served? It seems just as senseless as it is incredible!"

"The purpose is not hard to find," replied Varden. "The Princess will serve as a hostage. Efforts will be made to force Prince Peter to withdraw the pressure he is exerting on the King, by threats of violence to the Princess."

"Miridoff, of course, will not appear in this," went on Varden. "It will be made to appear on the surface that the abduction has been the work of brigands. The Princess will be carried up into the hill country, and not released until Peter has been brought to terms."

"But how do you know they have carried her off? It is one thing to plan a daring coup of this kind, and another to accomplish it."

"As a matter of fact, Don, I don't suppose that they have actually got their hands on her yet. But there is no reason to suppose that they won't. Carriage travel is slow in this country, and Olga would hardly have reached Kail Baleski yet. As that is practically the start of the hill country, they'll make the attempt thereabouts."

"Then it's not too late," said Fenton, with a sense of partial relief. "I'm going to borrow your machine. There's a chance that I can overtake her in time."

In another minute Fenton was settled in the tonneau of the car, which rolled through the streets of the Ironian capital with a speed that increased as they neared the open country.

Ironia is a country of extremes. Unusual wealth rubs elbows with abject poverty. Grand palaces line the Lodz in Serajoz; and in the narrow streets close on either side human beings fight for a meagre existence.

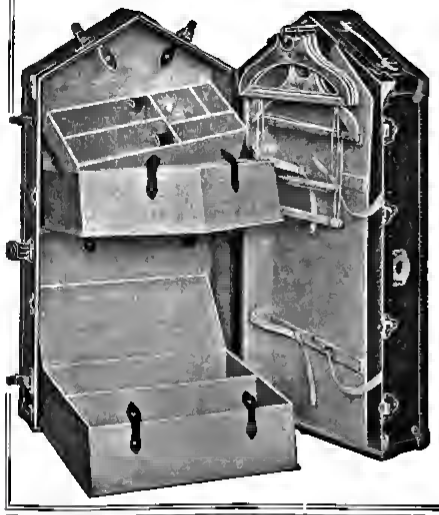
The same rule of contrast holds with reference to the Ironian character. The peasantry are honest, hospitable, devout and ignorant. The upper classes, the





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aristocracy, who control the mining and industrial enterprises from which Ironian wealth emanates, are sharp, unscrupulous, clever and not to be depended upon. Only in the few old families, which have escaped extinction during the Turkish wars, does the innate nobility of the peasant character, purified by education and refinement, show itself. Peter was typical of the aristocratic minority, Miridoff of the majority.

Fenton soon discovered to what a sharp degree the law of contrast was carried in this picturesque country when the driver turned out of the crowded streets of Serajoz and guided his car with a steadily increasing hum along one of the wonderfully well-preserved, Roman roads that run out in all directions from the capital city, like the fingers of an outstretched hand. Back in Serajoz every evidence was to be seen of advanced civilization. In the country they soon passed out of the area where their car was accepted as a matter of course. Fifteen miles from the city, their progress through the many villages that dotted the road became marked by confusion and clatter, the peasants staring in open-mouthed amazement at the spectacle of the rapid-traveling car. It was quite apparent that the automobile was still an object of almost superstitious wonder to these simple souls.

The excitement, which attended their progress, became more marked when the driver turned off the main road and struck through a maze of winding side-roads that circled along the foothills on a gradually ascending grade. Crouched back in the swaying tonneau, a prey to fear and worry, Fenton made frequent use of the only Ironian word that he had learned before starting on this headlong pursuit, "Faster." The driver, who reverenced the car with the same zeal that a Christian will sometimes show in the study of an Oriental creed, obeyed with gleeful alacrity. He had always wanted to know just how fast it could be made to go, this devil-wagon with its intricate buttons and levers, the secrets of which he had studied in the same spirit as he would have approached the formulæ of a sorcerer. Having at last found a passenger of the same frame of mind as himself, Jaleski leaned over the wheel with a smile that brought his beaked nose down with a still more pronouncedly owl-like suggestion—and the wheels fairly lifted off the ground. They skimmed along the curving highways, ascended steep grades with the graceful ease of a powerful bird on the wing, dashed through villages like a puffing, black Juggernaut and spread a trail of chattering, fear-stricken peasantry in their wake.

To Fenton the ecstatic Jaleski seemed like a *genie* crouched over the edge of a magic carpet, guiding it with supernatural speed across an earthly continent. He expected that every minute would be his last; though he made no effort to stave off the impending doom.

But Jaleski proved an artist at the wheel. He brought the imagination of the East to the manipulation of the levers and bars of the materialistic West and seemed to be able to coax extra speed from them without relaxing his perfect control. He appeared to tell by instinct just what lay beyond the next bramble-obscured turn in the road. He had an extra sense for knowing when to turn out for unseen obstacles. Fenton began to feel that a sorcerer sat at the wheel.

And so they came in record time to the quaint little village of Kail Baleski, which sheltered itself at the very base of the foothills, and has not changed in any detail for the last two hundred years. They found the place in a state of wildest turmoil. Crowds of villagers stood in the one street along which the village straggles with the irregular suggestion of child-built blocks. As Jaleski regretfully brought the car to a stop, they were surrounded by a mob who waved their arms and jabbered incessantly and vigorously. Jaleski picked the purport of it from the babel of talk and, turning a tragic face on his passenger, endeavored to relay the disturbing news.

After questioning him impatiently in imperfect German, Fenton gave up the effort to establish intelligent communication and climbed from the car. He reproached himself bitterly for having started out on so important a mission without bringing an interpreter along.

Finally, however, he perceived a possible means out of his dilemma. Walking down the street toward them came the village priest, a benevolent, white-haired patriarch in a worn cassock and rusty clerical hat that bespoke either the poverty of the neighborhood or the ascetic character of the wearer. The old priest's face was clouded with the same trouble that stared so unmistakably and yet so unintelligibly from the brown faces of the villagers. Fenton addressed him eagerly in French, haltingly in German and finally in English. And, wonder of wonders, at the last attempt he discovered he had tuned the wave lengths of his C Q D. message to the lingual receiver of the old cleric.

"I speak some English," said the priest, slowly. "Once was I in London. Your Milton and your Shakespeare, of much have I read."

"Fine, Father! Your lingual gifts are as welcome as the flowers in May," said Fenton, shaking the priest's hand warmly, much to the amazement of the villagers who had backed away respectfully at the approach of the shabby old man. "And now can you tell me what it's all about? Has anything happened to her Highness?"

Slowly and haltingly the priest told him of the happenings that had so upset the usually placid village. Early in the morning a messenger had come with the news that her Highness the Princess Olge was to arrive that day. Prompt preparations had been started at the castle, the towers of which, standing up above the dark tops of the trees, Fenton could dimly make out in the distance as he talked with the priest. An hour before, the royal carriage had driven into the village with a frightened driver, a partly stunned serving man and an hysterical maid-in-waiting—but no Princess. The equipage had been held up by a band of armed men about two miles back on the road. The Princess Olge had been taken from the carriage, placed in the saddle of a horse, tethered to the mount of the leader, and carried off with business-like celerity. After frightening



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the servants by a threat to shoot them all, the rest of the gang had disappeared into the thickly-wooded country through which a narrow pack trail led up into the hills. Such was the information that the *padre* retailed with saddened inflection to Fenton.

The latter, now that his worst fears were confirmed, lost no time in deciding on his course of action. He would first get whatever information could be secured from the servants and then strike north for Kirkahsse, the northern estates of Miridoff to which Olge would probably be taken. He was confident that he could cover the distance during the night if a capable guide could be secured. In the meantime he would send a messenger to Varden with the news and urge that assistance be supplied at once.

With the priest in tow to act as interpreter, Fenton interviewed the members of the Prince's household who had figured in the hold-up. They gave voluble descriptions of the incident but no information that was of any value to the impotent Canadian. The band had been very numerous, very fierce and armed like so many living arsenals—the serving people emphasized these facts with much reiteration—but nothing more definite in the way of a description could be obtained. The driver of the carriage, who seemed in Fenton one whose version of the affair might carry weight, poured into the Canadian's ear a volcanic eruption of vehement consonants which the priest interpreted as a recital of the valiant fight that he (the driver) and the other male member of the party had put up before they allowed their beautiful mistress to be carried off.

"Call him off!" exclaimed Fenton, reiterating on the priest. "Tell him, Father, that when I get back to Serajna I'll recommend him for the iron cross. He must be some fighter to maul these brigands the way he says he did and come through it without a scratch himself!"

They were standing in front of the little village inn and consequently Fenton's words sounded quite clearly on the street. He heard a sharp exclamation from a dust-laden stranger who was plodding his way wearily through the knots of villagers.

"Hallelujah! Is it English I hear?" cried the stranger.

Coming forward, the latter deposited his bundle on the road and shook Fenton's hand with every evidence of keen delight.

CHAPTER XII.

Introducing Phil Crane

THE new arrival was a man of possibly thirty years with twinkling blue eyes and brick red hair. That his clothes were made of the best material and were cut by an English tailor were facts not to be gainsaid, even by their tattered and torn and generally dilapidated condition. One sleeve of his coat was in holes and scorched with powder. He was hatless, and his hair, long and shaggy, tumbled about his brow. There was no need to ask his nationality. He was an Englishman—



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a traveled Englishman—since the two are very different beings.

"My name is Crane—Philip Aloysius Crane," he announced as he vigorously gripped Fenton's hand.

"Donald Fenton, at your service," said the Canadian.

"I am speechless floored for lack of suitable words to express my delight at meeting someone from the tight little island," declared Philip Aloysius Crane. "You see I've been six months without hearing a word of English spoken except by myself—and in the state of mind I've been in I've been able to express myself only in terms of profanity. So you'll understand these—er—ebullitions, my unwonted—er, exuberance."

"You've got nothing on me just now," declared Fenton. "I started out on an important mission without knowing a word of Ironian, except the equivalent for 'faster'—and with the kind of driver I had that was the one word I didn't need. I'm just beginning to realize that I'm practically stranded."

"Then I'm just the man you're looking for," said Crane. "I talk Ironian like a native, or no, hardly that. I talk it with my tongue and not with my shoulders and eye-brows. If I can be of any service to you as interpreter, command me."

"I've got to find my way into the hill country," explained Fenton. "If you could come along with me it would solve the difficulty I'm up against now. But, first I ought to explain to you that it might prove a pretty dangerous business."

Crane's weary face lighted up under its coating of dust.

"Danger! Why, my dear boy, that's what I've lived on for the last six months," he declared. "Goodness knows, it's about all I've had to live on up there in the oil country lately."

"The oil country?" This, questioningly.

"Yes. You see I'm an engineer and supposed to know something about oil. If you know anything of this country you are aware that they have some big oil wells in the north-west section. As a matter of fact they've got about the finest certified gold mine in those same oil fields that I've ever seen, especially since the war broke out, and they've been able to sell petroleum to Austria and Germany at war prices."

"Another Englishman and myself took jobs here three years ago," he went on. "All the work is done under the superintendence of imported engineers, mostly Austrian and German. Redfield and I were the only Englishmen on the job and he left over a year ago—lucky beggar! When the war broke out things got mighty uncomfortable for me. You see the owners didn't want to lose the profits they make on shipping oil across the border and for that reason they've been fighting tooth and nail to keep the country neutral. I came under suspicion naturally and I suppose I was pretty outspoken. I had a dust-up pretty nearly every day with some of the others and finally, when I tried to get out of the country to go home and enlist, they clapped me into gaol. That was six months ago and I've been there ever since—a filthy hole with a wooden bench as a bed and a family of toads as company. Four days



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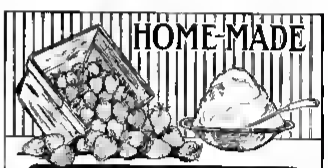
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MacLean's Magazine	The Men's Wear Review	Marine Engineering of Canada

ago I persuaded one of the guards—with the bench—to let me go. I got away safely enough but one of the other guards nearly potted me. Since then I've been beating my way back to civilization, begging from the peasants and sleeping under the glorious panoply of Heaven. I haven't a cent in my pocket. I haven't even a hat. Perhaps you will now appreciate the faint stirring of pleasure that came over me when I met a man who talked English—and had a motor car!"

Fenton decided that he liked this Englishman and that he could safely trust him. Accordingly he told Crane of the abduction of the Princess Olga and of his (Fenton's) intention of going through the hill country to Kirkalisse.

"Suits me down to the ground," said Crane, gripping Fenton's hand again. "I'll go along as interpreter, anything at all, so long as I get my share of the scrapping. I've acquired a grouch against the whole blamed country that won't work off until I've battered my fists on some honest Ironian faces. I've stayed here six months at their wish; now I'll stay a few days longer on my own account and wipe off a few scores. Besides I come out here with a sneaking hope that I'd meet with romantic adventures of the Anthony Hope brand—you know, pink the prince and marry the beautiful lady-in-waiting and all that sort of thing. So far, the only Ironian women I've met have been honest peasant bodies who looked on sour milk as a luxury."

At this point the old priest approached them and intimated that it had been his intention to ask Mr. Fenton to partake of his humble fare, and perhaps the newcomer, too, would join them. The fare was simple.

They accepted, Crane with a readiness that spoke eloquently of the length of his fast. Fenton then hastily scribbled a note to Varden and handed it to Jaleski. "Tell him, Crane," he said, "that he's to get back to Serajoz as fast as he can do it with any degree of safety. Tell him, it's a matter of life and death but that he isn't to run any risk of killing himself till after he's delivered that note."

Crane relayed the message to Jaleski who acknowledged it with a deep obeisance and climbed with alacrity into the driver's seat. The car glided off and, with rapidly increasing speed, vanished into the distance. The cloud of dust that marked its course showed that Jaleski had understood fully the first part of the message, if not the last.

"Lord help anyone or anything that gets on the road between here and Serajoz this day!" said Fenton.

They followed the priest to a vine-covered cottage standing beside the village church. On entering they found themselves in a small room, scrupulously clean and reflecting an atmosphere almost of culture despite the cheapness of the sparse furnishings. A table and several wooden chairs and a small case of unsized boards containing a few ancient, much-used books were the chief articles that the room contained. At one end was a stone fireplace, blackened by the smoke of many score years. On the mantle above was a large crucifix.

The table was set for a frugal supper of dried goat meat, black bread and fruit. The priest with an air of earnest courtesy that might have graced the most sumptuous of banquets, bade his guests be seated. A silent serving woman of rare old age but unimpaired activity placed two extra plates and the necessary knives and forks. Neither Fenton nor Crane needed any second bidding to fall to, for the former's appetite had been whetted on the trip from the capital and the latter had reached the stage where a piece of dried leather would have seemed a toothsome morsel. The priest ate sparingly himself and watched the prodigious efforts of his young guests with a benevolent smile lurking in the fine wrinkles that time had written around eyes and mouth.

"Reverend Father, I shall always rank you a good first on my list of benefactors!" declared Crane with fervor when the last shred of food had been consumed. "I've sat down to many a fine meal in my time, but the memory of this will remain with me to my dying day. You've saved my life."

"What it is to be young," assented the priest, with a gracious delight in the exercise of his hospitality. "When youth and the good appetite together go even the coarse fare of a humble priest can seem good. My sons, it pleases me much your company to have."

"The pleasure is more than mutual," said Crane. "I assure you, father, that I shall tear myself away with great reluctance. I shudder at the thought of our trip back into that hill country again. It brings up visions of long wet nights under the shelter of trees and sumptuous repasts of black bread and clabbered goat's milk!"

"Better than that, I promise you," said the priest. "I have a friend in the hill country. A letter you shall take to him and the best he has shall be yours."

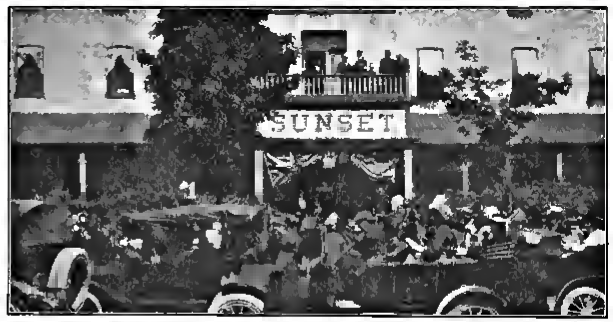
To Be Continued.

Our Mountain Heritage

Continued from Page 28.

Lake McArthur, too, is very slow to wake from its winter slumber. In the year 1908, at any rate, on the tenth of July only in two places was the water visible, where the cakes of ice were circling about above the underground outlet.

As with lakes so with water-falls. The Yoho, our most civilized mountain valley is justly famous for the Takakkaw and Twin Falls. But everywhere in the mountains, especially in the Rockies, one encounters the cascade, the cataract and the waterfall. View number three shows one of the falls on a little stream which flows into Sherbrooke Lake. Unless one despises beauty in miniature, what more could one desire than to recline through a midsummer afternoon with the music of such a stream in one's ears. And one may always camp for the night where the waters sing a lullaby.



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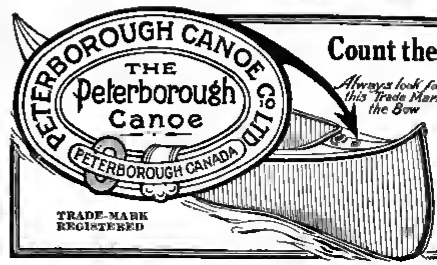
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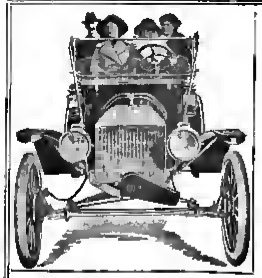
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A WORD about camping. It is perhaps a misfortune that travel in the mountains is so hedged about with luxury. He who seeks to know the voice of the mountains must for a time turn his back on liveried porters and immaculate waiters, must forget the babble of the kin of the lady who asked how the railway company had managed to plant the Illecillewaet glacier so near the hotel for the pleasure of its guests—and forgetting and turning his back on these things must partake of bacon and bannock hot from the pan and tea fresh brewed over the fire his own hands have prepared and must then bivouac on balsam boughs under the stars by a babbling stream. As it is more generally known how safe and easy and inexpensive it is to spend a week thus hid away from the distractions of civilization the mountains will bring healing and inspiration to ever-increasing numbers. The Alpine Club of Canada, which has sought to teach its members to discover for themselves the secret of the mountains is doing a great work to this end.

But to return to the distinguishing features of our mountain scenery, and the contrast between the Rockies proper and the Selkirks. The narrowness of its valleys was mentioned as characteristic of the latter range. Two views are shown to illustrate this point. One other feature of the Selkirks must be noted, namely, the luxuriance of the growth which is at once the delight and exasperation of the traveler. One of our views was taken on an almost obsolete trail at about three thousand five hundred feet above sea level. Much as the wayfarer might be inclined to think profanely of this trail, especially after rain or snow had saturated grass and fern and shrub, yet in cooler moments he would be forced to admit that, without the trail, travel by pack-train would be impossible, while on foot progress would be restricted to something less than five miles a day. For this rank growth the precipitation is primarily to blame. The Selkirks get a chance at the clouds driven eastward from the Pacific before the Rockies. Some idea of the amount of moisture extracted may be inferred from the fact that some ten years ago a total fall of fifty-four feet of snow was recorded at Glacier House in one winter. That was a record, but thirty feet is perhaps below the average. The mountains being covered deep with snow and the slopes being steep, avalanches rush down to the valleys in the spring and early summer, cutting a great swath through any timber standing in their path. In time a cantankerous scrub of trees called the alder grows in the beaten track of these slides, the stems bent downward like bars across the path. It is possible to ascend through alder if one is persistent and works up where opportunity offers by little open patches where ferns and grass prevail; it is gloriously possible to descend through alder if one has no regard for nether garments; but to cross alder at even a tortoise pace requires a combination of the elusive qualities of a running half-back and the patience of Job.

Apart from these difficulties of travel and the comparative rarity of lakes, the valleys in the Selkirks are in many respects more attractive than those of the main range. This is owing to the fact that the contrast between forest, rock and snow, so characteristic of our Canadian mountains is pre-eminently characteristic of the Selkirks. The forest, with the light green of the alder and the dark green of spruce and balsam, boldly intrudes upon the confines of rock and ice. Everywhere the rugged forbidding grandeur of these is relieved by the soft shades of the green timbered slopes, and through the stately spruces one is constantly catching unexpected glimpses of the eternal snows.

But the Rockies, too, have their glories, and the Alps and the Himalayas. Each has its peculiar charm. Sometimes, I fear, we know these distant ranges better than our own. Distant fields are proverbially green, and besides the Alps have gathered about them a literature. In fact until the last few years Canadians have used their own mountains much less than the Americans and the English mainly because of our lack of the necessary leisure and wealth. But it may confidently be expected that the next few years will witness not only a great influx of visitors from abroad, but also a marked increase in the appreciation of our own people of the possibilities of healthful enjoyment in our national playground.

Some years ago I ascended little Mt. Abbott from Glacier House to view the glorious panorama from the summit. I encountered a young instructor from an American university and his young wife. I shall never forget their faces. They asked me if I knew anything about camping in the mountains, where they could secure a tent, where they would be allowed to pitch it, where provisions could be had. I answered their eager questions as well as I could. Fortunately I could say that the mountains were free to them without let or hindrance, provided they were prepared to be careful about their fires. It seemed to me that for them the mountain was almost one of transfiguration. I never heard whether they were able to build their tabernacle. I hope they were. But I have often wished that the way could be made familiar and smooth to more of those whose natures permit them to enter into communion with the spirits that haunt our mountain fastnesses.

Bringing Up Arthur and Kate

How the Problem is Handled by the Country's Private Schools

By RAYMOND HARRIS

Concluded from Last Issue

"There's good stuff in Gilray," remarked the latter to the Principal of the school, when the incident was mentioned later in the evening, "and I'm glad we've got hold of him before his father spoiled him for good. I suppose now if the accident had happened to him at home, there would have been a sickening fuss made over it—mother in tears, father in great distress, servants rushing about, nurses and doctors galore and the boy himself peevish and irritating—just the sort of thing to crush all the manliness out of the lad. Upstairs there, he gritted his teeth and went through the ordeal like a hero, simply because he didn't want his schoolmates to consider him a coward or a softy. I tell you, sir, the longer I stay in this school, the more firmly I'm convinced that there's nothing like our system to bring out the best in a boy."

"Yes, Watson, you're right," replied the Head. "Gilray comes of good stock. His father has made a great success in business and is a man of ability and resourcefulness. The boy doubtless inherits many of his father's qualities. Unfortunately in so many cases like that the parent loses sight of the fact that his own position was attained through having to struggle with handicaps and difficulties. He wants to make the path soft and easy for the boy and, in doing so, unwittingly works him great injury. I'm sure we'll be able to counteract some of these influences here."

"Did I ever tell you about the fuss he made over his food, Doctor, just after he came?" inquired the House Master.

"No. The usual objections, I suppose?"

"Rather. He was about the worst specimen I ever had to handle. What he ate at home, I can't imagine. Apparently nothing but ice cream and cake. He kicked at milk. He turned up his nose at rice pudding and, as for bread and butter, it was beneath contempt."

"A stomach spoiled by too much indulgence in sweets," remarked the Head.

"Precisely, and just the kind of stomach that would turn an him later on and give him all sorts of trouble. Why, can you believe it, Doctor, the little beggar used to spend five dollars a week when he was living at home on all sorts of indulgences? I had all I could do to cut down his pocket-money to half a dollar, he made such a row."

"And now?" inquired the doctor.

"Why, I'm afraid he's going to eat us out of house and larder," laughed the Master. "He's developed a monstrous appetite and, oddly enough, has come to evince a remarkable fondness for milk and rice pudding. Of course, it's the football that's doing it. He was inclined to be a shirker at first, but the other lads soon shamed him into taking it up and now I can see some of the parental determination and resource oozing out as he gets into the game. He'll make a good player, that boy, depend on it. All that was needed was the incentive."

"I'm very glad to hear it, Watson



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You might keep trying for years, Madam. There are a hundred ways which don't. Most of them are very much alike.

But remember this:

There is one way which has removed 70 million corns. It is now removing half the corns that grow.

It's a plaster which contains a bit of wondrous wax. It ends the corn pain in a jiffy. It ends the corn itself in two days. It gently loosens the corn until it comes out without any pain or soreness.

When you merely pare corns—

When you use some folderol—

Bear this in mind. There are folks all around you—users of Blue-jay—who never suffer corns. You are wronging yourself when you fail to do what they do.

Blue-jay Plasters

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Samples Mailed Free

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Makers of Physicians' Supplies



Somehow I feel that our greatest responsibility rests with the sons of such men as Gilray. They've got so much against them, if they only knew it. It devolves on us, right here, to make men out of them, counteracting all those baneful influences that wealth and social position so often exert on growing boys."

Meanwhile at that supposedly fashionable and select institution for the education of young ladies, Highurst School, all was not primroses and daisies for Miss Kate Gilray. That young damsel's chief interest in life had hitherto been clothes, boys and self-indulgence. Accustomed to be petted and admired by her parents, envied by her companions and allowed to do pretty much as she pleased, she was fast growing into a spoiled and selfish young woman. Parental blindness and prejudice prevented either father or mother from realizing their eldest daughter's shortcomings. To them she was a paragon of sweetness, charm and beauty. Only the neighbors knew how wilful, self-centred and silly she was under her pretty exterior.

The restriction in the wearing of clothes was a distressing blow to the child's pride. She, who had been accustomed to dazzle the eyes of all the other girls in her neighborhood by the style and expense of her furs, her suits and her dresses, to be reduced to plain and serviceable garments of navy blue, was almost more than she could bear. She wept bitter tears and longed devoutly for home and mother.

But worse was in store for her. She was to become a slave to routine. Instead of lying abed in the morning to all hours and retiring at night whenever the humor seized her, she was forced to rise in the cold, grey dawn at seven and go to bed at nine. There were to be hours for this, hours for that and hours for the other thing. None of those delectable old opportunities for loafing, for staying away from school, for running wild about the streets, were to be hers. She was to move about, to eat her meals, to study, to practise and to play according to rule.

At first it was hard and all but unbearable. Then by degrees as she allowed her opposition to the restrictions to weaken and as she fell in with the school routine, her spirits revived. There were abundant consolations, of which one of the best was the motherly interest of the Lady Principal, a woman who had grown grey in the noble work of elevating the minds and inspiring the ideals of more than one generation of Highurst girls. She was a lady, gentle, refined and cultured, one who knew girls, studied their moods and sought means to draw from them all that was best. With Kate Gilray, she soon became a powerful influence. Appealing to her gently and kindly, she brought the foolish, empty-headed girl to a realization that life was something more than dress, rich food and pleasure seeking. Such fondness as Kate did cherish in her heart for her father and mother was drawn upon to induce her to bestir herself in her studies and exercises. Never before had the girl come into such intimate, everyday contact with a person so inspiring, so lovable, so obviously a lady, as the Principal of Highurst.



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There were other girls, too, at the school whom she came to admire hugely, not on account of their looks, certainly not on account of their dress, but rather for their generous-hearted disposition, their friendliness and their skill in various accomplishments. They were sensible young women who had perhaps spent some years at Highurst and had become inspired with the school ideals. Gradually Kate began to feel that she too was a Highurst girl and that it devolved on her to speak and act as became a student of the school. All unconsciously as it were, her character was being moulded by her new environment and she was shedding many of the little defects that had crept into her nature under the careless and thoughtless home influences.

The compulsory physical training and the games which she tried by every possible means to evade, when she first entered the school, soon began to have an attraction for her. Excuses were useless, pretenses were vain. She had to fall in with the others and go through the regular daily drill. By degrees the effect of the training and regularity began to tell on her. She grew sturdier, developed a better color and from being a rather timid, gamby-pamby girl, who disliked exercise of any healthful sort, grew into a self-reliant, active and popular young woman.

To the same end, the school regimen of food also contributed its quota of beneficial influence. Highurst feeds its girls well but plainly. Candy, cake and all such delicacies are tabooed and may only be indulged in at limited intervals. For the rest, there is very little on the table to interfere with delicate digestions. Kate Gilray like her brother derived lasting advantage from being deprived of the too easy opportunity to indulge in sweets, which at home had proved so injurious. Perhaps she did not lose her taste for them but this taste was gratified so infrequently that little or no harm was done.

The home-coming of the children for the Christmas vacation was a great event at the Gilray house on Roselawn avenue. They were given a glorious welcome. And what children they were—Arthur, rosy, robust and bubbling over with good spirits, Kate, much more sensibly and effectively dressed, more subdued and ladylike in manner and quite as healthy-looking as her brother. Neighbors who had a chance to speak with them during the holidays remarked on the great improvement in each.

"Boarding-school has certainly been a good place for those Gilray children," said one. "I've rarely seen such benefit in so short a time. They were spoiled brats before they left home. Now one can see a semblance of the lady and gentleman in them."

It was a beginning. After two or three years of such schooling, Arthur and Kate were effectively "brought up." Through the companionship of boys and girls of good breeding, the oversight of masters and mistresses who took far more than a school-hour interest in them, the plain food and abundant exercise, the sensible hours and the absence of foolish indulgence in either dainties or amusements—above all through the school *esprit de corps*, which is ever a very powerful in-

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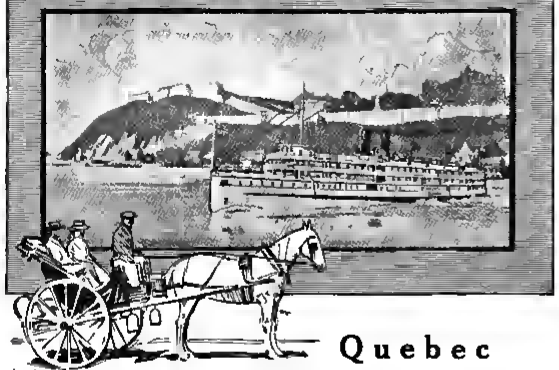
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fluence—the boy and girl developed into useful members of the community.

Some hard things may be said against the private school system; it is not perfection, but there is absolutely no doubt that by bringing boys and girls together under good influences and a fairly rigid system of discipline, it can and does exercise great good over them.

A Man Who Succeeded

"NO man is great. There are no great men and there are few fools. Opportunity is the thing that counts."

In these terse sentences George J. Whelan, founder of the United Cigar Stores Company, in an interview with a New York reporter, at once epitomized and satirized achievement. Recently on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, Mr. Whelan announced his retirement from active participation in the affairs of the United Cigar Stores, the United Profit-Sharing Company and the other enterprises with whose great success he has been so intimately associated.

"When a man first comes here to seek success," said Mr. Whelan, "he is usually underrated. When he has attained success he is usually overrated, and people do their best to spoil him. The fact of the matter is he is better than people thought he was in the first place and not so good as they think he is in the end.

WHAT MAKES FOR SUCCESS

"It is so difficult to tell just what success is that it is hard to lay down any fixed principles by which it may be attained. The way to achieve it, I suppose, is to do all that goes to make it up. Hard work as they will all tell you is a factor.

"Human nature is such an important element in business that a thorough understanding of it is essential. In my own experience, fair values and courtesy in the stores were the things that counted. The words, 'Thank you,' are of the utmost importance."

Mr. Whelan is the second prominent business man to retire from active affairs in the prime of mental and physical vigor in the last few weeks. The other is A. H. Cosden, who, at forty-two, has given up the presidency of the Riker-Hedgeman Drug Company, after accumulating a fortune in twenty years' time.

"I believe," went on Mr. Whelan, "that for the benefit of their business, men should retire early. The best thing I ever did for our company was to retire. If I am of any value to them they can still call on me at any time. I shall, of course, always be interested in the tobacco business, but I shall work simply when I please.

"That is why a corporation is better than a partnership because of the new blood that is always being infused into it. A partnership depends on its own family for success; a corporation relies on the whole world."

Saving Lives on Wholesale Plan

Continued from Page 22

When a dose of chlorine is well mixed with a body of germ-laden drinking water the civic health-makers may rest in the assurance that the germ will take the dose and the water become healthy.

Not so with the dose of sanitary methods administered to the community. The atmosphere may be thick with instruction yet the human germ contrive to avoid it. Hence the wholesale adoption in recent health work of individual and what are known as "follow-up" methods in dealing with human agents.

In attacking the two problems of tuberculosis and infant mortality, which told so heavily on the city's death rate it was decided to use an agency which could at once teach and turn teaching into action. Thus came into existence the now indispensable body of public health nurses.

In tracing the history of the fall in the tuberculosis rate in Toronto one must go back a number of years.

One must indeed begin with the day when a Toronto merchant, Mr. W. J. Gage, became profoundly impressed with the waste of young life from this disease and entered the lists against it, making this noble work his especial contribution to Canadian life from that day to this.

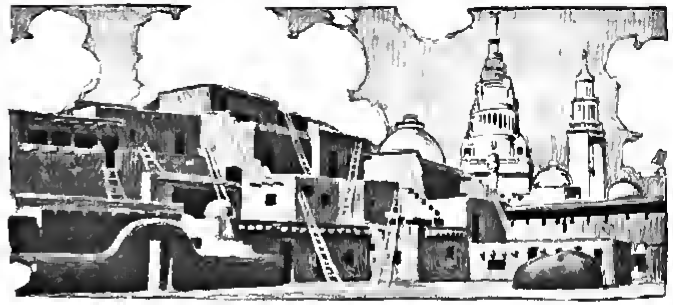
The tuberculosis rate in the city had decreased from 162 per 100,000 in 1903 to 121 per 100,000 in 1910.

At that time the fine Muskoka and Weston Sanitariums had already been doing their splendid educative and isolating work for the province for some years, and in the benefits of this Toronto shared.

It was inevitable and imperative that the city's health organization should turn its forces against this disease. In 1910 there was but one tuberculosis nurse in the department. In 1911 notification of tuberculosis was made compulsory and it being thus possible to take account of all cases additional nurses were appointed. At the end of 1914 there were thirty-seven public health nurses and a superintendent in the employ of the city in the combined tuberculosis and infant mortality work.

By the system followed, the nurses attend all the tuberculosis clinics, follow the cases to their homes, instruct them and the members of their household in sanitary matters and the prevention of infection, supply the cases with sputum cups, paper towels, paper napkins, etc., see that there is a nurse where necessary, arrange for removal of the patient to a sanitarium or hospital or for other members of the family to a "preventorium" if their health suggests danger, procure the help of philanthropy to provide proper nourishment and also have the infected house fumigated.

A flood of sanitary light is poured into the mind of the patient and those living in contact with him—the inevitable co-sufferers of a few years ago. Open windows, sleeping porches, tent dwellings are a new





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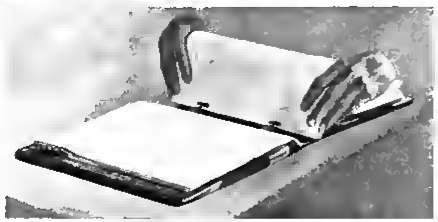
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revelation. Milk, the insipid, becomes a treasure beyond rubies, the tastelsss egg a sail to the shipwrecked. Each patient becomes a little centre of new light on wholesome living.

Such teaching is oftan as necessary in the cases of the well-to-do as in those of the poor and amongst the 1,500 homes under the care of the city nurses at the end of 1914 the majority of the patients were those of private physicians.

In 1914 the number of deaths from tuberculosis in Toronto had decreased to 95 per 100,000 population, a gain of between three and four hundred lives annually to the city compared with conditions little more than ten years previously. Each of the lives in industrial ranks destroyed by this disease has been estimated as meaning a loss to the country of $5,000.

The tuberculosis rata is lower now in the city of Toronta than tn any previous year of its history. It is also lower than in any other large city of America or of the United Kingdom. Toronto's loss now stands at 95 per 100,000. That of her close competitor, Milwaukee, is 101. But other progressive and enhghtaned cities still struggle with double and treble thts mortality from "the white plague": New York with 187; Cincinnati, 246; Edinburgh, 169, and Liverpool, 208.

SAVING THE BABIES.

In the first five years of its organization, the Department of Child Hygiene in New York City reduced the infant mortality rate 30 per cent. Toronto has not yet made a record equal to that but Toronto's baby welfare work has not yet been established five years. In June of 1912 the first Child Welfare nurse was appointed. Others were added as the work developed, until, in Jane, 1914, the Divison of Child Hygiene was established, sharing in the work of the thirty-seven public health nurses.

The fight for the lives of the babies is, like the tuberculosis work, by education and physical and social upbuilding. "The attempt has been," says the dspartment, "to keep in touch with every baby in the city under one year of age." As soon as the baby's birth is registered, the department forwards to the mother its printed matter on ths care of the baby. She is invited, too, to attend the "well-baby" clinic in her district.

This new civic institution of the weekly "well-baby" clinic is for the purpose of raising and keeping up the tone of the city's baby life. The public health nurse is there, a dsctor is there, there is a weighing scales and every baby is weighed weekly and its progress recorded on its own weight card. There are already ten "well-baby" clinics, all growing rapidly. The Medical Health Officer declares there should be twenty-five and so no doubt there will be before long.

And the city will joyfully agree, for the tide of the slaughter of the innocents has already turned. In 1914 fewer babies died not only than in 1913 but fewer than in 1912, nethwithstanding the growth in population. The moet brilliant success came in the hot summer months when infantile diarrhœa and enteritis asually swept away the babies by handreds. The lose from these causes was cat 42 per cent in the summer of 1914 from that of the previous season.

Very soon after the advent of each tiny citizen the public health nurse is an the spot taking nata of its surroundings. Where the home conditions menace the baby's well-being city philanthropies are called on to adjust them. Work must be found for the father if possible, that the mather may remain with the baby; food must be found for the mother that the baby may be noarished, the house must be made weathertight and sanitary by the landlord; tuberculous members must be removed and premises fumigated. In short the home must be normalized for the baby citizen, as only in the normal home does the baby appear fairly secure of thriving. At intervals the nurses give "talks" to the mothers of the different districts on the care and feeding of babies in general and during hot weather in particular.

A very large number of babies' deaths are hsted under the heading of "Congenital Debility and Malformation." The babies come into the world with injuries and weaknesses which take away a baby's shaky fighting chance. There is no course of teaching for women who are to be mothers. The work of instructing them is being added to the *role* of the city nurse. As yet there is no systematic means of getting into touch with mothers before their babies are born but through the "well-baby" clinic a considerable number of these are heard of and reached.

BUILDING BODIES BY BETTER HOUSEKEEPING.

"Inasmuch"—I quote again from those illuminating forewords of the monthly report—"Inasmuch as the campaign against disease is directed along two distinct lines: First, the preventing of disease-producing germs from entering our bodies; and, second, the building up and maintaining of the resisting powers of the body—"

"Building up" the physique of citizens wholesale by the townfull—a distinctly twentieth century undertaking and also distinctly Hastingsesque—already figures largely in Toronto health work. The public health nurse calls on the philanthropist for food to build up the destitute tuberculosis patient and the city's mothers and babies. The school nurse demands food to build up the city's needy children. The Forest schools, the tuberculams preventoriums, the "milk luncheons" and fresh air enterprises all "build up."

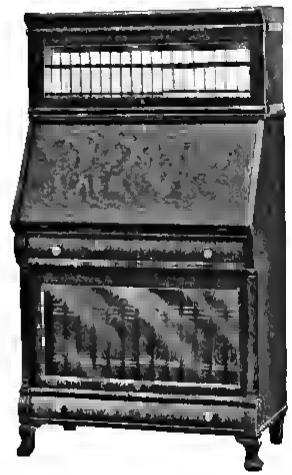
"Building up" one's body used to be looked on as a matter of purely private interest. But in the twentieth century when the citizen is worth some $3,000 to the country even the coldest calculation will allow it is cheaper to build him up than to lose him. Ths Health Department looks on building up the citizens simply as a sound method of secoring more health. It regards the mode of living—fresh air, cleanlmess, order, regularity—as part of the building-up process. The housekeeper is a first cause. She is nature's own health officer. The Toronto Department of Health thinks it worth while teaching the backward housekeeper her "job."

Women sanitary Inspectors were appointed for the downtown districts—or rather sanitary instructors. The women

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of the hampered slum homes need teaching rather than policing. Garbage was to be collected and covered, floors were to be washed, rooms aired, a rotation of sheets and pillow cases introduced to beds. Houseowners were notified that sanitary conveniences must be installed. By the end of 1913 nine thousand yard closets had been abolished. In "The Ward" these nuisances practically disappeared. Under the auspices of "Municipal Housekeeping" the downtown backyard is undergoing a "sea change." They are going "back to the land" in downtown Toronto. The Horticultural Society makes a gift of seeds and where "junk" was the sole feature, garden plots are now budding forth. Some backyards carry their owners half through the winter with vegetables. Vines cover unsightly fences and sheds. Flower plots introduce the joy and poetry of life. Last summer there were a hundred gardens in "The Ward."

"This is a fine place for 'greenies' to come to," remarked one well-pleased housekeeper of a downtown street when making the inevitable move to a "better district." "It teaches them to be clean."

The actual contribution in figures of "Municipal Housekeeping" to the reduction of the mortality rate is not, of course, available, but its share in raising the physical standard of the city will scarcely meet with dissent.

Where Carnegie Found Schwab

Andrew Carnegie in a recent issue of Moody's Magazine tells how he found Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the brilliant young steel maker, organizer and salesman, the real founder of the United States Steel Co., and now the principal owner of the Bethlehem Steel Co., whose shares recently had a phenomenal rise. He says: "You do Schwab only justice. He is a genius whom I met in the Allegheny mountains. His father was owner of horses hired by the habitués of Cresson Springs, where we had a summer cottage and spent our time. I was visiting our horses in Mr. Schwab's stable when I heard a piano, and having an ear for music, it did not take me long to recognize the fact that there was an apt scholar at work. I said to the proud father, 'You have a young genius, there is music, when you want to give him a start in life, you bring him to me.' He did so and I placed him in the drafting room under our manager, Captain Jones, to whom Schwab is deeply indebted. I owe much to these two men for my success in life. Jones volunteered in the Civil War as a private and returned at its close, a captain. You can't keep genius down.

"I wished to make Jones a partner along with many of our pioneers, and informed him to this effect one morning. His reply was: 'I don't want to be troubled with business matters; you just give me a —— of a salary.'

"'All right, Captain,' I said, 'hereafter the salary of the President of the United States is yours,' and so it was."

The Business Outlook

Savings Deposits in Canadian Banks at Highest Point on Record

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

EDITOR'S NOTE—On the whole Mr. Appleton estimates that business as compared in volume, with that of a year ago is depressed 20 per cent.—as shown by the trend of loans to business men made by banks and the savings of the Canadian people contraction of trade is still proceeding and will not be checked until the business public is confident that there will be a normal crop in the West.

DURING May and June there was undoubtedly more contraction in business in Canada. Impetus given to commerce generally by the placing of extraordinarily large war orders did not succeed in jacking up business to what might be called normal. Activity in spots is directly traceable to war orders and we are not able to locate industries really active as a result of the ordinary or normal demands. It would appear that the people as a whole, not only in Canada but elsewhere, are still on the cautious stool. They are not buying. Thus we have a continuation of a policy of economy both in the domestic sphere, the workshop and counting house that presents a marked contrast with conditions as they prevailed say two years ago. The old proverb which tells us that a "penny saved is a penny earned" applies to day as fully and effectively as it ever did, with the result on the whole that people are not less happy and are not less able to gratify every reasonable want. While this may cause some of our industrial wheels to turn less quickly it certainly results in the piling up of savings in banks. A few weeks ago we pointed out that money piled up in the banks will eventually find its way into use, as it is of very little use there except in the case of those who do not know how to use or invest it. In such cases it is more profitable to leave it with the banks and let the banks lend it to those who can use it, but for the time being there is difficulty in finding borrowers able to return the money on the due date. The position therefore is that money is apparently coming out of business into the banks and the banks are not finding appropriate or profitable uses for the money that is left in their care. For the banks such a position is undesirable inasmuch as their profits are lower. Like all other mercantile institutions, banks have regard for profits. If the banks could safely lend the money that is entrusted to them at a reasonable rate of interest, one that will yield a profit, they would very readily do so. We may take it then that just as soon as the banks begin to lend more readily it will be because business is on the up-grade. Then it will be found that factories are asked to supply goods by consumers willing and anxious to pay for them. When the farmer threshes his grain and wants to send it to market he will find the banks quite ready with all the funds necessary to help in that undertaking. Wheat this year is as good as gold as a basis of credit. As the crop moves money will get into the hands of producers where it will create a desire to gratify wants hitherto held in check.

We hear much of the accumulation of savings in the Canadian banks. At the end of April the chartered banks of Canada had on deposit a total of $1,137,611,981 as compared with $1,114,128,074 at the end of March. The increase within one month was therefore approximately $23,000,000. It must be borne in mind, however, that Canadian banks do considerable business abroad. In April, for instance, they had in their branches located outside of Canada deposits to the extent of $104,210,979. As compared with these deposits the current loans to borrowers at foreign branches aggregated $43,031,360, or in other words out of every $100 left with them by foreign depositors they loaned to foreign borrowers $35. In the previous month, that is March, at foreign branches the deposits aggregated $97,000,000 approximately and the loans to $41,000,000 or in other words out of every $100 in the banks to the credit of foreign depositors, $42 was loaned abroad.

Figures Which Tell of Contraction.

Canadian borrowers have been accommodated to a very much more liberal extant than the foreign customers of our banks. Far instance at the end of April current loans in Canada and loans to municipalities aggregated $908,000,000 approximately and deposits amounted to $1,033,000,000. Out of every $100 of deposits in Canada, Canadian borrowers were accommodated to the extent of $78. In March out of every $100 of Canadian deposits borrowers were accommodated to the extent of $79. There was, therefore, some contraction. A decrease of 1 per cent. in the current loans is equivalent to a contraction of approximately $7,000,000. When business contracts savings usually increase. This economic law seems to have held good during the present crisis although there are many that have not worked out as anticipated. The following figures will show that during the course of the last twelve months from April, 1914, to April, 1915, the commercial loans and the call loans in Canada have together steadily decreased. In April, 1914, they aggregated $904,228,000 and at the end of April they had declined to $831,530,000. There was a contraction of $74,000,000. Call loans, however, that is money loaned on the security of stocks and bonds, were practically the same in April a year ago as they are to day. It is therefore obvious that the decrease has been in commercial loans. As they have

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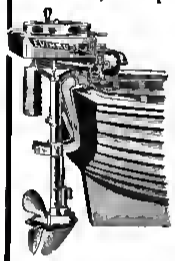
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decreased savings have increased. The figures, therefore, to which we have referred will show how the decline in commercial loans is followed by an increase in deposits.

IN CANADA.

	Commercial Loans	Total Deposits
April	$835 705 000	$1 004 194 000
May	838 372 000	1 004 194 000
June	836 779 000	1 018 651 000
July	840 198 000	1 018 068 000
August	836 174 000	998 183 000
September	829 434 000	1 000 185 000
October	810 823 000	1 008 538 000
November	794 870 000	1 016 870 000
December	786 634 000	1 014 739 000
January	780 118 000	993 877 000
February	771 455 000	1 004 503 000
March	769 138 000	1 016 790 000
April	762 951 000	1 033 401 000

The above shows indubitably the course of business contraction and at the close of April it seems to be a little quicker than it has been since the outbreak of the war.

Present savings deposits in Canadian banks are considerably above any previous high point. During 1913 the average at the close of each month was $626,199,470. At the end of April last the total reached was $686,075,000. The exceptional position of savings at the present time and of deposits payable on demand, or in other words the daily commercial balances, is illustrated more clearly by the following table

The Rapid Increase in Deposits.

DEPOSITS BY THE PUBLIC IN CANADA.

Year	Demand	Savings
1901*	$ 95 109 831	$221 624 064
1902	104 424 703	244 003 845
1903	112 413 757	266 911 501
1904	117 902 923	307 007 152
1905	138 116 560	338 411 275
1906	165 144 569	381 778 705
1907	166 342 144	413 014 957
1908	160 721 765	406 103 063
1909	225 414 828	464 035 263
1910	260 235 209	532 087 627
1911	304 901 755	603 370 209
1912	359 431 895	625 703 705
1913	367 214 143	629 126 470
1914—Nov.	350 884 000	665 994 000
1915—April	347 325 000	686 075 000

* Average according to monthly returns.

It is quite evident, in so far as figures with respect to the savings of the people indicate, that business is continuing to contract. This tendency, however, cannot continue much longer. As we indicated a month ago accumulated funds will eventually find their way into employment and there are signs that they are already beginning to look around for higher remuneration. There will be employment enough for the money in the banks when the crop begins to move.

When the Change Will Come.

During the past few weeks we have directed enquiries to practically every part of the Dominion and to all classes of industry, the answers to which indicate that normal business is that which originates from ordinary demands is very slack and immediate prospects are not bright, and will remain so until the crop moves. The consensus of opinion, however, appears to be that the average business for the year will not be equal to that of 1914

We have no reason, however, to change our opinion that just as soon as the binders in the West begin to hum business in all parts of Canada will become more active, and we believe it will be quite as good before the end of the year as at any time during 1914. As the result of a good harvest and a crop slightly above normal business during 1916, will, in our opinion, be much better and more profitable than that of 1914 or 1915.

We were fortunate in having access to reports received by the Publicity Department of the Canadian Northern Railway from every point in the Dominion. From these, in addition to our own sources of information, we are able to arrive at a fairly accurate opinion as to conditions prevailing. It is generally admitted by wholesalers and storekeepers that what trade is being done is from the shelf. That is to say that wherever possible a buyer is urged to take what the storekeeper has to sell him rather than go to the manufacturer for the particular article required. The result is that shelves in the country stores and floors of the big jobbing warehouses are not as heavily laden at the present juncture as they have been for some years. On this point there is concurrence of opinion from one end of the Dominion to the other.

Conditions As They Are At Present.

There is another point upon which there is an agreement. It is that of the trade being done, a larger proportion is on a cash basis. Quite a number of retailers declined to increase their outstanding and a very large number of jobbers declined to continue to supply goods to storekeepers who were not keeping their accounts in good shape. The result is that this sudden change of policy, borne of war, checks business. Action along this particular line was not altogether voluntary either on the part of the wholesalers or retailers but it was taken and the result is that a larger proportion of the buyers had to go with cash in hand to get what goods they required. The effect is very wholesome but in the meantime it has precipitated acute dullness along industrial lines. Naturally such a dullness resulted in the decrease in bank loans, and accounts for the general impression that the banks are curtailing credits. It would be more accurate to say that the banks are insisting upon loans made by them being reduced to proportions in keeping with the borrower's ability to liquidate when called upon.

More Cash Business.

We cannot but regard the foregoing conditions as being an excellent preparation far better and more business. Following the crisis in 1907 business was done on a better basis. However, at that time liquidation was not as thorough as it should have been. The crisis did not thoroughly do its work. We trust, however, that following the present crisis that there will be better business methods and so far the indications are that there will be.

From whatever part of the Dominion reports are being received with the exception of some parts of the Western provinces, we learn that accounts are being fairly well taken care of and that sales when pushed are on the same basis as in previous years. This was illustrated to the writer by the experience of a wholesale grocery and food products house which devoted special attention to a rural district lying in a northerly direction from Toronto. It is a district not particularly well served by railways. Most of the ground has to be covered by auto. However, as the result of particular attention being given to the sale of certain lines there was a somewhat astonishing increase in business. As far back as last October we indicated that the war could not help but place the thrifty rural resident in a happy economic position and apparently some of our readers have followed what we then indicated as being likely to produce good results from well directed energy.

Rural Consumer As Absorptive As Ever.

There are apparent in the Maritime provinces, some exceedingly hopeful tendencies for business. From the survey of industrial conditions to which we have already referred it is stated that since the beginning of 1915 large orders have been received by the iron and steel industries for material required by the British Government, and by those of her Allies, in addition to the supplies required by the Canadian Government. It is reported that these orders will be sufficient to keep a large number of men employed for several months to come. One of the steel companies is said to have received an order for shells worth $3,500,000, from the British Government. Reference is also made to the receipt of other large orders notably one from the Russian Government. That, however, has been distributed over other provinces. Summing up the general conditions in the iron and steel trade the report proceeds: "There are many signs that the next few months will be the very best in point of employment in the history of the plant. There is an abundance of work on hand and the prospect of more to follow when present orders are completed and the running of plants at full pressure seems amply assured." Besides large quantities of material for war munitions orders for rails are now being received, some of them from the British Isles. On account of the nature of the operations of companies engaged in this industry, further information is given under the head of "Minerals." Under the head of "Minerals" we find that during March and April there was a decided improvement in the amount of coal shipped. This is a change notable in the circumstances inasmuch as we find that towards the close of the last year the falling off was very decided. Taking pig iron as an instance: Last year in Nova Scotia the output was valued at $2,000,000 or about $5,000,000 less than in 1913. This reduction was caused by the practical cessation in railway building and the manufacture of agricultural implements and rolling stock.

In the Maritime Provinces.

At the Maritime ports the shipping

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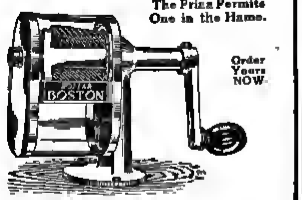
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company officials incline to the opinion that in no other part of the world since the war began has steamship connection with Great Britain been less seriously interfered with. It is admitted, however, that there is a shortage of bottoms for east bound freight and a number of sailing vessels which were formerly engaged in coastwise business have been chartered for the transatlantic lumber trade. In transporting supplies for the armies of Great Britain and her allies, exports have developed through these Canadian Atlantic ports in commodities which were never considered to be a factor heretofore. As an illustration of this changed condition it is reported that many car loads of motor cars have been shipped to Europe through these ports since the outbreak of war. It is also reported that important shipping companies have added several new vessels to their tonnage since last August. Ships are said to be taxed to their carrying capacity on all voyages to Europe but it is contended that very little traffic is handled on the journey back, which in a measure explains the increase in freight rates to Great Britain.

Shipping Industry Prosperous.

As a whole the business outlook in the Maritimes at present is regarded as being very fair and that collections are about normal.

One of Quebec's leading industries, that of paper manufacture is at present not enjoying as brisk business as might be expected in view of the requirements of the newspapers in meeting the demand for war news. It is estimated by the various companies that the output of news print and pulp at the present time is slightly below last Autumn but pulp board has increased considerably. The output compared with this time last year would be somewhat less. Trade in general is estimated slightly below normal. The paper men appear to regard the outlook as being fair. They say that the export of pulpwood to the British market will continue to replace Scandinavian lumber for boxes and as wood pulp has been found satisfactory the business should continue after the war. At the present the lack of ocean space is a serious obstacle.

The Paper And Pulp of Quebec.

Another important industry of Quebec is that of the manufacture of boots and shoes and from various reports it would appear that business is not by any means dull. Moreover the outlook is not gloomy. Manufacturers in Quebec city report trade to be a little better than that of last autumn and approximately the same as that of a year ago. In Montreal the volume of trade is below that of last autumn and very slightly below the volume of a year ago. We do not see any reason why the manufacturer of boots and shoes should be much quieter than a year ago and while the people may economize to a certain extent the wear and tear will very quickly make inroads into any surplus stock of footwear in the closet of the average individual.

The Boot And Shoe Industry.

On the whole the industries of Quebec are operating on a basis much quieter than at the same period of a year ago and they will in common with the industries of every other province have to wait until demands arise as the result of the distribution of proceeds from the crops.

At the moment of writing, business prospects in the Western provinces are steadily improving. We do not look for any great increase in activity until the crop is assured. We will know by the end of July whether there is to be a crop of abnormal proportion or one as disappointing as last year. Whatever are the prospects can be fairly measured by the end of July. Frost, although a factor, is not one regarded as seriously to-day as in the past. Grain may be damaged seriously but nevertheless will find a ready market.

In the Prairie Provinces.

It is noted, however, from the many reports we have perused that the business of manufacturers in Eastern Canada has fallen off acutely because of the great falling off of orders from the West. It is noted also that many manufacturers located all over the Dominion also state that collections in the West continue to be disappointing. While the West is held responsible for a great deal there is no doubt but that many manufacturers are looking to the West for orders to enable them to put their plants into operation on a basis that will be more remunerative than that upon which it is being at present operated.

So far the indications are that the manufacturers of Eastern Canada and those of the United States and other countries that look for remunerative trade in the Canadian West will not be disappointed. From all districts favorable crop reports are coming. There are some exceptions, one of which comes from Southern Saskatchewan where moisture is as absent as it was a year ago. Generally speaking, however, that is not the case. Precipitation has been much heavier than last year and the growth of cereals is well advanced. Authorities, technical and commercial are of one opinion, and it is that the crop outlook at the end of May and the beginning of June was excellent.

In Quebec the boot and shoe business, as we have already pointed out, is not so good as at the corresponding period of a year ago. In Ontario, however, state that not only is business quite equal to the volume of last year but that the outlook for better business is very fair. They also aver confidently, that payments are being fairly well met with, as is the case with so many manufacturers, the exception of the Canadian West. Taking another Canadian industry, that of the handling of paints and varnishes, reports are very promising. Apart from the larger cities, the business is quite normal and those whose business extends throughout the Dominion report trade as good in the Maritime provinces but not so good in Quebec and the West of the Great Lakes.

Business and Industry in Ontario.

Possibly one of the trades to suffer most is that of furniture making. Manufacturers agree that business is quieter even than last autumn and much below that of last spring. Reports indicate that the most important depreciation has occurred west of Winnipeg, that Ontario is the best province in the point of view of both trade and collections, that collections in Montreal city are slow and that the maritime provinces would compare favorably with Ontario. Credits in the Western provinces are considered good. From various returns it seems to be quite evident that the Ontario furniture manufacturers' business west of the Great Lakes has shrunk drastically. In Manitoba it will probably equal 50 per cent. of normal, in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia it is not more than 25 per cent. of normal times. In Winnipeg city the average seems to be a little higher than for the balance of Manitoba. Where one car of furniture a week was shipped to the West a year ago the average at present appears to be one car in four weeks.

Collapse in Furniture Making.

One of the bright spots in the situation in British Columbia is the higher price for copper. A great change has taken place during the last twelve months. The average price over a period of several years has been 14c per lb. The rise from 11c last August to the present price of 18c for electrolytic and 20c for lake copper is having a marked effect on the profits of producing companies. Higher prices, of course, are stimulating the copper mining industry in British Columbia. Smelters that have been dormant or working at slow capacity will now make larger demands upon the coal mines. Already those in the Crow's Nest Pass are feeling the effects. Here are beginnings of greater activities in a province that has suffered perhaps more than others as a result of the financial depression and that which can be fairly attributed to war.

Copper Production In British

According to the best indices of conditions there is contraction of business, as compared with the volume at the corresponding period of last year, of approximately twenty per cent. In the maritime provinces and Ontario business is below the average, or normal, by about ten per cent. in Quebec by about 15 per cent. and in the Western provinces between twenty and thirty per cent. These percentages indicate roughly our impression after a very careful perusal of detail reports covering the entire industrial field. There is little prospect of the arrest of steady contraction in business generally until the crop is assured, which will not be until approximately the end of July. Given normal weather, August and September business will show a tendency towards greater volume, accelerating as crop moving proceeds.

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Continued from Page 15

ered to lend money for building purpose report money available in sufficient quar ties to facilitate construction.

The latest report of the Canadian cha tered banks shows deposits to be steadil increasing. At the end of April ther was on deposit a grand total of $1,033 401,000, the highest figure ever reporte in the history of Canadian banking. Sav ings deposits showed an increase for th year ending April 30 of $32,896,000 o $10,000,000 more than the increase be tween 1913 and 1914. These figures indi cate two things. First of all they show that the banks have the money and should be in a position to furnish it for legiti mate building undertakings. In the secon place they prove that the people of Can ada have the means to build if they wan to.

The tendency to save indicates a stat of apprehension in the public mind. In stead of investing in industry, real estat or other securities, men and women ar going to have their money where they can put their hands on it quickly. With out wishing to detract from the motive that lead them to do this, it cannot b described as a particularly long-headed policy. To-day, when many people migh with perfect safety and obvious advant age, employ their money in erecting thos buildings which they have it in their minc to build some time in any case, they are passing up the golden opportunity whic the present offers. By and by, when their confidence is restored and they set about the task, they will find so many other people in the same situation, that there will no longer exist the same advantages.

ACTIVITY IN RURAL SECTIONS.

There was an interesting statement made in the report of the Guelph correspondent of the *Labor Gazette* a short time ago. Commenting on conditions in the building trades during March, this man remarked that while in the city itself the situation was dull and unfavorable, in the surrounding country, farmers were taking advantage of present low prices and were commencing to build new houses and barns. This report was borne out by an official of the Manitoba Government who recently made the statement that not in many years had there been such building activities among the farmers of that province as at present. Many of them had substantial bank accounts and noting the stagnation in the cities, the glut of the labor market, and the unprecedented cheapness of building materials, were seizing the opportunity to erect new and modern homes for themselves.

The farmers of the country as a class are level-headed and shrewd. They will undoubtedly pull the nuts out of the fire for Canada this year. If they embark on building programmes as extensively as their incomes would seem to warrant, it may be that their activities will also prove the salvation of the builders. Last year so good were prices that the farmers of Canada received $86 000,000 more for their field crops alone than in 1913. Having the resources, as these figures would indicate, they are in a position to follow the advice to build now.

Apart from the financial advantage accruing from taking action now, there are other considerations which should impel a man to set about building at once. By going ahead with the construction of his house, office or factory building, he will render a patriotic service to his country, by supplying work for the out-of-works. When one considers the large army of men who must of necessity be idle because of the big falling-off in building operations, the assistance that even a small job will render, is not to be despised. If, without burdening himself unnecessarily, a man can build now, he ought to do so. It will help to keep the wheels turning and will be a step towards restoring the good times that all true Canadians long for.

GOOD WORK DONE.

A further advantage which the man who builds now derives from existing conditions is in the quality of the work he can get. When there were plenty of jobs going and the supply of labor was under the demand, a carpenter or bricklayer could, if he felt so inclined, run in inferior work. He could be careless or indifferent without any serious consequences. Not all artisans, of course, were of that stamp, but there were enough of them to make a lot of the work done a few years ago of poor quality. To-day that is changed. The scarcity of jobs impels a workman to put his very best into what he undertakes. He works harder and more conscientiously and gives his employer a better deal, simply because he knows that if his work isn't done well, there are plenty of others ready to take hold of it and improve upon it. This is an advantage that is well worth considering for it means that dollar for dollar, the man who builds to-day is doing decidedly better than he could have done only a short time ago.

All over the United States and in some parts of Canada as well, campaigns have been launched to impress upon the public the duty and the advantage of commencing the erection of such buildings as can be undertaken, at the earliest possible moment. People are appealed to, both from a sense of patriotism and for their own individual advantage, to act now. It would seem to be sound advice. The work is undoubtedly needed and it can be undertaken at a price that should be most attractive. Furthermore, it is open to very grave doubt whether there will ever arise a more favorable opportunity than at present. Labor, material and money are about as cheap as it is possible to expect them to be.

Road and Rail in Modern War

By H. C. O'Neill in the Windsor Magazine.

THE deciding factor in warfare, other things being equal, is numbers. Every general aims at putting in the field the greatest possible number of men, and it is to this end that modern systems of national service or conscription have been introduced. But, from the nature of things, the introduction of such systems logically tends to make war either impossible or impossibly stupid. For if numbers are decisive, then the most numerous race must ever be the conqueror. A nation cannot increase its population on the outbreak of war. Its number of men capable of bearing arms is fixed. The modern strategist, therefore, attempts to multiply his forces by several factors which are not, and can never be, fixed. He increases their efficiency to the utmost, he nurses and fosters their spiritual strength—*morale*, as it is called; he looks with equal care to their physical well-being.

Now, these are valuable factors, which are daily playing their important part in the war. A German staff officer has paid a remarkable tribute to the British soldier for possessing all three. Their physical strength, he says, makes them receive a charge easily; they are undaunted by the fiercest bombardment by shells—"they are a cool lot," he admits, and their efficiency makes them formidable opponents.

But valuable as such factors are, they are not enough to turn the scales. The Franco-German War was won by actual superiority of numbers; the retreat from Mons and Charleroi was compelled by a great superiority in numbers, and the problem of every successful general is to strike at some point which he selects under the same conditions. And since his total numbers may be much inferior to those of his enemy, he introduces the factor of time; and the servants of time are the road and the railway. The general aims at moving a number of his soldiers from one part of the field of battle and from one place to another as rapidly as possible, and to do this he must be able to count upon good roads and railways. The value of good roads has ever been admitted. The Romans, as part of their military scheme, built good bread roads on which they could march rapidly and with little fatigue.

But railways and roads have never played so great a part in warfare as they do to-day. The huge armies of the present make good roads and railways absolutely necessary, and a general regards a country from this standpoint. In the days of small armies, roads and railways were not of so much consequence; but when a general has, say, 400,000 men in his army, he is confronted with a very serious problem to bring them into battle. An army marches in column, but its fights deployed, spread out. If more than one army corps—are using the same road, all behind the first corps would be so far







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away that they would not be available for a battle.

What the general looks for, therefore, is the place which has many more or less *parallel* roads. A thickly-populated country which is not mountainous means much traffic and, therefore, many roads. That is the meaning of the German choice of the south-western area of Belgium—the Belgian plain—as a thoroughfare for their armies. Belgium is one of the great highways of Europe, and the Belgians are its toll-keepers. And that, too, is one reason why the Germans did not violate Swiss territory. There are few roads through the Swiss valleys, and a small force on the French side could have accounted for a vastly larger force trying to enter France that way. The Ardennes district, a thickly-wooded country, is also unsuitable for a great army to march through, and the French have taken the precaution to fortify their eastern frontier, a device which enables a force to impede and break the progress of an army three or four times its strength. These are instances of roads conditioning strategy.

But before the Germans reached Belgium, they had to be mobilized and be taken to the frontiers. In the modern Continental armies, recruited and concentrated locally, a highly-developed railway system is necessary both for local concentration and for the concentration of local units to form an army. Railways are, therefore, of the first importance, and it is for this reason that the Government took over the British railways on the outbreak of war, and the Territorials were sent to guard the chief railway lines, junctions, bridges, and tunnels.

A glance at the map of Germany, showing the centres of concentration of the German army corps and some of the chief railways lines, will show how well everything has been arranged for the gathering of large armies on the western or eastern frontiers. A more detailed map would show double lines and branch lines where they were quite unnecessary in peace time. They had been laid solely for use in war, not only to carry troops, but to keep the troops in being. The ammunition for modern guns, not to say the food for the army and the troops themselves, must come by railway; and this was the reason for the siege of Liege, Namur, and Mauheuge.

All these fortresses command the great main line which runs through Belgium from Germany to Paris. Until Liège—the forts, not the town—fell, the great line was not available, and hence it was quite necessary that it should be reduced. Other fortresses could be masked by troops to prevent a sortie of the garrison, but Liège, Namur, and Maubeuge had to be taken. The Germans could have reached the Belgian plain without taking either Liège or Namur. There is a narrow gap between the Dutch frontier and Liège, and troops could and did get through. But to carry the huge armies of Germany, and to maintain them in being, the railway was absolutely necessary, and the lines which relieved the immense traffic on this main line were also necessary. When the Belgian army made a sortie from Antwerp in the early part of September, it directly threatened the branch line which runs through Louvain, and hence the importance of its attack. Troops were being hurried through Belgium to assist the German right wing, which was being thrown back from the Marne to the Aisne; and the immediate threat to the supplementary line, with the remote menace to the main line, caused two army corps to be recalled to drive the Belgians back into Antwerp. The Belgians, from the beginning, showed a sufficient grasp of the scheme and needs of modern warfare in contesting every bridge across a river and defending and breaking the railway lines. They even blocked tunnels and roads, and therefore correspondingly delayed the advance of the Germans.

It was but a few days before the Belgian sortie that the very flower of the German army had been taught the value of good roads. The Prussian Guard paid a bitter price for their lesson. On September 9, the Franco-British line was sweeping northward, and, the Ninth French Army caught the Prussian Guard a little south of the marshes of St. Gond. There are four fair roads across these swamps, but the French soldiers hurled the Guard into the marshes so violently that, when rain came on, numbers of them and quantities of material were lost.

A somewhat similar but more decisive engagement occurred in East Prussia on August 31. Here road and rail each played its part in the German victory. About a week before, the Russians had gained a great victory at Gumbinnen, in the north of East Prussia, and, followed up rapidly, it practically gave them command of all East Prussia east of a line through Königsberg and Soldau. The roads became crowded with German refugees hurrying away from the victorious Russians. The bulk of the German soldiers had been sent to France, but now about 100,000 men were carried swiftly across Germany from west to east and were concentrated against the Russians at Osterode.

Eastward of Osterode lies a region covered with small lakes, with swamp and marshland in between. The Germans threw a large force on Niedenburg, and, aided by heavy fortresses, drove the left wing of the Russians east and north. Another force from Allenstein drove the Russian right wing east and south. The Russian troops were now almost surrounded, and a general advance drove them into the marshes. Here, again, men, horses, and guns became engulfed, and the army lost coherence. The gallant Russian General Samsonoff was killed, and valuable numbers of men were lost and taken prisoners. Such a rapid transference of troops across the whole breadth of Germany would have been impossible sixty years ago.

A little later the German armies in France were fighting for their lives, and only splendid generalship saved them. Two main railways lay behind their lines, connecting them with their bases of supply. These were the arteries and veins which kept them in being. Down them came unceasingly food and ammunition; up them, back to German centres or the German bases, ran another stream of the flotsam and jetsam of war—the maimed and sick and wounded.

On the west, the main line from Liège, Namur, and Mauheuge ran through La Fere along the Oise. On the east, the main line from Treves ran through Luxemburg and Thionville, across to Mezières. Attempts had been made to open up fresh and safer lines by battering down Fort Troyon. If this had been reduced, the great fortress Verdun could have been surrounded, and it was hoped that it would also fall. In this case, new lines through Lorraine could have been opened up. But the advance of the allied line relieved Fort Troyon just in time, as it was on the point of falling. It did more, however, since the French left threatened first to break the line at Noyon, and later at St. Quentin. Fiercely fought engagements at both places preserved the necessary line to the Germans. Similarly, the French right, pushed up the Meuse at Verdun, threatened the other main artery.

How, it may be asked, did the German armies advance so rapidly when, as is clear from Sir John French's dispatches, he destroyed the bridges in his retreat? A glance at the map will show that the British line followed, in its retreat, this main line railway. It is through the importance of time in modern warfare that an army, or even an army corps, marches self-supporting even to the extent of carrying sections of pontoons, so that temporary bridges can be rapidly made. The railway line can then be used between those places where the river bridge has been destroyed, and the engineers set to work to repair all breaches in the continuity of the lines. After the advancing army of the allies marched another army, whose function it was to re-erect enduring bridges where the old ones had been destroyed, to repair the track and relay lines.

One of the most wonderful instances of the use of rail and road in the war was the transference of the whole of the British force from its station on the Aisne to the extreme north-west of France, where it successfully barred the way to Calais. At dead of night the men left the trenches, French soldiers moving up to take their places. A silent march until there was no fear of advertising the withdrawal, and then the men were entrained for Paris. Thence *via* Amiens they were taken to almost the very places where they lay entrenched at the middle of December. Sixteen days were occupied in the completion of the withdrawal, finishing with the arrival of Sir Douglas Haig and the First Corps at St. Omer on October 19.

Besides troops, ammunition, and food, railways in this war have had to convey armored trains and heavy guns. In Belgium the armored trains fulfilled an important *rôle*. The entry into Antwerp towards the end of September was a venture not without serious risk. The Belgians had not the strength to hold in force all that remained to them of their country, and the Germans, with a strange lack of foresight, had left open a way of escape from, and an entry into Antwerp. The armored train was an efficient patrol and convoy to Antwerp.

Another new machine in this war was the armored motor-car; and they laid a great strain on all but the best roads. These heavy cars—in one of which Commander Samson, R.N., seems to have inflicted a wholesome terror on the Ger-

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mans—with heavy motor-omnibuses bearing familiar British names and advertisements, were not the best sort of friend to the roads of Northern France and Southern Belgium. They began to play havoc with the surface, and the finishing touch was given, no doubt, by the heavy German siege guns. The heaviest, indeed, with their complement of thirteen traction engines, could not use every road and some had to be specially prepared for them. It was largely due to this heavy traffic on the roads, and the cutting about they received from heavy shell explosions, that the rate of progress made by the allies against the weakened German line was so slow in November and the first half of December. The road-makers found it an impossible task to repair the surface of roads which were virtually swamps. It was at length decided to lay new foundations and remake the roads altogether.

If this was the case in France and Belgium, what must have been the difficulties our Russian allies had to contend with in Poland and Galicia? It was in the quarter of the theatre of war that railroad acted most conspicuously as a determinant. We have seen already how the Germans were able to inflict a heavy defeat from Osterode upon the Russians by bringing men from the French battle line right through Germany to East Prussia. Yet it was not wholly a defeat for the Russian raid had aimed at drawing off from the French field a sufficient German force to enable their allies to cope with the remainder, and the issue of the Battle of the Rivers was not a little due to this timely aid.

At the very outset of the war, however, Russian patrols had crossed the frontier of East Prussia and acted in a way which must have seemed meaningless to anyone not acquainted with the field of action. The raids on Eydtkuhnen, Bialla, and Johannisburg were, however, quite purposeful, for they aimed at cutting the frontier railway—and the Germans, as we have seen, take care to supply their frontiers with railways—and so hindering the concentration in those quarters of a German force against Russia. But these very frontier railways were fated to play an important part in the later campaigns.

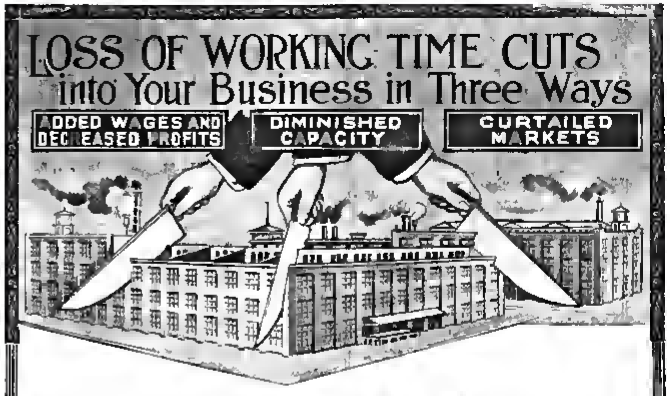
Russia is not well supplied with railways to her frontiers, though her railway system has grown by nearly fifty per cent since the Russo-Japanese War, when Russia began to appreciate its vast importance. It is a perilous thing to allow oneself to grow accustomed to dependence upon a machine, and the Russian strategy played upon this in its strategic retreats. After the victory of Ostarade, the Germans, flushed with success, hurried after the retreating Russians, who allowed themselves to be pushed back to the line of the Niemen. Here, however, the Germans had no railways to depend upon, and the Russians turned, defeated them, and pushed them back across the frontier.

The Russian campaign in Galicia was similar to the German march upon Paris in this respect—that the main force marched along a main line railway. Lemberg, Przemysl, and Cracow are all fortresses along this line. With these fortresses in her hands, Russia will have command of a strong line of communications into the heart of industrial Germany. A blow here strikes more at the heart of Germany than a blow at Berlin, and this is one of the most important features about the Russian campaign in Galicia. It is a very strong bid for the quickest road to Silesia, just as Germany chose Belgium as the quickest road to Paris. When Przemysl had been surrounded, the Russians took the small town of Lusko, south of the fortress, another apparently meaningless act, but that it obtained possession of the key to a road, the pass, and the railway over the Carpathians.

When the Russians defeated the Germans before Warsew, they succeeded because they were then resting securely upon their main line of communications. Behind Warsaw lie a number of criss-crossed railway lines, which facilitate the bringing up or transference of troops and the supply of ammunition and food. The Germans, on the other hand, had been enticed into this most difficult country away from their railways. The railways leading towards Warsaw and the line of the Vistula are few. The Russians were able, therefore, to bring up heavy reinforcements, and they drove the Germans back to the Russo-German frontier. Patrols even penetrated to Ploeschen, an important railway junction across the frontier.

Here, however, the Germans and the Austrians were on their own ground. A huge Russian army was holding Cracow and trying to reduce it. Two other Russian armies lay to the north, protecting the flanks of this army. Taking the total numbers involved the Russians were in greater force, but behind the German frontier lies an extraordinary network of railways between two heavy double lines. These railways gave into the hands of the Germans the deciding factor. They determined to hold Cracow with only a small portion of their forces while they entrained a large number to the north. Here, between the Warta and the Vistula and about Lodz, the Russians were weakest. Suddenly the German army, heavily reinforced from the south, fell on this part of the Russian lines. The Russians were taken by surprise. But fortunately, before the German force which had broken through could move against either of the halves of the Russian troops, reinforcements came up and caught the Germans. The Russian line was pierced about the middle of November, and although the Germans were caught in their own trap, the Russian troops were forced at the beginning of December to fall back. This was the most significant use of the railway, but it will by no means be the last.

It is reported that British capitalists are planning to modernize Palestine if the allies succeed in taking it from the Turks. Trolley lines and comfortable hotels are on the programme, and it is thought that the Zionist movement may receive a great impetus if an enlightened administration of the Holy Land is secured. The country under the new régime might afford a welcome refuge to thousands of Polish Jews whose homes have been destroyed during the conflict.



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Canada in Khaki

A Dissertation on Things Sartorial for the Mere Male—Your Summer Hat and Your Fall Suit—Khaki, Khaki Everywhere

By HUGH S. EAYRS, Associate Editor, Men's Wear Review

CANADA, more or less, is in khaki these days. The Duke of Connaught started something when he held his War Parliament back in August and presided thereover in khaki vestment. There has been no let-up since. Our streets are full of officers and men, and civilians have discovered what apparently they never knew before that this is a particularly becoming shade and one that can be worn by most men. Consequently you have the man-in-the-street sporting khaki somewhere, if it is only in his handkerchief. There have been a lot of these handkerchiefs, in silk and mercerized cotton, sold, incidentally. Some of them have the Union Jack and the flags of our allies blazoned on the corner. Others are perfectly plain.



Some people will be patriotic at any cost. A prominent men's wear man told me a couple of months ago that he had had quite a number of young men in his store asking for woolen khaki shirts to wear as ordinary shirts. This, as an example of patriotic fervor run riot, is the limit. A man in a natty blue suit, unimpeachable linen and a woolen khaki shirt would look a queer animal. "But that's just the extent to which some of the boys who stay home want to sport the khaki," said the dealer.

Perhaps the detail in which the influence of *the* color is most being felt is in sporting attire. A good knock-about suit for boating and seaside wear has always been, after duck or white flannel, khaki duck or twill. Up to this year, however, the color achieved only a limited popularity for this use. This season it is different. Many men, particularly the younger set, are wearing khaki twill, simply because of the trend towards things military. Summer resorts inside our cities and out are therefore blotches of khaki. If men can't be in uniform they can be near it by wearing the colors, if only to paddle or sail in.

Generally, Panamas may be said this year, for the first time, to have gotten away from the popular superstition that the shape of a Panama must necessarily be a shape unto itself. Not so. Heretofore, it has always been rather a loose and limp and formless affair, and the difference between it and the ordinary sailor straw has been the difference between elegance in negligee and comfort in smartness. This year, however, the designers graciously permit us to wear a Panama in telescope shape or fedora shape. The band, black or puggaree to suit your taste, must tie at the side. Your patriotism nowadays may depend upon your wearing the bow—plain or butterfly—on your hat band anywhere but at the back. You may not wear it there. It is an Austrian fashion; *verb. sap.*

RE-ENTER THE DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT

Sartorially we follow America and she has been intent for two or three seasons now upon following Great Britain. (Tell it not in Gath! Uncle Sam is persuaded, to judge by the writings of the fashion experts, that he is making his own styles. But he isn't!) It is a sort of game of follow my leader. One more evidence of it is the re-entry of the double-breasted suit. This is being worn by a great many men who always are *au fait*, and of things English, it surely is English. The double-breasted coat is a superstition with John Bull for his summer suit, particularly in navy blue serge, with an accompaniment of white flannels. It is going to be popular, too, right through the fall and winter; yet it won't be so widely taken up that it will be *infra dig* for the would-be Beau Brummel. The lapels are to sweep down and button at the bottom of the two buttons—if at all—and the long roll, with the lapel set far back on the shoulder imposes the most graceful lines. Shoulders will be a trifle easier, not quite so tight as we have seen this last winter. The breast pocket may be worn or no; it depends upon the wearer. Some of the experts say it is to be banned. That, of course, may make it all the more popular.

A propos of the lapel set far back on the shoulder, this will last through the autumn though I don't think it will run through the winter. There is nothing graceful or useful about it. The fairly long, rolling or creased, lapel is the one that has the best lines.

Opinion is divided as to the fall overcoat. Loose and tight models seem to show equal results in future orders coming in. The loose "kimona" coat is possibly ahead, particularly for young men. The sleeve, living up to its name, is very roomy and is much after the Balmacaan pattern, only more so. The lapel is high. The pockets are square. The skirt is long and fairly full. The tight-fitting coat is the antithesis of this, and served up with a velvet collar, it should make an attractive looking coverlet if you want to put yourself away tightly.

Tain't Enough

Continued from Page 13.

the air and, when it came back down, deliberately jumped on it, he felt so good. Back around the fence the Blankford rooters were bawling in stentorian chorus the town slogan — "Tain't enough! Tain't enough! Tain't enough!" And somewhere off in a quiet corner I bet that Frank Foley was starting to work out a few sums in arithmetic.

Well, sir, we made the score twelve to three before we quit. And when the whistle blew for the finish, Joe Bernaux ran up and shook hands with Harve Murray again.

"You're some fighter, Joe," says Harve, smiling all over his face.

"You're some home man, Harve," says Joe.

We had a great time coming home on the tram that night. The rooters never stuck to their seats, but tramped up and down the aisles, singing and cheering. Neither Frank Foley nor Bill Minters was on board, which was just as well, for they wouldn't never have got home alive. It was pretty well circulated around through the crowd what Foley had tried to pull off.

"I reckon," says Bob Hummell, "that Foley must have dropped three thousand dollars to-day. It was his money mostly that came out at the last there. Guess, he's been punished alright."

"Not much," says another member of the executive. "We'll throw him out of the club, quit buying boots at his store and give him a good stiff write up in the papers. Is that enough, J. W.?"

But Dunn shook his head savagely.

"Tain't enough," he said.



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German-America in Event of War

UNDOUBTEDLY the topic of the moment is the crisis between Germany and the United States. At present writing the matter is in abeyance pending President Wilson's action on the German reply to his note. The world waits with breathless unrest the outcome of the negotiations. In the meantime the situation is being discussed from many angles.

The question which causes the greatest uneasiness and therefore the most extensive speculation is the probable attitude of the German-Americans in the event of war between the two countries. It will be interesting to quote from a number of German and German-American papers on this point.

"The chief reason," says the *Frankfurter-Zeitung*, "why a war would be unthinkable, is the presence of an enormous German element in the United States. What could be done, for instance, with the 3,000,000 German-speaking immigrants? And what with their 9,000,000 children? And their grandchildren who in many cases still think along German lines? Even if only some of these millions would have to be brought into concentration camps, the American army would not be enough to watch over them."

Henry Kersting, president of the German-American Alliance of St. Louis, says: "The manner in which the so-called German-American citizens receive the President's message shows that as a matter of fact there is no such thing as a German-American or any other hyphenated American."

Herman Ridder, of the N.Y. *Staats-Zeitung*, has this to say of the position of the German-Americans:

"Nor is this a time to burden millions of the American people with unjust and unnecessary anguish of mind. The German-Americans must suffer in any conflict between the United States and Germany pains of which their fellow citizens can never know anything. It is rather a time for showing them the greatest degree of consideration. They have fought to uphold the flag in the past and they will do so against any enemy whatsoever. They deserve the fruits of past loyalty until they have forfeited the right to claim them. There has never been but one flag under which the German-American has fought. There never can be but one flag under which he will ever fight. And that flag is the Stars and Stripes."

The President's Note to Germany is held by Mr. Ridder to be diplomatically correct and it must, he thinks, "compel the support of the entire American people." Rudolf Bernard, president of the Deutscher Kriegerbund von Nord-Amerika, with a membership of 20,000 sons of German war veterans, commends the Note as "a masterpiece of construction and framed in the friendliest expression," and he adds: "In the event that war should be declared between the United States and Germany, a thing which I do not look for, we will find German-Americans to a man enlisting under the Stars and Stripes and fighting against the Fatherland." The German Catholic Union of Baltimore, with a membership of 5,000, sends a resolution to the President saying: "While proud of our German ancestry, we know only one flag, the flag of our country, and we tender to you the standard-bearer, our undivided loyalty." Similar expression from many other German-American sources indicate that if Berlin is counting on America's impotence as a result of the divided loyalty of German-Americans, she is making another mistake similar to those she has already made as to the feelings of the Belgian people, the Italians, and the Boers of South Africa.



I guess --

Terrible Words in Business

There was a merchant who *guessed* he had enough to retire. When all the bills were cleaned up and stock sold he was shy just $39.

A merchant *guessed* that Jones was his best salesman. The facts showed that he had never made a dollar on Jones.

"It costs me only 15% to do business," *guessed* another merchant. It really cost him 23% but his selling prices were figured on a 15% basis.

A manufacturer who had been on the edge of bankruptcy for six months without knowing it, *guessed* that his credit was still good at the bank.

Business, based on exact knowledge, is mighty profitable. Based on guesswork, it's as hopeless as bucking a three shell game at a county fair.

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Your bookkeeper can substitute facts for guesswork. He can show you how you stand every day, which goods are moving and which are sticking; what your net profits are, which salesmen are profitable, what it costs you to do business.

It won't take him any more time than his present work takes—for he will have a Burroughs Figuring Machine to carry the load of all his figure work. A Burroughs built specially for your needs.

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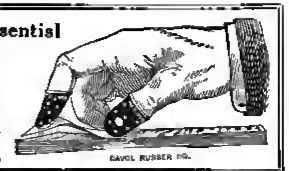
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The Strong Man of Greece

From Current Opinion.

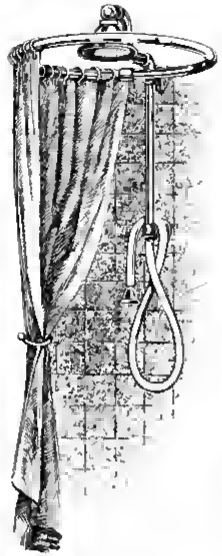
ALL Greece anticipates with confidence the return to power of that Eleutherios Venizelos who, in the opinion of the allies, has become the decisive personality in the destinies of the Balkans. He effected his retirement to Egypt last month with something like secrecy and there have been reports of his intended visit to this country.

Eleutherios Venizelos, as all the world now knows, was a Cretan, but a Cretan of Athenian origin, whose grandfather had fled from Greece a hundred years or so ago to escape the tyranny of the Turk. In the troubled events that led to the liberation of Crete from the Turk and its gain of self-government under the suzerainty of the Sultan this young barrister had been the leader of his people and he became the president of the new Cretan assembly. The advent of Prince George, brother of the reigning King of Greece to-day, was followed by a serious conflict between him and his ministers. Prince George wanted to rule as a despot. Venizelos declared that he had not striven to overthrow the Turk for the sake of an autocrat from Europe. He resigned, put on a uniform and headed an insurrection. Nothing equals the facility with which Venizelos doffs a lawyer's gown and rushes to the hills, a guerilla. Prince George had in the end to take refuge in Paris. Venizelos returned to power. The wonder of his personality and the fame of his exploits fired all Greece and in the confusion of six years since, when the throne itself was tottering and the land seemed in dissolution, the democracy begged the man who had saved Crete to save the Hellenes. The late King George, pocketing the affront to his son, joined in the entreaty. Venizelos came.

That began the disillusion, for Venizelos cannot do the uncandid thing that seems gracious or say the gracious thing without candor. "We must speak the truth to those above and to those below." That was his slogan. The crown had usurped too large a place. But when the Hellenes sought to convert his revisionary chamber into a constituent assembly which the King could not dissolve, he stood by his pledged word. In front of his hotel in Athens the crowd corrected his word "revisionary" by shouting "constituent," but he simply proceeded with his speech,



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CONNECTION. Faucet attachment to connect Shower to bath faucet.

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repeating "revisionacy" as if he were deaf to the roars of the mob below.

The fundamental fact that Venizelos is, or our observer of him mistakes the man, that he is not a Cretan merely, not a Hellene alone, but a European. "He has that detachment of mind which is the strength of Sir Edward Grey, but he fuses it with an instructed idealism adding the quality of the prophet to the wisdom of the statesman." In Greece he has worked a wonder so complete that the popular reverence for him approaches idolatry. He is the savior and the regenerator of the Hellenic idea. He found the land a hissing and a byword because of the dirt in which the people lived and the vulgar self-seeking of its cheap politicians. He redeemed the administration. He ennobled the national spirit. He doubled the national area. By a combination of industry with ideals of which a genius alone could have been capable, he gave the country a new constitution, set the throne on its legs, established an army in place of a camp of intrigue and built a squadron. He abolished the taxation of the wages of the poor and he made landowners of the peasants. All this in two years.

The greatest of all the gifts he brought the Greeks in the judgment of the English publicist was that larger and nobler vision of their relations with their neighbors which was never before possible in the Balkans. The sullen feud with Bulgaria evaporated in the light of his theory that Greece must think of her rights by thinking of the rights of others. He sought the regeneration of the entire Balkans as a paramount interest of Greece herself—a very novel point of view to the Hellenes. Under his inspiration there came into being that Balkan League which laid low the Turk. "The miserable collapse of that splendid enterprize was the work of charlatans like King Ferdinand and clumsy mock-Bismarcks like Doueff, his Prime Minister." Venizelos risked even his authority in Greece by offering Bulgaria Kavalla itself.

All the plans of Venizelos, we are now asked to believe, were frustrated by the revengeful spirit of King Constantine. He could not forget that his brother had been turned out of Creta by the greater man. Moreover, the court of Athens is pro-German. The militarists and all his enemies declared that Venizelos had conspired to hand Kavalla over to Bulgaria by stealth. He retorted that there was no secrecy in the negotiations, that the King had been told all about them. The King retorted that Venizelos had misunderstood him. "The retort of Venizelos was instant. He could not handy words with his sovereign, but neither could he remain in public life under the imputation of a lie." He announced his retirement from politics. There was a violent outbreak in the streets of Athens, men marching in procession singing his name until the troops dispersed the manifestants. Finally came the postponement of the Greek elections and a declaration of something like martial law. Not until within the past month has it been definitely stated in the inspired press of the Greek capital that the dynasty may revise its whole attitude, that the King has further particulars to reveal respecting that talk of his with Venizelos.



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